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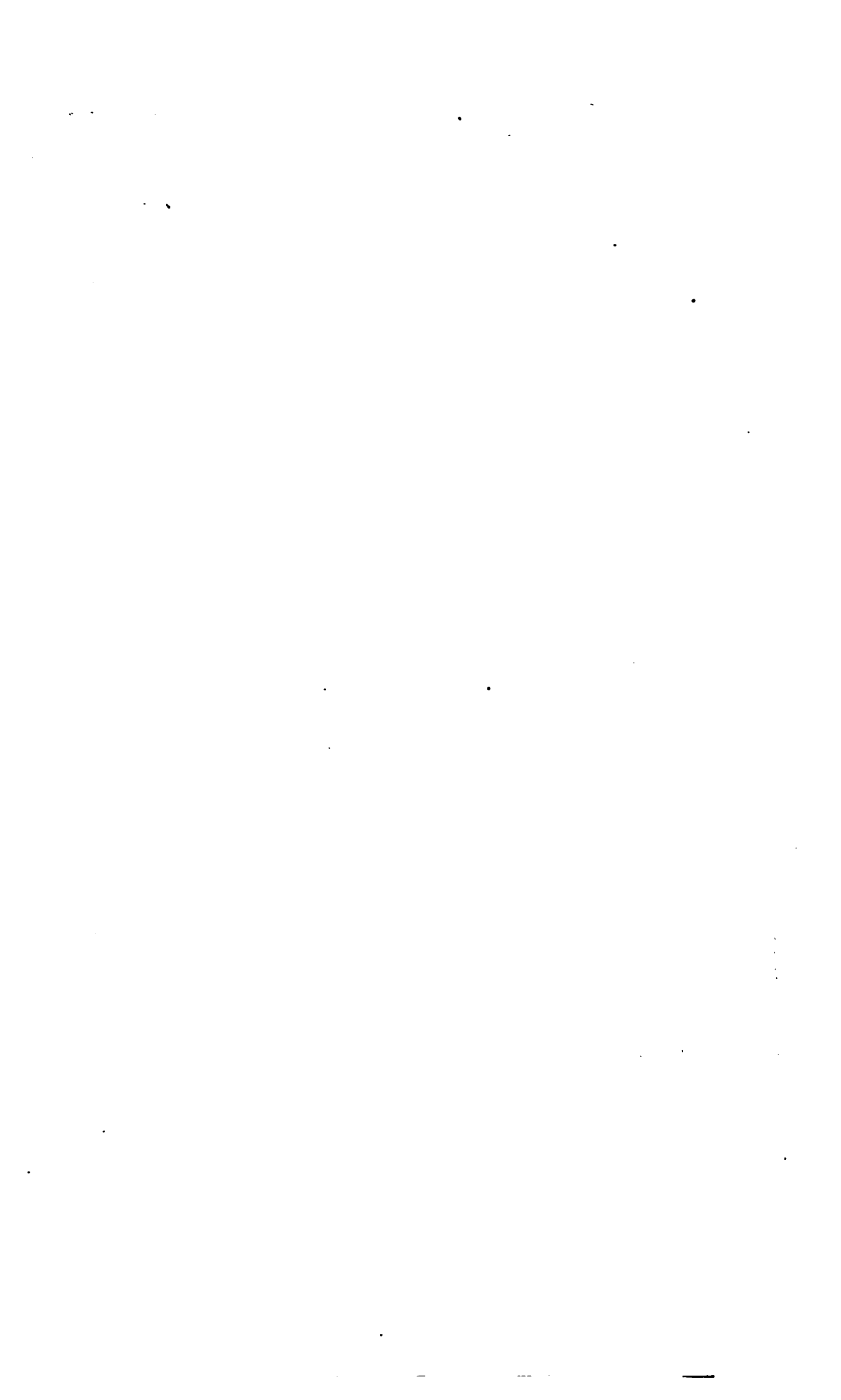
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At break of day, as heavenward,
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR !

SADLIER'S
EXCELSIOR
FOURTH READER

CONTAINING

A COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE ON ELOCUTION, ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS; SELECT READINGS AND RECITATIONS; FULL NOTES, AND A SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX

BY A CATHOLIC TEACHER



WILLIAM H. SADLIER
NEW YORK

117

TO TEACHERS.

QUALIFY PUPILS by daily vocal drill, by special aid as required, and by general and systematic instruction, for each Lesson. A Reading which does not demand preparatory labor is not adapted to the needs of the class.

THE LESSONS OF PART FIRST should be used for *Reading Exercises*. Require the class to commit to memory and recite the most important Principles, Definitions, and Examples, both separately and in concert. Review the Lessons, and do not commence Part Second until the pupils master them.

PART SECOND is not simply a Collection of Readings, but also a Dictionary and Cyclopaedia, containing *Needful Aids* which are to be turned to profitable account. *Never omit the Preliminary Exercises*; but require the pupils to pronounce, spell, and define the words in the notes. Often require them to commence with the last word of a paragraph in the Reading and pronounce back to the first. Also direct their attention to the accents and marked letters. Call into exercise their judgment and taste by requiring them to determine what Principle of Elocution each Reading is best adapted to illustrate.

BEFORE THE FINAL READING, be sure that the pupils *understand* the Lesson. Adopt a simple Order of Examination, and let them give the leading thoughts in their own language, *without formal questions*: for example, *first*, the title of the piece; *secondly*, the words liable to mispronunciation, both in the Notes and the Reading; *thirdly*, the objects mentioned, and the facts concerning these objects; *fourthly*, the narrative or connected thoughts, and the portion illustrated by the picture, if any; and *fifthly*, the moral or what the lesson teaches.

THE INDEX TO THE NOTES is of the utmost importance, and ought to be employed daily. Make special efforts to give pupils great facility in its use.

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P R E F A C E .

IN this work, which is designed for the intermediate reading classes in Catholic schools, all due care has been used to thoroughly adapt it to their needs. The readings are varied and entertaining, conveying moral and religious truths rather by implication and example than by formal teaching.

While dogmatic truth, which Cardinal Manning so aptly styles "the source of devotion," is constantly implied, and even directly insisted on in many of the lessons, it is embodied in stories of a *conversational* as distinguished from the *catechetical* form, or taught in pleasing verse. Something, that is to say, of the atmosphere of a Catholic home has been aimed at, and a certain degree of knowledge and practice has been presupposed as a basis for their further illustration.

The Treatise on Elocution, which embraces instruction in pronunciation and expression, will be found sufficiently full, easy of comprehension, and well adapted to the practical uses of the school. The important divisions, and their relations to each other, are exhibited by the use of a series of blackboard diagrams.

All of Webster's marked letters, and six of Watson's combined letters (ou, ch, sh, th, wh, ng), forming a

PREFACE.

complete phonic alphabet, are used as required to indicate pronunciation. This marked type affords nearly all the advantages of pure phonetics, without incurring any of the objections, and is as easily read as though unmarked. Its daily use in *the Body of the Readings* can not fail to remove localisms and form the habit of correct pronunciation.

The additional aids needed for a thorough understanding of the text, and preparatory to the class readings, are supplied. The pictorial illustrations are of rare excellence. Foot-notes give the pronunciation of words that had to be re-spelled for the purpose; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; and biographical sketches of persons whose names occur in the reading lessons. This aid is given in every instance on the page where the difficulty first arises; and a complete Index to the Notes is added for general reference.

NEW YORK, *August.*

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PART I.

PRACTICAL LOCUTION.



ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. *Good Elocution* is the art of uttering ideas understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOEPY and EXPRESSION.

Elocution { *Orthoepy*
*Expression*¹

ORTHOEPY.

ORTHOEPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoepy { *Articulation*
Syllabication
Accent

ORTHOEPY has to do with *separate* words—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

¹ **Blackboard Diagrams** are here introduced for the convenience of teachers and to serve as constant re-

mindors of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with oral instruction.

I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. *Oral Elements* are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. *Oral Elements are Produced* by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. *The Principal Organs of Speech* are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. *Voice is Produced* by the action of the breath upon the larynx.¹

6. *Oral Elements are Divided* into three classes: eighteen TONICS, fifteen SUBTONICS, and ten ATONICS.

7. *Tonics* are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. *Subtonics* are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. *Atonics* are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. *Letters* are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. *The Alphabet is Divided* into vowels and consonants.

12. *Vowels* are the letters that usually represent the tonics. They are *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *y*.²

13. *A Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as *ou* in *our*, *ea* in *bread*.

14. *A Proper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, neither of which is silent: as *ou* in *out*.

¹ **Larynx.**—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

² **W not a Vowel.**—*W*, not representing a tonic, is only a consonant.

15. *An Improper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent ; as *ōa* in *lōaf*.

16. *A Triphthong* is the union of three vowels in a syllable ; as *eau* in *beau* (*bō*), *ieu* in *adieu* (*adū*).

17. *Consonants*¹ are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng* ; *th* subtonic, and *th* atonic.

18. *Labials* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* is a nasal labial. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

19. *Dentals* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

20. *Linguals* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual ; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

21. *Palatals* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

22. *Cognates* are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner ; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v* ; *k* and *g*, etc.

23. *Alphabetic Equivalents* are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds ; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in *pique*.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward

¹ *Consonant*.—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rare-

ly used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately.

against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āt—ā, ā, ā, ā; āsh—ā, ā, ā, ā, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, ¹ as in āge,	āte.	8. ě, as in ělk,	ěnd.
2. ă, “	ăt, āsh.	9. ě, ⁴ “	hěr, věrse.
3. ä, “	ärt, ärm.	10. ĭ, “	ĭce, chĭld.
4. a, “	all, ball.	11. ĭ, “	ĭnk, ĭnch.
5. â, ² “	bâre, eâre.	12. ō, “	ōld, hōme.
6. â, ³ “	âsk, glâss.	13. ô, ⁵ “	ôn, frōst.
7. ē, “	hē, thēse.	14. o, “	do, prove.

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (bl), *taken* (kn).

¹ **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

² **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by â, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production,

the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say ā.

³ **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by â, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *o*, as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening â.

⁴ **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by ě, is *e* as heard in *end*, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

⁵ **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by ô, the same mark as its regular second power. This modi-

- | | |
|---|--|
| 15. <i>ū</i> , ⁴ as in <i>eūbe</i> , <i>eūre</i> . | 17. <i>u</i> , as in <i>full</i> , <i>push</i> . |
| 16. <i>ũ</i> , " <i>būd</i> , <i>hūsh</i> . | 18. <i>ou</i> , " <i>our</i> , <i>house</i> . |

II. SUBTONICS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. <i>b</i> , as in <i>babe</i> , <i>orb</i> . | 9. <i>r</i> , ² as in <i>rake</i> , <i>bar</i> . |
| 2. <i>d</i> , " <i>did</i> , <i>dim</i> . | 10. <i>th</i> , " <i>this</i> , <i>with</i> . |
| 3. <i>g</i> , " <i>gāg</i> , <i>gīg</i> . | 11. <i>v</i> , " <i>vine</i> , <i>vice</i> . |
| 4. <i>j</i> , " <i>join</i> , <i>joint</i> . | 12. <i>w</i> , " <i>wake</i> , <i>wise</i> . |
| 5. <i>l</i> , " <i>lake</i> , <i>lane</i> . | 13. <i>y</i> , " <i>yard</i> , <i>yes</i> . |
| 6. <i>m</i> , " <i>mild</i> , <i>mind</i> . | 14. <i>z</i> , " <i>zest</i> , <i>gaze</i> . |
| 7. <i>n</i> , " <i>name</i> , <i>nine</i> . | 15. <i>zh</i> , " <i>azure</i> , <i>glazier</i> . |
| 8. <i>ng</i> , " <i>gang</i> , <i>sang</i> . | |

III. ATONICS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>f</i> , as in <i>fame</i> , <i>fi</i> <i>fe</i> . | 6. <i>t</i> , as in <i>tart</i> , <i>toast</i> . |
| 2. <i>h</i> , " <i>hark</i> , <i>harm</i> . | 7. <i>th</i> , " <i>thank</i> , <i>youth</i> . |
| 3. <i>k</i> , " <i>kind</i> , <i>kiss</i> . | 8. <i>ch</i> , " <i>chase</i> , <i>march</i> . |
| 4. <i>p</i> , " <i>pipe</i> , <i>pump</i> . | 9. <i>sh</i> , " <i>shade</i> , <i>shake</i> . |
| 5. <i>s</i> , " <i>same</i> , <i>sense</i> . | 10. <i>wh</i> , ³ " <i>whale</i> , <i>white</i> . |

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—

fied or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in *not*, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *off*, *soft*, *cross*, *cost*, *broth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gone*, *begone*; *long*, *prong*, *song*, *throng*, *wrong*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad *a* [*a* in *all*], is *vulgar*.

¹ **U** initial.—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *use*.

² **R** trilled.—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long as possible.

³ **Wh**.—To produce the oral element of *wh*, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is escaping.

thus: *lip*, *p*; *orb*, *b*, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.				SUBTONICS.			
<i>lip</i> ,	<i>p</i>	<i>orb</i> ,	<i>b</i> .
<i>five</i> ,	<i>f</i>	<i>vase</i> ,	<i>v</i> .
<i>white</i> ,	<i>wh</i>	<i>wise</i> ,	<i>w</i> .
<i>save</i> ,	<i>s</i>	<i>zeal</i> ,	<i>z</i> .
<i>shade</i> ,	<i>sh</i>	<i>azure</i> ,	<i>zh</i> .
<i>charm</i> ,	<i>ch</i>	<i>join</i> ,	<i>j</i> .
<i>tart</i> ,	<i>t</i>	<i>did</i> ,	<i>d</i> .
<i>thing</i> ,	<i>th</i>	<i>this</i> ,	<i>th</i> .
<i>kink</i> ,	<i>k</i>	<i>gig</i> ,	<i>g</i> .

IV.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents of *A first power* are *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in the words *gain*, *gauge*, *stray*, *melee'*, *great*, *vein*, *they*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For *ā*, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in *gāin*, *gāuge*, *strāy*, *melee'*, *greāt*, *vein*, *they*.

For *ă*, *ai*, *ua*; as in *plăid*, *guăranty*.

For *ä*, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in *hăunt*, *sergeant*, *heärt*, *guärd*.

For *a*, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in *fault*, *hawok*, *Geôrge*, *côrk*, *broad*, *bought*.

For *â*, *ai*, *e*, *ea*, *ei*; as in *châir*, *thêre*, *sweâr*, *hêir*.

For *ê*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *i*, *ie*; as in *rêad*, *dêep*, *cêil*, *pêople*, *kêy*, *valise*, *fiêld*.

For *ë*, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *any*, *said*, *says*, *hêad*, *hêifer*, *lêopard*, *frîend*, *bury*, *guêss*.

For *ẽ*, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *ẽarth*, *gĩrl*, *word*, *scôurge*, *bũrn*, *guêrdon*, *mỹrrh*.

For *i*, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *aisle*, *sleight*, *eye*, *die*, *choir*, *guide*, *buy*, *my*, *rye*.

For *ī*, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in *captain*, *pretty*, *been*, *sieve*, *women*, *tortoise*, *busy*, *build*, *hymn*.

For *ō*, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in *haut-boy*, *beau*, *yeoman*, *sew*, *coal*, *foe*, *door*, *soul*, *blow*.

For *ö*, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in *what*, *hough*, *knowledge*.

For *o*, *eo*, *oe*, *ōo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in *grew*, *shoe*, *spoon*, *soup*, *rude*, *fruit*.

For *ū*, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in *beauty*, *feud*, *new*, *adieū*, *view*, *hūe*, *juice*.

For *ū*, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in *love*, *does*, *blood*, *young*.

For *u*, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; as in *wolf*, *book*, *could*.

For *ou*, *ow*; as in *now*.

For *oi* (*ai*), *oy*; as in *boy*.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For *f*, *gh*, *ph*; as in *cough*, *nymph*.

For *j*, *ġ*; as in *gem*, *gin*.

For *k*, *e*, *eh*, *gh*, *q*; as in *eole*, *eoneh*, *lough*, *etiquette*.

For *s*, *ç*; as in *cell*, *city*.

For *t*, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in *danced*, *Thames*, *phthisic*.

For *v*, *f*, *ph*; as in *of*, *Stephen*.

For *y*, *i*; as in *pinion*.

For *z*, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in *suffice*, *rose*, *xebec*.

For *zh*, *g*, *s*; as in *rouge*, *osier*.

For *ng*, *n*; as in *anger*, *bank*.

For *ch*, *t*; as in *fustian*.

For *sh*, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in *ocean*, *chaise*, *sure*, *assure*, *martial*.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thorough drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the

organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sound.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1. *bā*, *bă*, *bă*, *bă*, *bâr*, *báf*; *bē*, *bě*, *bēr*;
īb, *īb*; *ōb*, *ōb*, *ob*; *ūb*, *ūb*, *ub*; *oub*.
dā, *dă*, *dă*, *dă*, *dâr*, *dás*; *dē*, *dě*, *dēr*;
īd, *īd*; *ōd*, *ōd*, *od*; *ūd*, *ūd*, *ud*; *oud*.
gā, *gă*, *gă*, *gă*, *gâr*, *gán*; *gē*, *gě*, *gēr*;
īg, *īg*; *ōg*, *ōg*, *og*; *ūg*, *ūg*, *ug*; *oug*.
2. *jās*, *jâr*, *ja*, *jă*, *jă*, *jă*; *jēr*, *jě*, *jē*;
īg, *īg*; *og*, *og*, *og*; *ug*, *ug*, *ug*; *oug*.
lās, *lâr*, *la*, *lă*, *lă*, *lă*; *lēr*, *lě*, *lē*;
īl, *īl*; *ul*, *ol*, *ol*; *ul*, *ul*, *ul*; *oul*.
mās, *mêr*, *mô*, *mă*, *mă*, *me*; *mēr*, *mě*, *mī*;
īm, *īm*; *om*, *om*, *om*; *om*, *om*, *um*; *oum*.
3. *ān*, *an*, *ăn*, *âr*, *nán*, *ăn*; *ēn*, *ěr*, *ěn*;
nȳ, *nȳ*; *no*, *nō*, *nō*; *nū*, *nu*, *nū*; *nou*.
āng, *âr*, *ang*, *áf*, *ang*, *ang*; *eng*, *ěr*, *eng*;
ing, *ing*; *ong*, *ong*, *ong*; *ung*, *ung*, *ung*; *oun*.
rā, *ră*, *râr*, *ră*, *ra*, *ráf*; *rē*, *rěr*, *rě*;
rī, *rī*; *rō*, *rō*, *ro*; *ru*, *ru*, *rū*; *rou*.
4. *āth*, *ôth*, *áf*, *eth*, *ārth*, *āth*; *eth*, *ěrth*, *eth*;
thī, *thī*; *thō*, *thō*, *tho*; *thū*, *thu*, *thū*; *thou*.
ve, *vă*, *vâr*, *vă*, *váf*, *va*; *vēr*, *vē*, *vě*;
iv, *iv*; *ov*, *ov*, *ov*; *ūv*, *ūv*, *ov*; *ouv*.
wā, *wă*, *wâr*, *wă*, *wă*, *wáf*; *wīr*, *wě*, *wē*;
wī, *wī*; *wō*, *wō*, *wō*; *wū*, *wu*, *wū*; *wou*.

5. yā, yǎ, yä, ya, yâr, yân ; yē, yě, yēr ;
 yī, yǐ ; yō, yō, yō ; yū, yū, yu ; you.
 zou ; zōo, zū, zū ; zōo, zō, zō ; zī, zī ;
 zēr, zě ; zē ; záf, zêr, za, zä, ză, ză.
 ouzh ; uezh, ūzh, ūzh ; ozh, ōzh, ōzh ; izh, izh ;
 êrzh, êzh, êzh ; âf, ârzh, azh, äzh, äzh, äzh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fā, fǎ, fä, fa, fâr, fās ; fē, fě, fēr ;
 if, ǐf ; of, ǒf, of ; ūf, ŭf, uf ; ouf.
 hēr, hân, ha, hă, hā, hă ; hē, hē, hēr ;
 hī, hī ; hō, hō, hu ; hū, hu, hū ; hou.
 āk, āk, ak, āk, ârk, âf ; êk, êk, êrk ;
 kī, kī ; kō, kō, ko ; kū, ku, kū ; kou.
 2. ep, ăp, ăp, ôp, êrp, páf ; pē, pī, pēr ;
 pī, pī ; ôp, oôp, ap ; pū, pū, pōo ; oup.
 âf, êrs, ôs, âs, âs, es ; sīr, sē, sī ;
 is, is ; us, as, ôs ; so, sū, sū ; ous.
 tās, târ, ta, ât, ât, ât ; tēr, êt, êt ;
 tŷ, tŷ ; tō, tōo, tō ; ūt, ut, ūt ; tou.
 3. tháf, thâr, tha, thă, thā, thă ; thēr, thē, thē ;
 ǐth, ǐth ; ôth, oth, ôth ; ūth, ŭth, uth ; outh.
 ouch ; uch, ūch, ūch ; och, och, och ; ǐch, ǐch ;
 êrch, êch, êch ; cháf, chă, chă, châr, cha, chă.
 oush ; ush, ūsh, ūsh ; ôsh, osh, ôsh ; ǐsh, ǐsh ;
 shēr, shē, shē ; shân, shâr, shā, sha, shă, shă.
 whou ; whū, whu, whū ; whō, who, whō ; whī, whī ;
 whēr, whē, whē ; whās, whâr, whă, whă, whă, whă.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS in Articulation arise, first, from the omission of one or more elements in a word ; as,
 an' for and. | blin'ness for blind ness.
 frien's " friends. | fae's " facts.

sǒf'ly	for sǒft ly.	bois trous	for bois tēr ous.
fiēl's	" fiēlds.	chick'n	" chick ěn.
wil's	" wīlds.	his t'ry	" his tō ry.
stō'm,	" stōrm.	nov'l	" nov ěl.
wā'm	" wārm.	trav'l	" trav ěl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded ; as,

ēv ěn	for ēv'n.	rav ěl	for rav'l.
heav ěn	" heav'n.	sev ěn	" sev'n.
tāk ěn	" tāk'n.	sǒf tĕn	" sǒf'n.
sick ěn	" sick'n.	shāk ěn	" shāk'n.
driv ěl	" driv'l.	shòv ěl	" shòv'l.
grov ěl	" grov'l.	shriv ěl	" shriv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another ; as,

sĕt	for sīt.	carse	for cōurse.
sĕnce	" sĭnce.	re part	" re pōrt.
shĕt	" shūt.	trǒf fy	" trō phy.
for gīt	" for gĕt	pā rent	" pâr ent.
cāre	" câre.	būn net	" bôn net.
dānce	" dānce.	chil drun	" chil drĕn.
pāst	" pāst.	sūl ler	" cĕl lar.
āsk	" āsk.	mel lĕr	" mel lōw.
grāss	" grāss.	pil lĕr	" pil lōw.
srill	" shrill.	mo munt	" mo mĕnt.
wirl	" whirl.	harm lĕss	" harm lĕss.
a gān	" a gain (ă gĕn).	kind nĕss	" kind nĕss.
a gānst	" against (ă gĕnst).	wis per	" whis per.
hĕrth	" hearth (hărth).	sing in	" sing ing.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the

uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements ; sä v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing ; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone ; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone ; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters ; salve—salve. *S* represents an atonic ; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth ; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z* ; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic ; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic ; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth ; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f* ; hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements ; sh o—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing ; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone ; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters, sh o e—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic ; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth ; hence it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z* ; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination oe is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent ; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by *o* ; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of *o*.

VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A *AS the Name of a Letter*, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should be pronounced *ā* (*ā* in *āge*); as, I said *three* boys knew the letter *ā*, not *ā* boy knew it.

2. *The Word A*, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (*ă*),¹ though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in *ask*, *grass*; as,

Give *ă* baby sister *ă* smile, *ă* kind word, and *ă* kiss.

3. *The*, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced *thŭ*; as,

The (*thŭ*) peach, the (*thŭ*) plum, *thē* apple, and the (*thŭ*) cherry are *yğurs*. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. *U Preceded by R*.—When *u* long (*u* in *tŭbe*), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do*; as,

Are *yğ* sure that *shrewd* *yğ*th *wăş* *rŭde*?

5. *R may be Trilled* when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

Pupils will read the sentences several times, analyze the words, and tell what rules the exercises illustrate.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. Thŭ bōld bād baŭz brōk bōlts ānd bārz.
2. Thŭ rōgz rŭsht round thŭ rŭf rēd rōks.
3. Hī ōn ă hŭl Hŭ hērd harsēz harnŭ hōfs.
4. Shor ăl hēr pāthz ār pāthz ōv pēs.
5. Bă ! thăt'z nōt sŭks dōllār, bŭt ā dōllār.
6. Chărj thē ōld măn tō chōz ă chăŭs chēz.

¹ **A Initial**.—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked short (*ă*), its quantity

or volume of sound being less than that of a *sixth power* (*ă*), as in *ălās*, *ămăss*, *ăbăft*.

7. Lit sēking lit, hāth lit öv lit bēgild.
8. Thōz yofhs wīth trofhs yūz ōthz.
9. Arm it wīth rāgz, ā pigmī strā wīl pērs it.
10. Nou sēt thū tēth ānd strēch thū nōstrīl wīd.
11. Hē wōcht ānd wēpt, hē fēlt ānd prād far all.
12. Hīz iz āmīdst thū mīsts, mēzhērd ān āzhēr skī.
13. Thū whālz whēld ānd whērld, and bārd thār brād,
broun bāks.
14. Jāsn Jōnz sēd, Lūnā, ālās, āmās, villā.
15. Thū strīf sēsēth, pēs āpprōchēth, and thū gud
mān rējāisēth.
16. Our shrod ānts yūzd shrūgz, ānd shārp, shrīl
shrēks.
17. Amīdst thū mīsts ānd kōldēst frōsts, with bārēst
rīsts ānd stoutēst bōsts, hē thrūsts hīz fīsts āgēnst thū
pōsts, ānd stīl insīsts hē sēz thū gōsts.
18. A starm ārizēth ōn thū sē. A mōdēl vēssēl iz
strūggling āmīdst thū wāz öv ēlēments, kwīvēring ānd
shīvēring, shrīngking ānd bātting lik ā thīngking bēing.

II. SYLLABICATION.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. *A Monosyllable* is a word of *one* syllable; as, *it*.
3. *A Dissyllable* is a word of *two* syllables; as, *lil-ly*.
4. *A Trisyllable* is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment*.

5. *A Polysyllable* is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy*, *un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty*.

Let pupils tell the number of syllables in words that are not monosyllables, in the following

EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.

1. When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done.

2. A kind word, an encouraging expression—trifles in themselves light as air—may make some heart glad for at least twenty-four hours.

3. A life of idleness is not a life of pleasure. Only activity and usefulness afford happiness. The most miserable are those who have nothing to do.

4. Would you be free from uneasiness of mind, do nothing that you know or think to be wrong. Would you enjoy the purest pleasure, do always and everywhere what you see to be unquestionably right.

5. If the spring put forth no blossom, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable.

III. ACCENT.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. *In many Trisyllables and Polysyllables*, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary*; as *hab-i-TA-tion*.

Accent { *Primary*
Secondary

3. *The Mark of Acute Accent, heavy*, ['] is often used to indicate *primary* accent; *light*, [ˊ] *secondary* accent; as,

Hostil'ity brought vic'tory, not ig'nomin'ious defeat'.

4. *The Mark of Grave Accent*, [ˋ] is here used to indicate, *first*, that the vowel over which it is placed forms a separate syllable; and, *secondly*, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; as,

An agèd and learnèd man caught that wingèd thing for his belovèd pupils. Her goodnèss [not goodniss] moved the roughèst [not roughist].

Pupils will give the office of each *mark* in these

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. No'tice the marks of æ'cent, and al'ways accent' còrrèct'ly the words *in'teresting*, *cir'cumstances*, *dif'ficulty*.
2. That bléssèd and belovèd child loves évèry wingèd thing.
3. He that is slow to ánger is bétter than the míghty ; and he that rúlèth his spírit than he that tákèth a city.
4. A spírit of kíndnèss is beautiful in the ágèd, lóvely in the young, in'dispen'sable to the háppínèss of a fámily.
5. Thou knówèst my dówn-sítting and mine uprísing ; thou ún'derstándèst my thought afár off.
6. Thou cómpassést my pàth and my ly'ing dówn, and art acquáintèd with all my ways.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION *of Speech* is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or fôrce. Its most important divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, and PAUSES.

{	<i>Emphasis</i>
	<i>Inflection</i>
	<i>Slur</i>
	<i>Pauses</i>

Expression

EXPRESSION has to do with words in sentences and extended discourse. It enables the hearer to see, feel, and understand.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. *To give a Word Emphasis*, means to pronounce it in a loud¹ or forcible manner. No uncommon tone is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. *Emphatic Words* are often printed in *Italics*; those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS *and Phrases peculiarly significant*, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. *Words and Phrases that contrast*, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*.

Pupils will tell which of the two preceding rules is illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *He* may bite; but *I* shall not.
2. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be thought wise.
3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.
4. I shall sing the praises of *October*, as the *loveliest* of months.
5. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.
6. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

¹ Loudness.—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that loudness has not, of necessity, refer-

ence to *high pitch*, but to *volume* of voice, *used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

7. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.
 8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.
 9. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES ; where *foxes*, GEESE.

10. My friends, our *country must* be FREE ! The land is never *lost*, that has a son to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones !

11. Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm*, so *free* from mark of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon.

12. "When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the LIGHT, and had the SKY *above it always*." Those were her words.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the *accented* or heavy syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. *There are Three Inflections* or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflection { Rising
Falling
Circumflex

3. *The Rising Inflection* is the upward bend or slide of the voice ; as,

Do you love your home?

4. *The Falling Inflection* is the downward bend or slide of the voice ; as,

When are you going ^{home?}

5. *The Circumflex* is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. *The Acute Accent* ['] is used to mark the *rising* inflection ; the grave accent [`] the *falling* inflection ; as,

Will you réad, or spèll ?

7. *The Falling Circumflex*, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide, is marked thus \frown ; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus \smile , which the pupil will see is the same mark invèrted ; as,

You must take me for a fool, to think I could do that.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

THE *Falling Inflection* is employed for all ideās that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively* ; as,

He will shed tèars, on his return. Spèak, I charge you !

3. *The Rising Inflection* is employed for all ideās that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncèrtain, or negative ; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrñ, they will shed tèars, not of ágony and distréss, but of grátitude and jòy.

3. *Questions for Information*, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *rising* inflection ; but their answers, when positive, the *falling* ; as,

Do you love Máry ? Yès ; I dò,

4. *Declarative Questions*, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *falling* inflection ; as,

What means this stir in town ? When are you going to Ròme ?

5. *When Words or Clauses contrast or compare*, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection ; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur ; as,

I have seen the effects of *love* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despàir*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

6. *The Circumflex is used* when the thòughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, double-meaning, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection ; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection ; as,

The beggar intends to *ride*, not to *walk*. Ah, she loves *you* !

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. I want a *pèn*. It is not a *bóok* I want.
2. The war must go *òn*. We must fight it *througħ*.
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies* ; the *càuse* will create *nàvies*.
4. We shall make this a glòrious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.
5. Do you see that bright *stár* ? *Yès* : it is splèndid.
6. Dóes that beautiful lady deserve *práise*, or *blàme* ?
7. Is a candle to be put under a *búshel*, or under a *béd* ?
8. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.
9. Do men gáther grapes from thorns ; or figs from thistles ?
10. Thère is a tide in the affairs of *mén*, which, taken at the *flood*, leads on to *fórtune*.
11. Sínk or swím, líve or díe, survíve or pèrish, I give my hand and hèart to this vote.

12. If Caudle says so, then all must believe it, of course.
13. Is this a time to be gloomy and sad
 When our mother Nature laughs around ;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?
14. Ah, it was Maud that gave it ! I never thought, under any circumstances, it could be you !

III. SLUR.

S LUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in stronger relief.

2. *Slur must be Employed* in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition or explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance ; and often when *qualification of time, place, or manner* is made.

3. *The Parts which are to be Slurred* in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the *unmarked* examples in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. I am sure, *if you provide for your young brothers and sisters*, that God will bless you.
2. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.
3. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries*,
 In the shoals of the sparkling brook ;
 Laughing maidens, *with soft young eyes*,
 Walk or sit in the shady nook.

4. The sick man *from his chamber* looks at the twisted brooks ; and, *feeling the cool breath of each little pool*, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

5. The cālm shade shall bring a kindred cālm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dānce, shall wāft a bālm to thy sick heart.

6. Young eyes, that lāst year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel ;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Béar redder stains of quarrel.

7. If thêre's a Power above us—and *that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works*—He must delight in virtue ; and that which He delights in must be happy.

8. The village chûrch, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

IV. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. *The Pause is marked* thus ¶ in the following illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE *Subject of a Sentence*, or that of which something is declared, when either *emphatic* or *compound*, requires a pause after it ; as,

The *cause* ¶ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ¶ form the basis of every virtue.

2. *Two Nouns in the same Case*, without a connecting word, require a pause between them ; as,

I admire Webster ¶ the orator.

3. *Adjectives that follow* the words they qualify or limit require pauses immediately before them ; as,

He had a mind ¶ deep ¶ active ¶ well stored with knowledge.

4. *But, hence*, and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them ; as,

But ¶ these joys are his. Hence ¶ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ¶ the beginning of wisdom.

5. *In Cases of Ellipsis*, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted ; as,

He thanked Mary many times ¶ Kate but once. Call this man friend ¶ that ¶ brother.

6. *A Sturred Passage* requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it ; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird ¶ though none of the homeliest ¶ has nothing bright or showy in it.

Pupils will tell which of the rules are illustrated by the following

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. All promise ¶ is poor dilatory man.
2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
3. Weeping ¶ may endure for a night ¶ ¶ but joy ¶ cometh in the morning.
4. Paul ¶ the Apostle ¶ wrote to Timothy.
5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of Israel.
6. He was a friend ¶ gentle ¶ generous ¶ good-humored ¶ affectionate.
7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.
8. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.
9. But ¶ I shall say no more ¶ pity and charity being dead ¶ to a heart of stone.
10. Husbands and fathers ¶ think of their wives and children.

III.

MARKS OF PUNCTUATION.

SUCH *Points or Marks* are here introduced as are necessary, in written or printed language, to make plain the meaning of the writer, or to mark a portion of the pauses used in good reading. The teacher will employ this for a reading lesson, and not for a task, making all necessary additional explanations.

1. The Comma [,] marks the smallest division of a sentence, and represents the shortest pause ; as,

The butterfly, child of the summer, flutters in the sun.

2. The Semicolon [;] separates such parts of a sentence as are less closely connected than those divided by a comma, and usually represents a longer pause ; as,

The noblest men and women have been children once ; lisping the speech, laughing the laugh, thinking the thought, of childhood.

3. The Colon [:] separates parts of a sentence less closely connected than those divided by a semicolon, and usually represents a longer pause ; as,

He who receives a good turn should never forget it : he who does one should never remember it.

4. The Period [.] is placed at the close of a sentence which declares something, and usually represents a full stop. It must be used after an abbreviated word ; as,

If you will, you can rise. Send the clothing and the money to Geo. W. Stevenson, Esq.

5. The Interrogation Point [?] shows that a question is asked ; as,

You say you will do better to-morrow ; but are you sure of to-morrow ? Have you one hour in your hand ?

6. The Exclamation Point [!] is placed after words that express surprise, astonishment, admiration, and other strong feelings ; as,

Alas my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !

7. *The Dash* [—] is used when a sentence breaks off abruptly ; when there is an unexpected turn in sentiment ; and for a long or significant pause ; as,

Was there ever a braver soldier ? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. There are two kinds of evils—those which can not be cured, and those which can.

8. *Marks of Parenthesis* () are used to inclose words that interrupt the progress of the sentence in which they appear, and that can be omitted without injury to its sense. They should be *slurred* in reading ; as,

Whether playing ball or riding on horseback (*for he rides often*), the boy knows both how to start and when to stop.

9. *Brackets* [] are chiefly used to inclose words that serve to explain one or more words of a sentence, or to point out a reference ; as,

Washington [the Father of his Country] made this remark. You will find an account of the creation in the Bible. [See Genesis, chap. i.]

10. *Marks of Quotation* [“ ”] are used to show that the real or supposed words of another are given. A quotation written within a quotation requires only single marks ; as,

“If this poor man,” said my father, “thus earnestly says, ‘I thank God that He is good to me,’ how can we express our thanks for His many mercies !”

11. *The Index, or Hand* [☞], points out a passage for special attention ; as,

☞ All orders will be promptly and carefully attended to.

12. *The Apostrophe* [’], looking like a comma placed above the line, denotes the omission of one or more letters. It is also used before *s* in the singular number, and after *s* in the plural, to mark possession ; as,

Do not ask who’ll go with you : go ahead. Uncle bought Cora’s shoes, and the boys’ hats.

13. Marks of Ellipsis [— ****] are formed by means of a löng dash, or of a succession of periods or stars of various lengths, and are used to indicate the omission of letters in a word, of words in a sentence, or of one or mōre sentences ; as,

Friend C——s is in trouble. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy Gōd with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.” “Charity sufferèth löng, and is kind ; **** beàrèth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.”

14. The Hyphen [-] is placed after a syllable ending a line, to show that the remainder of the word begins the next line. It usually unites the words of which a compound is formed, when each of them retains its original accent ; as,

We thank the all'-wise' Gōd for the in'cense-brèath'ing morn.

15. Marks of Reference.—The Asterisk, or Star [*], the Obelisk, or Dagger [†], the Double Dagger [‡], the Section [§], Parallel Lines [||], and the Paragraph [¶], are used, in the order named, when references are made to remarks or notes in the margin, at the bottom of the page, or some other part of the book. Letters and figures are öften used for marks of reference.

16. The Diæresis [¨] is placed over the latter of two vowels to show that they form separate syllables ; as,

His ideäs of the Creätor were formed in those aërial heights.

Pupils will be required to give the names and uses of all the *marks* in the following

EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION.

1. The true lover of beauty sees it in the lowliëst flower, meets it in evèry pāth, enjoys it everywhere.

2. Stones grow ; vegetables grow and live ; animals grow, live, and feel.

3. Do not insult a pōor man : his misery entitles him to pity.

4. I take—eh ! oh !—as much exercise—eh !—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my inactive state.

5. "Honest boys," said I, "be so good as to tell me whether I am in the way to Richmond."

6. "A pure and gentle soul," said he, "often feels that this world is full of beauty, full of innocent gladness."

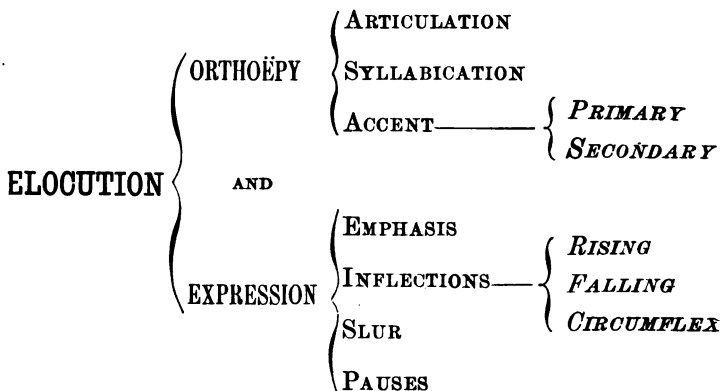
7. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a rougher sea, thinner air, a paler sky?

8. Angry children are like men standing on their heads: they see all things the wrong way. To rule one's anger is well: to prevent it is better.

9. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old, gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling.

10. What do you say? What? I really do not understand you. Be so good as to explain yourself again. Upon my word, I do not.—Oh! now I know: you mean to tell me it is a cold day. Why did you not say at once, 'It is cold to-day?'

GENERAL DIAGRAM.



PART II.

SELECT READINGS.

KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or ē; as, āle, veīl: 2. ǣ; as, fǣt: 3. ä; as, ärm: 4. a, or ô; as, ałl, cōrn: 5. â; or ê; as, câre, thêre: 6. á; as, lást: 7. ē, or ī; as, wē, pīque: 8. ě; as, ěnd: 9. ě, ĭ, or ŭ; as, hēr, sīr, bŭr: 10. ĭ, or ŷ; as, ĭce, skŷ: 11. ĭ, or ŷ; as, ĭll, lŷnx: 12. ō; as, ōld: 13. ǫ, or a; as, ǫn, whať: 14. o, ōō, or u; as, do, fōōl, rŭle: 15. ū; as, mŭle: 16. ů, or ò; as, ůp, sòn: 17. u, o, or ōō; as, bułł, wołf, woōł: 18. Ou, or ou; as, Out, out.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; as, babe: 2. d; as, did: 3. ġ; as, ġġg: 4. j, or ġ; as, jġg, ġem: 5. l; as, loll: 6. m; as, mum: 7. n; as, nun: 8. n, or ng; as, lġnk, sġng: 9. r; as, rare: 10. Th, or th; as, This, with: 11. v; as, vat: 12. w; as, wig: 13. y; as, yet: 14. z, or ŷ; as, zinc, hġŷ: 15. z, or zh; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; as, fife: 2. h; as, hot: 3. k, or e; as, kġnk, eat: 4. p; as, pop: 5. s, or ç; as, sense, çity: 6. t; as, tart: 7. Th, or fh; as, Thorn, pġth: 8. Ch, or çh; as, Charles, rġch: 9. Sh, sh, or çh; as, Sharon, ash, çhaise: 10. Wh, or wh; as, White, whġp.—*Italics*, silent; as, *often* (ǫf'n): x for gz; as, ex äet'.



SECTION I.

I.

1. *THE YOUNG TRADERS.*

TWO country lads came, at an early hour, to a market town, and, arranging¹ their little stands, sat down to wait for customers.²

2. One of the boys had a stöck³ of fruits and vegetables, nearly the whole of which had been cultivated⁴ by himself. The other lad had a supply of fish, which his father, who lived in a fishing village near the town, had caught.

3. The market hours passed on, and the little merchants saw with pleasure⁵ their stores steadily decreasing; and they rattled the money which they had received in exchange, with great satisfaction.

4. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came up, and, placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon! How do you sell this, my lad?"

5. "It is the last one I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, it is unsound," said the boy, turning it over. "So it is," said the gentleman. "But," he added, "is it very business-like to point out the defects⁷ of your stock to customers?"

6. "It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly. "You are right, my little man; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God, and man also. I shall remember your little stand in future."

¹ *Ar rāng' ing*, setting in order.

² *Cūs' tom er*, a regular buyer.

³ *Stöck*, a collection of salable articles.

⁴ *Cül' ti va ted*, tilled.

⁵ *Pleasure* (plēzh'ur).

⁶ *De crēas' ing*, lessening.

⁷ *De fēct'*, a fault; the want of something needful to make a thing complete or perfect.

7. "Are those fish fresh?" he continued, going on a few steps to the other lad's stand. "Yes, sir, fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase¹ being made, the gentleman went away.

8. "Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that mark on the melon. Now you can take it home, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those fish father caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he got home."

9. "Ben, I would not tell a lie, nor act one either, for twice what I have earned² this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a good customer and you have lost one."

10. And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed: the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article from Harry, made regular purchases, and sometimes talked with him a few moments about his future hopes and prospects.

11. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trustworthy boy in his own warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely³ he advanced in the confidence of his employer until, having passed through various gradations⁴ in clerkship, he became at length an honored and respected partner in the firm.⁵

II.

2. THE ANGEL'S BIDDING.

NOT a sound is heard in the Convent;
The Vesper⁶ chant is sung,
The sick have all been tended,
The poor nun's toils are ended

¹ *Pur' chase*, that which is obtained by giving an equal price in money; the act of buying.

² *Earn*, to get by our own work.

³ *Surely* (*shqr'lý*), in a sure or certain way.

⁴ *Gra dā' tions*, ranks; steps.

⁵ *Firm* (*firm*), the name under which a company does business; hence, the company or house.

⁶ *Vēs' per*, relating to the evening, or to the office of vespers.

Till the Matin¹ bell has rung.
 All is still, save the clock,
 So loud in the frösty áir,
 And the söft snow falling as gently
 As an änsver to a präyer.
 But an Ängel whispers, "O Sister,
 Yqu must rise from your bed to präy:
 In the silent desêrted chapel,
 You must kneel till the dawn of dāy.
 For, far on the dësolate² moorland,³
 So drëary,⁴ and blëak,⁵ and white,
 There is one all alöne and hëlplëss,
 In peril of death to-night.

2. "No sound on the moorland to guide him,
 No star in the mûrký⁶ áir,
 And he thinks of his hōme and his loved ones
 With the tënderness of despáir:
 He has wandered for hours in the snōw-drift,
 And he strives⁷ to stand in vain,
 And lies down to dream of his children,
 And never to rise again.
 Then kneel in the silent chapel
 Till the dawn⁸ of to-morrow's sun,
 And äsk with imploring prayer,
 For the life of that desolate one;
 And the smiling eyes of his children
 Will gladden his heart again,
 And the grateful tears of Gōd's poor ones
 Will fall on yqu soul like rain!
3. "Leave him not lonely to përish,
 But the grace of our God implöre,

¹ Mät' in, mōrning; relating to the first or morning öffice.

² Dës' o late, without inhabitants or people; lonely.

³ Moor' land, a large piece of waste or marshy land.

⁴ Drëar' ý, causing sad or lonely feelings: without cōmfort.

⁵ Blëak, swept by cold winds.

⁶ Murk' y, obscure; thick, eloudý.

⁷ Strive, to try earnestly; to make a ströng öffört.

⁸ Dawn, first appearance; rise the break of day.

With all the strength of your spirit,
 For one who needs it mōre.
 Far awāy, in the glēaming¹ city,
 'Mid pēr'fume,² and sōng, and light,
 A soul that Jesus has rānsōmed³
 Is in peril⁴ of sin to-night.
 The tempter⁵ is clōse beside him,
 And his danger is all forgot,
 And the far-off voices of childhood
 Call aloud, but he hears them not;
 He sayeth no prayer, and his mother—
 He thinks not of her to-dāy,
 And he will not look up to heaven,
 And his Angel is tūrning awāy.

4. "Then prāy for a soul in peril,
 A soul for which Jesus died;
 Ask, by the crōss that bōre Him,
 And by hēr who stood beside;
 And the Angels of Gōd will thank you,
 And bend from their thrones of light,
 To tell you that heaven rejoices
 At the deeds⁶ you have dōne to-night."

III.

3. FIVE PEAS IN THE SHELL.

PART FIRST.

FIVE peas sat in a pea-shell. They wēre green, and the shell wās green; thērefōre,⁷ they thōught that the whōle world must be green; in which opinion⁸ they were about right. The shell grew,⁹ and the peas grew too. They could

¹ Glēam'ing, shining with flashes of light.

² Perfume (pēr' fūm), a sweet scent; fragrance.

³ Rān' somed, bought out of service or punishment.

⁴ Pēr' il, very great danger.

⁵ Tēmp' ter, one who endeavors

or tries to produce evil in others.

⁶ Dēed, that which is effected or done; act.

⁷ Therefore (thēr' fōr), for that or this reason.

⁸ O pīn' ion (-yun), view or belief formed from slight proof.

⁹ Grew (grō), see Rule 4, p. 24.

accommodate¹ themselves vëry well to their nărrōw house, and sat very happily together, all five in a rōw.

2. The sun shōne outside and warmed the shell. The rain made it so clear that you could see through it. It wăş vëry warm and pleasant in there,—clear by day and dark by night, just as it should be. The five peas grew vëry făst,² and became more intelligent³ the older they wëre.

3. "Shall I always be compelled⁴ to sīt here?" said one to the rest. "I reălly am afraid that I shall gët hard from sitting constantly. I do believe strange things are going on outside of our shell as well as in here."

4. Weeks păsşed on, and the peas became yëllōw, and the shell grew yellow too. "All the world is yellow!" said they. And we can not blame them, under the cīr'cumstances,⁵ for the exclamation.⁶

5. One dăy thëir house wăş struck as if by lightning. They wëre tōrn ôff by somebody's hand, and were put⁷ into a cōat-pocket which was already nearly filled with peas. "Now there is going to be an end of us," they sighed to one another, and they began to feel very sorrowful.

6. "But if we live, I shōuld like to hear from the one who goes fărthest," said the largëst pea. "It will sōon be over with us all," said the smăllëst pea. But the largest one replied, "Come whăt will, I am ready."

7. Knack! The shell bŭrst, and all five rolled out into the bright sunshine. Sōon they lăy in a little boy's hand. He held them făst, and said they would be excellent for his little gun. Almost immediately they wëre rolling down the barrel of his shot-gun. Out again they went into the wide world.

8. "Now I am flying out into the world. Cătch me if you can." So said one, and he wăş vëry soon out of sight.

9. The second said, "I am going to fly up to the sun. That is a charming shell, and would be just about large enough for me," and ôff he flew.

¹ Ac com' mo dăte, suit; fit.

² Fast (făst), see Note 3, p. 16.

³ In tël' li gent, knowing.

⁴ Com pëllëd', obliged; fōrced.

⁵ Circumstance (sēr' kŭm stăns),

one of the things that surround us in our păşh of life.

⁶ Ex'cla mă' tion, remark of pain, anger, sŭrprise, &c.; outery.

⁷ Put (pŭt), placed

10. "Wherever we go we are going to bed," said two others; and they hit the rōōf¹ of a great stōne house, and rolled down on the ground.

11. "I am going to make the best of my lot," said the last one; and it went high up, but came down against the balcony² wīndōw of an old house, and caught there in a little tuft of mōss. The moss closed up, and there lāy the pea.

12. Hidden there in its green prīson, it did not meet the eye of any crēature. "I shall make the best of my lot," it said, as it lay there.

13. A pōor wōman³ lived in a rōom back of the balcony wīndōw. She spent the whōle dāy in making little toys of wōod and shells, which was hēr way of gētting a little money. She had a gōōd strōng body, but nevertheless she wāş a vērý poor wīdōw, and the prospect was that she wōuld always be one.

14. In that little rōom lived her hālf-grown, delicate⁴ daughter. A whōle year she had been lying there, and it seemed as if she cōuld nēither live nor die. "She will sōon go ōff to see her little sister!" sighed the mother. "I had two children, and it wāş a difficult⁵ tāsks for me to take cāre of them bōth. But our Lord has taken one of them to live with Him.

15. "I should like to keep this one with me; but it appears as if Gōd wānts them bōth with Him. Sōon she will go and see hēr sister." But the sick gīrl still lived, and lāy patiently⁶ on her sick bed, while her mother worked hard for her daily bread.

IV.

4. FIVE PEAS IN THE SHELL.

PART SECOND.

BY and by spring-time came on. One morning, when the industrious⁷ mother wāş going about hēr work, the friendly sun shōne through the little wīndōw and all ālōng the little rōōf.

¹ Roof (rōf).

² Bāl' co nŷ, a platform on the outer wālls of buildings.

³ Woman (wum' an).

⁴ Dēl' i cate, nice; tender; feeble.

⁵ Dīf' fi cūlt, not easy.

⁶ Patiently (pā' shēnt lī), without complaint or mŭrmŭring.

⁷ In dŭs' tri oŭs, given to work: not idle or lazy.

2. The sick girl looked down at the bottom of the window and saw something growing. "What kind of a weed is that?" she asked. "It is going to grow against¹ the window. See, the wind is shaking it."

3. And the mother came to the window and opened it a little. "Just see!" she exclaimed. "This is a slender pea-vine. It is now shooting out its green leaves. How did it get into this little crevice?² Soon we shall have a garden!"

4. Then the sick girl's bed was moved closer to the window, so that she could see the little climbing pea. Then her mother went to work again.³

5. "Mother, I really believe I shall get well again," said the daughter one evening to her mother. "The sun has been (bin) shining into the window so kindly to-day, and the pea-vine is growing so fast, that I believe I shall soon be able to go out into the bright sunshine."

6. "Göd grant it may be so!" said the mother; but she did not believe it could come to pass. Then she stuck down a little stick for the pea-vine to run on, and tied a string around the vine to keep the wind from blowing it away. Every day it grew higher and larger.

7. "Now it is almost ready to blossom," said the mother one day as she went up to the window. "I am beginning to think my dear daughter will get well again."

8. She had noticed that her sick girl had been getting stronger and more cheerful of late; so, on the morning that the pea-vine blossomed she raised her up in bed, and leaned her against a chair.

9. The next week she was able, for the first time in many months, to get out of bed and take a few steps. How happy she was as she sat in the bright sunshine, and looked at the growing pea-vine!

10. The window was open, and the morning breeze came softly in. Then the grateful girl leaned her head out of the window and kissed her vine. That day was a happy holiday to her—a day never to be forgotten.

11. "Göd, my dear child, has planted that little flowering

¹ Against (ä gënst'), opposite to ;
abreast of ; facing.

² Cräv' ice, a crack.

³ Again (ä gën'), once more

pea here for you, and also to bring hope and joy to my heart." So spoke the mother,—and truly too.

12. Now, what became of the other peas? The one which flew out into the wide world, and said, as he passed, "Catch me



if you can," fell into the gutter beside the street, and was swallowed by a dove.

13. The two which went off together fared no better, for they were both devoured¹ by hungry pigeons. The fourth pea, which went off toward the sun, did not get half-way there, but fell into a water-spout, and lay there for weeks growing larger all the time.

14. "I am getting so corpulent,"² it said one day, "I shall soon burst, I am afraid, and that will certainly be the last of me." And the chimney, who afterward wrote his epitaph,³

¹ Devoured', eaten greedily.

² Cor'pu lent, fleshy; fat.

³ Ep'itaph, a writing on a monument in memory of the dead.

told me a few days ago that he did burst. So that was the last of him.

15. But the sick girl stood one day, with bright eyes and red cheeks, at her mother's window, and, folding her hands over the beautiful pea-vine, thanked God for His goodness.

V.

5. WHAT THE ENGINES SAID.

WHAT was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching head to head,
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back?
This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread.

2. With a prefatory ¹ screech,
In a florid ² Western speech,
Said the Engine from the West:
"I am from Sierrra's crest;
And, if altitude's ³ a test,⁴
Why, I reckon it's confessed,
I have done my level best."
3. Said the Engine from the East:
"They who work best talk the least,
Listen! where Atlantic beats
Shores of snow and summer heats.
Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the woods with wampum ⁵ dyes,—
I have chased the flying sun,
Seeing all he looked upon,
Blessing all that he has blest,
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying ⁶ heat,
All his clouds about my crest;

¹ *Præf* a to ry, introductory.

² *Flör' id*, flowery; ornamented
with flowers of speech.

³ *Al' ti tude*, height.

⁴ *Tæst*, a way of trial or deciding.

⁵ *Wam' pum*, strings of shells
used by the Indians for money, the
most valuable being of a dark pur-
ple color.

⁶ *Viv' i fy ing*, life-giving.

And before my flying feet
Every shadow must retreat."

4. Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"
And a long low whistle blew.
"Come now, really that's the oddest
Talk for one so very modest.
You brag of your East! *You* do?
Why, *I* bring the East to you!
All the Orient,¹ all Cathay,²
Find through me the shortest way;
And the sun you follow here
Rises in my hemisphere."
5. Said the Union, "Don't reflect, or
I'll run over some Director."
Said the Central, "I'm *pacific*;³
But when angered, quite terrific.
Yet to-day we shall not quarrel,
Just to show these folks this moral,—
How two Engines—in their vision—
Once have met without collision."
6. This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread;
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

SECTION II.

I.

6. KEEPING HIS WORD.

"MATCHES! Only a penny a box," he said;
But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrank⁴ from the squalid⁵ sight
Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

¹ *O' rient*, the East; hence, the
countries of Asia (*ā' shī ā*).

² *Cath āy'*, an old name for China.

³ *Pā cīf ic*, calm; peaceful.

⁴ *Shrank* (*shrank*), drew back.

⁵ *Squal' id*, dirty through neglect.



2. "O, sir!" he stammered,¹ "You can not know"—
And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow,
That the sudden tear might have chance to fall;
"Or I think—I think you would take them all.
3. "Hungry and cold at our garret pane,
Ruby will watch till I come again,
Bringing the loaf.—The sun has set,
And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.
4. "One penny, and I can buy the bread."
The gentleman stopped. "And you?" he said.
"I?—I can put up with the hunger and cold,
But Ruby is only five years old.

¹ Stäm' mered, pronounced in a faltering manner.

5. "I promised my mother before she went—
She knew I would do it, and died content—
I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
I always would think of Ruby first."
6. The gentleman paused at his open door;
Such tales he had often heard before;
But he fumbled ¹ his purse in the twilight ² drear—
"I have nothing less than a shilling here."
7. "Oh, sir, if you'll only take the pack,
I'll bring you the change in a moment back;
Indeed you may trust ³ me."—"Trust you? no!
But here is the shilling; take it and go."
8. The gentleman lolled ⁴ in his cozy ⁵ chair,
And watched his cigar-wreath melt in the air,
And smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother's knee.
9. "And now it is nine by the clock," he said,
"Time that my darlings were all in bed;
Kiss me good-night, and each be sure,
When you're saying your prayers, remember the poor."
10. Just then came a message ⁶—"A boy at the door"—
But ere it was uttered, ⁷ he stood on the floor,
Half breathless, bewildered, ⁸ and ragged, and strange.
"I'm Ruby—Mike's brother—I've brought you the change"
11. "Mike's hurt, sir; 'twas dark; the snow made him blind.
And he didn't take notice the train was behind,
Till he slipped on the track—and then it whizzed by;
And he's home in the garret—I think he will die.
12. "Yet nothing would do him, sir—nothing would do,
But out through the snow I must hurry to you;

¹ Fūm' bled, turned over and over.

² Twi' light, the faint light after the setting or before the rising of the sun.

³ Trūst, believe; put faith in.

⁴ Lōlled, lay at ease.

⁵ Cō' zy, snug; comfortable.

⁶ Mēs' sage, any notice sent from one person to another.

⁷ Ut' tered, spoken; pronounced.

⁸ Be wil' dered, confused; puzzled: confounded,

Of his hârt he was cêrtain you wouldn't have heard,
And so you might think he had broken his word."

13. When the garret they hastily¹ entered, they saw
Two arms, mangled,² shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
"You did it?—dear Ruby—Gôd bless you," he said;
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and was dead.

II.

7. *HELPING FATHER.*

PART FIRST.

"**M**ONEY dôes not last³ lóng nowadays, Clarissa," said Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. "It is ônly a week since I received my month's salary, and now I have but little mōre than hâlf of it left. I bought a cord of pine wōd to-dây, and to-mōrrōw I must pay for that sũit of clothes which Dăn'iel had: that will be fifteen dollars more."

2. "And Daniel will need a pãir of new shôes in a day or two; those he weârs now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear," said (sêd) Mrs. Andrews. "How fast he wears out shôes! It seems hardly a fôrt'nîght since I bought the last shoes for him," said the father.

3. "Oh, well! But then he enjoys running about so very much that I can not check his plêasure as long as it is quite harmlêss. I am sũre you would feel sôrry to see the little shoes last longer from not being used so much," answered the affectionate⁴ mother.

4. Daniel, during this conversation,⁵ was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand upon her hind legs. He was apparently⁶ much occupied⁷ with his êffôrts,⁸ but he heard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty⁹ soon he ârôse, and, going to his father, climbed

¹ Hâs' tî ly, quickly.

² Măn' gled, bruised; wounded.

³ Last (lâst), see Note 3, p. 16.

⁴ Af fêc' tion ate, having great love; fond.

⁵ Côn ver sâ' tion, familiar discourse or talk; chat.

⁶ Apparently (ap pâr' ent li), in appearance; seemingly.

⁷ Oc' cu pîed, employed; busied.

⁸ Êf fôrt, use of strength or power; a struggle or earnest attempt.

⁹ Pretty (prît' tî), moderately; quite.

upon his knee and said, "Papā', do I cōst you a good deal of money?"

5. Now, Mr. Andrews was book-keeper for a manufacturing company, and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the high rate at which evēry thing was selling. He had nōthing to spare for superfluities,¹ and his chief enjoyment was being at hōme with his wife and boy, his books and pictures. Daniel's question was a queer one, but his father replied as correctly as he could.

6. "Whatever money you may cōst me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know that it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sūre, your papā does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel." — "How much will my new suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel. "Fifteen dollars," was the reply. "And how much for my shoes?" — "Two dollars more, perhaps," said his father.

7. "That will make seventeen dollars. I wish I could work and ēarn some money for you, father," said Daniel. "Oh, well, my son, don't think about that now. If you are a good boy, and study well at school, that will repay me," said Mr. Andrews.

8. Daniel said no mōre, but he determined to try at once and see if he could not help to pay for the clothes his father was so kind as to buy him. That vēry afternoon the load of wood which his father bought came, and was thrown off close to the cellar-door. It was Saturday, and there was no school.

9. "Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel; and he ran into the house to ask his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar. "I am afraid it is too heavy work for you, my son," said his mother.

10. "I think I can do it, mother. The wood lies close to the cellar-door, and all I will have to do is to pitch it right down," replied Daniel. "Vēry well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard, you must let old Tom put it in," said his mother.

11. Daniel dānced āwāy, and went first to the cellar, where he unhooked the trap-door and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks clattering one on top of the

¹ *Sū per flū' i tŷ*, more than is needed ; overmuch.

other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew tedious,¹ and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else.

12. Just then George Flyson came into the yard and asked Daniel if he wasn't going to fish for smelts that day. "I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this afternoon," replied Daniel.

13. "Oh, let the wood alone! We have got some round at our house that ought to go in, but I sha'n't do it. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Tom will be glad of that job," said George. "No, I am going to do this before any thing else," said Daniel, as he picked up a big stick and sent it flying down the cellar-way.

14. "Did your old man make you do it?" asked Flyson. "Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that the boy saw his error, and corrected his form of question. "Did your father make you do this job?"

15. "No: he does not know I am doing it; and, by the way, George Flyson, don't you call my father 'old man.' If you don't know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you sha'n't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

16. "Ho! Seems you are gëttin mighty pious all of a sudden. Guess I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you;" and, with a sneering look, George went off.

III.

8. *HELPING FATHER.*

PART SECOND.

THE wood-pile down cellar grew larger, until the wood-pile in the yard was all gone; then Daniel shut down the trap-door, ran into the house and brushed his clothes, and started out to find his playmates and have a game of base-ball. He felt vëry happy, for he had earned something for a kind father who was always earning something for him; and the thought of this pleased him much.

2. He felt happier still when his father came hōme to supper, and said while at the table, "My wood did not come, did it, mother? I told the man to send it up this afternoon, certainly."

¹ Të' dī oūa, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.

Mr. Andrews always called his wife "mother."—"Oh, yes, the wood came. I saw the team back into the yard," replied Mrs. Andrews.

3. "Then old Tom must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy-five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews. "I think a boy put it in," said his wife. "What boy?"—"Oh, a smart little fellow that plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job, and so I let him do it," said Mrs. Andrews.

4. "Some little boy who wanted some pocket-money, I suppose. Whose boy was it?" asked Mr. Andrews. "There he is, he will tell you all about it;" and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased indeed to hear how gratified his father was at finding his little boy so industrious and thoughtful. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.

5. It was not long after this that the bleak¹ winds of November began to blow. The leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth, and every thing prepared to put on the ermine² garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his curtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tiny³ flakes had fallen, until hillside and valley, street and house-top, were covered with the spotless snow.

6. "I wonder how deep it will be by morning. Perhaps there will be enough for sleighing. Old Tom will be round to clear off the sidewalk and platforms. I must get ahead of him this winter, and save father some more money;" and Daniel got into bed as quickly as he could, so that he should awake early in the morning.

7. When Mr. Andrews awoke the next day, he heard the scraping of a shovel on the sidewalk, and said to his wife, "Tom has got along early this morning. These snow-storms are profitable to him. Last winter I guess I paid him five or six dollars for shoveling snow."

8. When he got up, however, and looked out of the window,

¹ **Blēak**, cold and sweeping; cheerless.

² **Er' mīne**, an animal related to, or somewhat resembling, the weasel.

It inhabits northern climates, and has white fur in winter; hence, snow is called the *ermine garb*.

³ **Tī' nŷ**, little; very small.

he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shoveling off the sidewalk, his cheeks all aglow with the healthy exercise.

9. "See that boy, mother," said he to his wife; "he has cleared the walk off nicely. What a good little fellow he is! When Christmas comes, we must reward him for all this."

10. And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He cleared the snow off after every storm. In the spring-time he put the garden and yard all in order, and did a great many things which his father had always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed his play better, because there is always a satisfaction in doing well, which lends a charm to every thing we undertake.

11. One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first load of wood, his father said to him, "My son, I have kept a memorandum¹ of the work that you have done for me the past year, and find that, allowing you what I should have paid old Tom or any other person, I owe you to-day forty-two dollars and sixty cents."

12. "So much as that, father? Why, I did not know I could earn so much all myself, and I did not work very hard either," said² Daniel. "Some of it was pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied his father; "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

13. "Pay me? What! the real money right in my hands?"—"Yes, the real money;" and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of "greenbacks" in his little son's hands.

14. Daniel looked at it for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll tell you what to do with this money for me, papa."

15. "What, my son?"—"Buy my clothes with it for the next year," said Daniel. And Mr. Andrews did so.

IV.

9. HAND AND HEART.

IN storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play;
And, when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.

¹ Mēm' o răn dum, a written account of something to be remem-

bered; a note to help the memory.

² Said (săd).

2. 'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I knōw;
Around the hearth¹ come joy and mirth,²
Where'er their faces glōw.
3. Come shine, 'tis bright! come dark, 'tis light!
Come cold, 'tis warm êre³ lōng!
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mërrily sound the sōng!
4. Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first, not second best:
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodging in his breast.
5. The hūmblèst bōard has dainties pōured,
When they sit down to dine;
The crust they eat is honey-sweet,
The wāter good as wine.
6. They fill the pūrse⁴ with hōnèst gold,
They lead no creature⁵ wrōng;⁶
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mërrily sound the sōng!
7. Without these twain,⁷ the poor complain
Of evils hard to beâr;⁸
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a lōaf to spāre!⁹
8. Their looks are fire; their words inspire;
Their deeds give cōurage high;—
About their knees the childrèn run,
Or climb, they know not why.
9. Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey lōng;—
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mërrily sound the sōng!

¹ **Hearth** (hārth).² **Mirth** (mērth), see Note 4, p. 16.³ **Ere** (âr), sooner than; before.⁴ **Purse** (pērs), see Note 4, p. 16.⁵ **Creature** (krēt' yēr), any thing

created; an animal; a man.

⁶ **Wrōng**, see Note 5, p. 16.⁷ **Twāin**, two.⁸ **Bear** (bâr), see Note 2, p. 16.⁹ **Spāre** (spār).

SECTION III.

I.

10. MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

ON a spûr¹ of the Rocky Mountains which divides the Colorado² district into nearly equal parts, and about one hundred miles west of Denver city, rises a peak to the height of thirteen thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

2. In the midst of the immense grandeurs³ of this mountain range stands this one peak, high above all that surround it, in the majesty which belongs to the everlasting hills.

3. The glory of the morning and of the evening, the splendors of sunrise and sunset, the awful gloom of coming tempests, the horror of the forked lightning, the crash of the rolling thunder, and the sun-burst of the clearing shower, with its rainbow of peace, give such varied aspects to this lofty summit,⁴ that it charms the eye of the traveler from whatever point it is seen.

4. But if his way lead along the torrent at the foot of the mountain, a new wonder claims his attention and holds his gaze, until he breaks forth into exclamations of delight, controlled only by a deep feeling of awe.

5. At a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles, this marvel becomes visible; though so indistinctly that the traveler might imagine himself deceived by the subtle⁵ air of these high regions. But no! hour after hour as he rides, the vision, for such it at first seems, becomes clearer and clearer, and changes at last into an impressive reality.

6. Thousands of feet above the road over which his mule is slowly toiling, impressed on the almost vertical⁶ face of the mountain, stretches a cross! A cross of such gigantic proportions that the hand of the Creator alone could have traced its outline, and so deeply cut into the rugged rock that one of

¹ Spur (spûr), a mountain that shoots from the side of another mountain.

² Colorado (eol' o rä' do).

³ Grandeurs (gränd' yurz).

⁴ Sûm' mit, highest peak; the top.

⁵ Sûb' tile, not dense or gross; rare; thin.

⁶ Ver' ti cal, directly over head; plumb; upright.

those convulsions of nature by which He claims the universe as His own, must have tōrn open the mighty fissures¹ that portray² it to the world.

7. This crōss is defined in glittering whiteness on the dark and rugged summit, by a vertical fissure fifteen hundred feet in length, crōssed by another of no less than nine hundred feet. The heavy snows of the Colorādo region, though sliding ōff the steep plane³ of the surrounding rock, have accumulated⁴ in these mighty chasms, and are so protected by their immense depth, and the rāre atmosphere of those lōfty heights, that the heats of summer have no power to melt them.

8. With a feeling as profound as that with which Constantine beheld in the heavens the sign of the Son of Man, must the Amērican traveler contemplate⁵ this mark of Gōd set on the fōrehēad of his country; his country, which is thus, as it were, signed and sealed like the mystical⁶ elect named by St. John in the Apocalypse.⁷

9. May it not indicate⁸ that America is to stand fōrth as the champion⁹ elected by Christ for the defence of His cause? Oh! if this wēre our country's glōrious destiny, the honors of dominion and wealth that now fill the nātional heart, would pale and fade as before a vision of heaven.

10. Throughout the whōle extent of our continent, islands, bays, rivers show forth by their names the faith of their Catholic discoverers and Catholic settlers. But here the sign and sōurce of that Holy Faith, whence alone flows all the joy of heaven or ēarth, is exālted¹⁰ by the hand of Nature itself, and gives its name of consolation to this grand watch-tower of the New World,

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

¹ Fissures (fish' ūres), open and wide cracks.

² Pōr trāy', paint or draw the likeness of; draw fōrth.

³ Plāne, a flat, even surface.

⁴ Āc cū' mū lāt ed, heaped up in a mass.

⁵ Con' tem plāte, to look at in all bēarings, or on all sides; study.

⁶ Mÿs' tic al, far from man's understanding.

⁷ A pōc' a lÿpse, revelation; the name given to the lāst bōōk in the New Testament.

⁸ In' dī cāte, point out; show.

⁹ Cham' pi on, one who contends in behālf of a principle or person.

¹⁰ Ex alt' ed, raised on high.

II.

11. THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

IN the year 311 of the Christian era, the Emperor of the West, Constantine, yet a pagan, was on his march to Rome to attack the tyrant Maxen'tiūs, who, with the emperors Max'imin and Licin'iūs, had formed a very powerful league¹ against him.

2. The forces of Constantine were far inferior to those of his adversaries,² whose armies were composed of veteran troops long inured³ to war and flushed⁴ with victory. In this painful crisis, Constantine remembered that the emperors who, in his time, had most zeal for idolatry, had perished miserably; while his father, Constantius Chlorus (klō' rus), who, though himself a pagan, had favored the Christians, had received sensible⁵ marks of the Divine protection. Therefore he resolved to address his prayers for help to Him whom the Christians worshipped, the one only God of heaven and earth.

3. While marching in the midst of his troops, and revolving⁶ these things in his mind with all earnestness, a cross of light, brighter than the blazing noon-day sun, appeared in the cloudless heavens, shining in glory resplendent, and above it, in Greek characters, the words, "BY THIS CONQUER."

4. The whole army beheld, and were filled with amazement.⁷ Constantine, troubled and anxious, passed a sleepless night. As he lay on his couch, pondering⁸ on this prodigy,⁹ the Lord Jesus Himself appeared to him, and bade him take the miraculous sign he had seen in the heavens as his standard, for under that sign he should triumph over all his enemies.

5. This standard is the famous Lăb'arum. It is described by the historian Euse'bious, who saw it himself, and who also had from the lips of Constantine, confirmed¹⁰ by oath, an exact

¹ Lēague, a combination of princes or states for mutual assistance.

² Ad' ver sa ry, an opponent.

³ In ūred', accustomed; hardened.

⁴ Flūshed, animated; excited.

⁵ Sēn' si ble, capable of being perceived by the senses.

⁶ Re vōlv' ing, reflecting on; thinking over.

⁷ A māze' ment, extreme surprise at what is not understood.

⁸ Pōn' der ing, applying the mind to a subject with long and careful attention.

⁹ Prōd' i gy, a miracle; a wonder, a thing fitted to astonish.

¹⁰ Con firmed', strengthened; rendered certain.

account of the mīrāculoŭs events which led him to adopt the Crōss as his standard.

6. It consisted of a spear of extraōrdīnary length, overlaid with gold, athwart which waſ laid a piece in fashion of a Cross. Upon its top was fixed a crown composed of gold and precious stōnes, and insērted¹ in the crown was the monogram² or symbol of the Saving Name, viz.: two Greek letters expressive of the fig'ure of the Cross, and being also the initial³ letters of the name of Christ.

7. From the cross-piece hung a banner of pūrple tissue, in length exactly equal to its breadth. On its upper pōrtion were embroidered in gold and in colors the pōrtait of the emperor, and those also of his children. The banner was thickly studded with precious stones and interwoven with much gold, presenting a spectacle⁴ of inexpressible beauty.

8. This standard was intrusted to the keeping of fifty of the bravest and noblest of the imperial⁵ guards, whose dūty it was to surround and defend it on the field of battle; and this post was regarded as the highest possible in honor and dignity. Constantine also caused the sacred monogram to be embla-zoned⁶ on his own helmet, and on the bucklers, helmets, and arms of his legions.

9. On the morning of the great battle, when the first rays of the October sun gleamed from the mystērious emblem, the soldiers of the Lab'arum felt themselves animated with an irresistible ardor. Wherever the sacred sign appeared, the enemy gave way before the numerically⁷ inferior soldiers of the Cross.

10. Thērefore Constantine ordered the saving trophy⁸ to be carried wherever he saw his troops exposed to the greatest danger, and thus victory was secured. The result was most decisive; for those of the enemy who escaped on the field of battle were drowned in the Tiber.

¹ In sērt' ed, set within something.

² Mōn' o gram, two or more letters blended into one.

³ In ŷ' tial, commencing; the first letter of a word.

⁴ Spēc' ta cle, a remarkable or noteworthy fact.

⁵ Im pē' ri al, belonging to an empire or an emperor.

⁶ Em blā' zon, to adorn; to set off with ornament.

⁷ Nu mē' i cal ly, with respect to numbers.

⁸ Trō' phy, something that is evidence of victory.

11. Maxen'tius had thrown acröss that river a bridge of bōats, so contrived as to be pulled to pieces by means of machinery, managed by engineers¹ stationed for the pûrpose on the opposite shōre. The tyrant thought thus to take his rival in a snare. But he fell into the trap he had laid for another; for, as he was retreating with his guards over the bridge so cunningly devised,² the boats separated from each other, and himself and all who were with him perished in the tûrbid³ waters.

12. Constantine, in his manifesto⁴ to the people of the East, alludes⁵ to the miracle of the Cross as a well-known fact. Addressing himself to our Lord, he says: "By Thy guidance and assistance, I have undertaken and accomplished salutary things. Everywhere carrying before me Thy sign, I have led my army to victory."

13. The wonderful events here related are beyond doubt. They led to the conversion of Constantine, who was baptized soon afterward, and is known as the first Christian emperor.

III.

12. THE PIONEERS.

PART FIRST.

A MISSIONARY was traveling through the bleakest part of Texas. He had of late been what might be called "unlucky" in his choice of rōads, frequently losing his wāy, until bōth himself and his poor beast seemed about giving up in utter exhaustion.⁶

2. It was only by the help of the *Health of the Sick*,⁷ whom he so confidently invoked,⁸ that the holy priest was now proceeding. His well-worn beads were often pressed to his lips and heart, his strength being too far gōne to allow him to repeat the prayers that had beguiled and sanetified many a jōurney.

¹ **En gi neers'**, persons skilled in the principles of mathematics and mechanics and their application.

² **De vise'**, to plan or scheme for.

³ **Tur' bid**, muddy; thick.

⁴ **Mān' i fēs' tō**, a public declaration of a prince or ruler.

⁵ **Al lūdes'**, refers to.

⁶ **Exhaustion** (egz hāst' yūn), the condition of being emptied completely, or deprived of means, strength, or spirits.

⁷ **Health of the Sick**, one of the titles by which our Lady is invoked in the Litany.

⁸ **In vōked'**, addressed in prayer



3. He waſ in the timber landſ now, and though the change from what ſeemed an endless prairie had at firſt been welcome, the ſhadowſ were falling oppreſſively on hiſ mind, while a deeper languor ſtole over hiſ exhausted frame.

4. What iſ it that ſo ſuddenly cauſeſ the drooping form to ſit erect, and ſendſ a gleam of joyouſ ſurpriſe to the heavy eyeſ? It haſ been¹ dayſ ſince he looked upon a human face, but welcome aſ the ſight would be, it could not eall up that look. Ah, no! The miſſionary had ſeen what to him iſ a dearer ſight than the moſt inviting habitation could be even at that moment;—a grave, over which ſtanđſ ſentinel² a great eröſſ, with a long roſary twined about it.

5. Here in the wild föreſt he had found the emblemſ of Jeſuſ and Mary. The next moment he waſ proſtrate before them, with a feeling of quiet reſt ſtealing over body and ſoul. With the whiſpered "*Requiem*"³ for the Chriſtian ſlumbering there, ſtill on hiſ lips, he fell aſlêep.

6. Awaking with a ſtrange feeling of renewed vigor and hope,

¹ Been (bîn).

² Şăn' ti nel, on gward,

³ Ră' qui em, a prayer for the ſoulſ in pûrgatory.

his wandering glance fell on the Cröss and Beads, and, though not given to dreaming, he naturally began to marvel how they came there. But he soon aroused himself from the spell of idle thought and luxurious ease, to offer to the Queen of the Rosary most fervent supplications for the one buried there, who had evidently been devoted to her.

7. This done, he arose and turned to his horse, which was contentedly grazing near by, when he became aware that he was not alone. Several little children sat on the ground at a safe distance, watching him intently. As the good priest, with a smile and a blessing on his lips, advanced to them, they fled before him toward a cabin which he now descried¹ through the spreading trees.

8. A woman came to the door as the children rushed hastily in, and casting an anxious glance around, beheld the invader of her forest domain. With a cry of joy she fell on her knees, bending her head for the blessing which was heartily given; then, while shaking the missionary's hand with both hers, in eager welcome, she looked about for the runaways. "And so ye scampered away at first sight of the priest, God bless him!" she cried merrily. "O then its haythens ye are, sure enough, not to know his Reverence."

9. Saying this she led her welcome guest into the dwelling—a poor and rough one indeed, but neat and homelike as woman's care and taste could make it, and ornamented with a crucifix and several pious prints, to say nothing of strings of beads hanging on various parts of the wall, which were most beautiful in the missionary's eyes, as home-made rosaries, plainly appropriated by each member of the household.

10. His hostess having seen him seated at ease, and given him a dozen welcomes and blessings for having come, went to the door and blew a loud summons through a horn, that quickly brought a pretty group to her side, boys and girls, healthy and happy-looking, whom she marshalled² in due order, and led forward. The holy priest thought he had never seen a lovelier sight, as, following their mother's example, they all knelt together for his blessing.

¹ De scried', discovered.

² Mar' shalled, arranged.

11. He stood up, and gave it solemnly to each child in turn. The mother too had arisen, and with a little mellow laugh at the last, while tears of emotion rolled down her cheeks, she said: "Sure your Reverence does well to give the blessing *strong* in this poor family;—ten of us, and never a Christian among the lot but myself."

12. The priest, recalling her words to the children at his entrance, looked at her for an explanation, but already she had turned aside, "on hospitable thoughts intent," giving brief directions to the oldest boy, who immediately went off to attend to the horse, and to the two oldest girls, who disappeared with her. The half a dozen who remained were soon at their ease with the good Father. Their manners had a singular attraction for him, being at once frank¹ and shy,² artless and yet with a certain reserve; and their answers to his questions interested while they puzzled him.

13. At the bountiful repast which was soon spread before him, he alluded³ to one of these puzzles, saying he had asked the names of his young entertainers, but they had not gratified his curiosity. The mother replied laughingly that it would bother them to go through that ceremony, easy as his Reverence thought it; but a sudden quivering in her voice betokened emotion that she hastily thrust aside by pressing her guest to partake of the several dishes before him, with many an apology that they were no better. After the meal was over, explanations came.

IV.

13. THE PIONEERS.

PART SECOND.

BERNARD TRACY and Ellen had come out to America immediately after their marriage, with the intention of settling in the Southwest. At New Orleans they fell in with a sharper⁴ who soon contrived to get their little fund in exchange for "a splendid property" he had in Texas. With a poor team, procured for them at a town to which he was traveling, they started for their new home; but, after journeying on

¹ Fränk, open; truthful.

² Shy, easily frightened; timid.

³ Al lū' ded, hinted at; mentioned.

⁴ Sharp'er, a swindler; a cheat.

and on till they got completely lōst in the wild, Bēr'nard found he had been deceived.

2. One of the horses had already died; the other was too much broken down to go any further. So Bernard halted, in the name of Gōd, and set about making the hōme he had hoped to find. They were a young and energetic couple, full of that true piety which works on cheerily, trusting results to God. They had some provisions with them, wild game and fish were easily procured, and on the whōle it was a romantic episode¹ in life.

3. They had but two sources of regret. With the social instincts of their race, they disliked their isolated² location: still they hoped it would not be a solitude vĕry lōng; others would surely find the wāy thither, and it was a fine place for a young colony. They felt much more keenly their dĕprivātion of the Church blessings and privileges; but this, too, would sōon be altered; some of the future settlers would cĕrtainly be Catholics, and no dōubt Gōd would send a saintly missionary that way in ānswer to thĕir prāyers.

4. Thus the simple-minded, God-fearing pāir hoped and trusted, as year followed year. They were too far from the regions of civilization to think of rĕtūrnīng; and as a little family grew up around them, such an undertaking became more and more impracticable. The hoped-for settlers never came, nĕithĕr wĕre their hĕarts ever gladdened by the sight of a missionary. A stray Indian, now and then, was their ōnly visitor.

5. Hope became more grave and ĕarnest, but never deserted them. They kept Sundays and holy days as sacredly as if they were in the heart of faithful Erin:³ fāsts and abstinences were never omitted; our Lady was honored, and invoked under every title by which they had ever hĕard her named; saints and angels heard their praises, and watched over the two Christians in the depth of the "haythen wilderness," as poor Ellen always called it.

6. And her children were hĕathens as well as their birthplace. Bōth father and mother solemnly agreed that no hand *but the*

¹ Ep' i sōde, an incident not necessarily connected with what has gone before it.

² Is' o lāt' ed, lonely; standing by itself.

³ E' rin, Ireland.

priest's should pour the water of regen'erä'tion on those little heads, save death was actually at the door. They brought them up as catechu'mens,¹ expecting Baptism, when the minister of God would come. All had their rudely-fashioned beads, which they said together daily for this blessing.

7. The last act of Bér'nard was to carve the beads for the baby who was beginning to take notice, the ninth human blossom of the wilderness. On Saturday, at the sunset hour—Mary's own day and hour they loved to call it—he hung the beads round baby's neck, hugging her to his great fatherly heart, with love and pride and gratitude, as he saw her joy over her new possession.

8. At that same hour on the following Saturday his widow and orphans knelt around the grave they had made in his fävorite spot, and with sobs rather than words said the beads for poor father's soul. Henceforth that spot became their house of prayer, where daily their petitions were breathed to Jesus and Mary for a priest. "And now they were answered—the priest had come, glöry forever be to God!"

9. The missionary's tears mingled with the mother's as she gave him the particulars of this little hïstöry. With what joy he said Mäss the next day in that humble cabin, protected by guardian angels, giving to the faithful Christian mättron, who had so long hungered for it, the Bread of Life! With what joy he baptized that pretty group, the thoughtful, industrious boy of fourteen, as pure-minded and guileless as the little prattler of three!

10. Ere he quitted that abode the four eldest made their First Communion. With the tender feelings and inventive taste of a priest of God, he had erected the altar for this truly festive occasion on a little elevation near the father's grave, beautifying it as much as was possible. Thus had the prayer of faith been heard.

11. Several years afterward, when the good priest took an opportunity of revisiting the cabin, he found that it had neighbors. A little settlement was growing up at läst. How many such störies might be told of förest days in America!

¹ Cät' e chu' men, one preparing for Christian Baptism.

SECTION IV.

I.

14. THE STORK OF STRASBOURG.

WHEN travelers in Europe wish to go from Pâris to Switzerland or back again, they *often* take the route¹ which passes through the city of Strâs'bourg, in order to visit the great cathedral there.

2. If you should take a walk or drive through the streets of Strasbourg, and should chance to look up to the curious roofs of the houses, with their four or five rows of odd, eye-shaped windows projecting from them, you would notice that many of the chimneys were covered on the top with a sort of bedding of straw, and perhaps upon this you would see a great bird, with a long bill and a short tail, mounted on two long, thin legs. He would be standing so very still that you would think it must be one of the curious ornaments that the people in Europe put upon their houses.

3. But if you look long enough, you will see him stretch out a pair of enormous² wings, throw back his head upon his body, and rise slowly and majestically³ into the air; he would not fly very far, however, but, alighting in the street where there has been a market, seize a fish that has been thrown into the gutter, and fly back with it to his nest. This is the famous stork, — a bird which is common in Europe, especially in the large cities, being fond of the society of man.

4. The stork is a bird of most excellent character. He is a pattern of goodness to his parents, and to his children. He never forgets a kindness, and is so useful that the people in Holland make false chimneys to their houses, so that the storks may find places enough for their nests; and in German cities they put a kind of framework upon their chimneys, so that the storks may find it more convenient.

5. Once, in Strasbourg, a chimney took fire. Upon this chim-

¹ Route (rpt), a course or way.

or size; greater than common.

² E nor' moüs, differing from, or exceeding the common rule, form,

³ Ma jës' tic al ly, with dignity; with a lofty air or appearance.

ney was a nest, in which were four young storks not yet able to fly. Think of the despair¹ of the stork-mother as the smoke enveloped her poor little ones, and the heat threatened to roast them alive! They were too young for her to carry them away in her beak,—that would strangle them; and to throw them out of their nest would only break their little necks.

6. The mother's instinct² taught her what to do. She flew back and forth over the nest, flapping her great wings over it, and so making a current of air in which the young could breathe. But alas! a great quantity of soot all on fire began to fall, and now they must certainly be burnt alive.

7. No! the good mother extended her great wings over the nest, and allowed the burning soot to fall upon herself. It had burnt one wing nearly away when the people below came with ladders, and saved the nest and the four little birds and the good mother. They took care of her, but she was always infirm; she could fly no more, and for many years she used to go round from house to house, and the people would feed her.

8. The storks always spend the winter in Africa, and always make their journeys in the night. When the time comes for them to go, they all assemble together and choose a leader. Such a chattering as they make! No doubt they have a great deal of trouble in getting every thing settled; they make all their talk with their jaws, which sound like castanets.³ They always go at the same time every year, and return to their chimney nests when the winter is over.

9. One well-bred stork, that had made his nest in the same chimney for many years, used to come and walk up and down before the door of the house where his nest was, the morning after his return, clattering his bill, as much as to say, "Good morning, sir: you see I am here again." And in the autumn, just before he went away, he would come and do the same again, to bid good-bye, and the master would come out and say, "Good-bye: a pleasant journey to you."

¹ De spair', the loss of all hope.

² In' stinct, inward impulse: the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

³ Cäs' ta nēt, an instrument composed of small, rounded shells of ivory or hard wood, shaped like spoons, fastened to the thumb, and beaten with the middle finger.

10. Thère is a little stōry that is told to illūs'trate¹ the gratitude of the stōrk. Once a naughty boy threw a stōne at a stork and broke its leg. It got into its nest and thère lay. The women of the house fed it, sēt its leg, and cured it, so that it was able, at the proper season, to fly away with the rest.

11. Next spring the bīrd, which was rēc'ognized by the women by its pecu'liar gait, retūrnēd; and when they came near it, the lame creature dropped gratefully at their feet from its bill the finēst diāmond it had been able to pick up in its travels. It used to be said that they were in the habit of throwing down one of their young to their landlord before they left their nests, as a kind of rent. That wāṣ carrying gratitude a little too far, I think—don't you?

12. One reason why the storks are so welcome in large cities is, that they are very useful in eating up all the rēfūse that is thrown into the streets. In Europē'an cities, two or three times in the week, the farmers, and fishermen, and butchers, in the country round, bring their prōduce² into the city in carts, where it is displayed in tempting order; and then their wives and daughters, in curious caps and dresses, sell it to the city people.

13. The market is over by nōōn, and then the market-place is covered with the storks, who clean it all up, and carry away all that has been dropped. They are particularly fond of fish and serpents, and eels and frōgs are considered a great dēl'icacy by them. They are so valuable, that, in some places, to kill them used to be considered a crime, punished with death, and they have even been worshiped, like the ibis³ in Egypt.

14. There is a gīgantic stork, a native of Bengal,⁴ which is called the Adjutant,⁵ because from a distance it looks like a man with a white wāistcōat and trousers. One of these great birds was brought to London, and lived over seventy years in the Regent's Park. It is from under the wings of this variety⁶ that the white, downy feathers, called mār'abou', come.

¹ Il lūs'trate, to set in a clear light or make plain.

² Prōd' uce, fruits, fowls, vegetables, &c., raised on a farm.

³ I' bis, a species of crane having bāre head and neck, white plumage,

and black wing and tail feathers.

⁴ Bengal (ben gal'), a province of British India.

⁵ Ad' jū tant, a military officer.

⁶ Va rī' e ty, one of a number of things akin or related to one another.

II.

15. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Bârefoot¹ boy, with cheeks of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy törn brim's jaunty² grace:
 From my heart I give thee joy;—
 I was once a barefoot boy!

2. Prince thou art—the grown-up man
 Only is republican.³

Let the million-dollared ride—
 Barefoot, trudging⁴ at his side,
 Thou hast mōre than he can buy,
 In the reach of ear and eye:
 Outward sunshine, inward joy—
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

3. Oh for boyhood's painlèss plāy;
 Sleep that wakes in lāughing dāy;
 Health that mōcks the doctor's rûles;
 Knowledge (never learned of schools)
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild flower time and place,
 Flight of fowl, and habitude⁵
 Of the tenants of the wood;
 How the tōr'toise⁶ bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;

¹ Barefoot (bâr' fût).

² Jaunty (jān' tī), airy; showy.

³ Re pūb' li can, one who favors
 or prefers a government of the
 people exercised for the people by

elected representatives.

⁴ Trūdg' ing, going on foot.

⁵ Hāb' i tūde, usual manner of
 living, feeling, or acting.

⁶ Tortoise (tōr' tīs).

How the robin feeds her young,
How the ô'riôle's¹ nest is hung;

4. Whêre the whitèst lilies blow,
Where the freshèst berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural² plans
Of gray hornet artisañ!³—
For, eschewing⁴ books and tâsks,
Nature âñswers all he âsks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy!
5. Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I hêard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for;—
I wâs rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my spôrt the squirrel (skwûr'el) played,
Plied⁵ the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry-cone
Pûrpled over hedge and stone;
Lâughed the bröök for my delight,
Through the day, and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall!
6. Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the wâlnut slopes beyönd,

¹ Ô' ri ôle, a bird of several varieties of the thrush family—some of a golden-yellow, mixed with black, and others having örange in place of the yellow; sometimes called *golden-robin* or *hang-bird*.

² Ar' chi tset' ür al, of, or relat-

ing to, the art of building.

³ Ar' ti san, one trained to hand skill in some mechanical art or trade; a mechanic.

⁴ Eschewing (es chû' ing), keeping one's self clear of; shunning.

⁵ Plied, worked steadily.

Mine on bending orchard trees
 Apples of Hesperides!¹
 Still as my hōrizon² grew,
 Larger grew my riches, too ;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex³ Chīnēse toy,
 Fashioned for a bārefōot boy!

7. Oh for festal⁴ dainties spread,
 Like my bōwl of milk and bread,—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wōod,
 On the door-stone gray and rŭde!
 O'er me like a regal⁵ tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Pŭrple-cŭrtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;⁶
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire ;
 I was monarch : pōmp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

8. Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and lāugh, as boyhood can,
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,⁷
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

9. All too sōon these feet must hide
 In the prison-cells of pride,

¹ *Hes pār' i dēs*, four sisters fabled as guardians of golden apples; hence, *golden* apples are here meant.

² *Hō ri' zon*, the line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.

³ *Cōm' plex*, not simple.

⁴ *Fēs' tal*, belonging to a holiday or feast; joyous; gay.

⁵ *Rē' gal*, pertaining to a king. kingly; royal.

⁶ *Orchestra* (ār' kes trā), a band of musicians performing in public.

⁷ *Sward*, the grassy surface of land

Loſe the freedom of the ſod,
 Like a colt's for work be ſhod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil
 Up and down in cēaſeſſeſ moil;¹
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground,—
 Happy if they ſiſk not in
 Quick and trēacherous² ſands of ſin.
 Ah! that thou couldſt know thy joy
 Ere it paſſes, BAREFOOT BOY!

III.

16. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART FIRST.

DURING my winter travels in Afrīcā, ſeveral years ago, I viſited Khartoum,³ an Egyptian capital town of Nū'biā, ſituated at the junction⁴ of the Blue and the White Nile. The two rivers meet juſt bēlōw the town, and flow as a ſingle ſtream to the Mediterrāneān, a diſtance of fifteen hundred miles.

2. When I reached Khartoum, the Auſtrian Conſul⁵ invited me to his houſe; and thēre I ſpent three or four weeks making acquaintance with the Egyptian officers, the chiefs of the deſert tribes, and the former kings of the different tribes of Eſhiōpiā. When I left my bōat, on arriving, and walked thrōugh the nārrōw ſtreets, between mud walls, very few of which were ēven whitewashed, I thought it a miſerable⁶ place, and began to look out for ſome garden where I might pitch my tent, rather than live in one of thoſe dīrty-looking habitations.⁷

3. The wall around the Conſul's houſe waſ of mud like the others; but when I entered I found clean, hāndsōme rōoms,

¹ Moil, the ſoil or defilement that comes from ſevere labor; a ſpot.

² Trēach' er oūs, faithleſs; betraying a truſt.

³ Khartoum (kār tōm').

⁴ Junction (jūſſg' ſhun), the place or point of union.

⁵ Cōn' ſul, a perſon commiſſioned to reſide in a fōreign country, as a

representative or agent of a government, to protect the rights, commerce, merchants, and ſeamen of the State, and to aid in commercial and ſometimes other transactions with ſuch foreign country.

⁶ Mīs' er a ble, very poor.

⁷ Hāb' i tā' tion, a place of ābōde; a houſe.

which furnished delightful shade and coolness during the heat of the day. The roof was of palm-logs, covered with mud, which the sun baked into a hard mass, so that the house was in reality as good as a brick dwelling. It was a great deal more comfortable than it appeared from the outside.

4. There were other features of the place, however, which it would be difficult to find anywhere except in Central Africa. After I had taken possession of my room, and eaten breakfast with my host,¹ I went out to look at the garden. On each side of the steps, leading down from the door, sat two apes that barked and snapped at me.

5. The next thing I saw was a leopard tied to the trunk of an orange-tree. I did not dare to go within reach of his rope, although I afterward became well acquainted with him. A little further, there was a pen full of gazelles² and an antelope³ with immense horns; then two fierce, bristling hyenas; and at last, under a shed beside the stable, a full-grown lioness, sleeping in the shade.

6. I was greatly surprised when the Consul went up to her, lifted up her head, opened her jaws so as to show the shining white tusks, and finally sat down upon her back. She accepted these familiarities⁴ so good-naturedly that I made bold to pat her head also. In a day or two we were great friends; she would spring about with delight whenever she saw me, and would purr like a cat whenever I sat down upon her back.

7. I spent an hour or two every day among the animals, and found them all easy to tame except the hyenas, which would gladly have bitten me if I had allowed them a chance. The leopard, one day, bit me slightly in the hand; but I punished him by pouring several buckets of water over him, and he was always very amiable after that. The beautiful little gazelles would cluster around me, thrusting up their noses into my hand, and saying, "Wow! wow!" as plainly as I write it.

¹ Host, one from whom another receives food, lodging, or entertainment; a landlord.

² Gazelle, a small, swift, and beautiful species of antelope.

³ Antelope, an animal almost

midway between the deer and goat. Its horns are almost always round and ringed. The eyes of some varieties are large, black, and very beautiful.

⁴ Familiarities (fa mǐl yǎr' i tiz).

8. But none of these animals attracted me so much as the big lioness. She was always good-humored, though occasionally so lazy that she would not even open her eyes when I sat down on her shoulder. She would sometimes catch my foot in her paws as a kitten catches a ball, and try to make a plaything of it—yet always without thrusting out her claws.

9. Once she opened her mouth, and gently took one of my legs in her jaws for a moment; and the very next instant she put out her tongue and licked my hand. We all know, however, that there are differences of character among animals, as there are among men; and my favorite probably belonged to a virtuous and respectable family of lions.

10. The day after my arrival I went with the Consul to visit the Pasha,¹ who lived in a large mud palace on the bank of the Blue Nile. He received us very pleasantly, and invited us to take seats in the shady court-yard. Here there was a huge panther tied to one of the pillars, while a little lion, about eight months old, ran about perfectly loose.

11. The Pasha called the latter, which came springing and frisking toward him. "Now," said he, "we will have some fun." He then made the lion lie down behind one of the pillars, and called to one of the black boys to go across the court-yard on some errand. The lion lay quite still until the boy came opposite to the pillar, when he sprang out and after him.

12. The boy ran, terribly frightened; but the lion reached him in five or six leaps, sprang upon his back and threw him down, and then went back to the pillar as if quite satisfied with his exploit. Although the boy was not hurt in the least, it seemed to me like a cruel piece of fun. The Pasha, nevertheless, laughed very heartily, and told us that he had himself trained the lion to frighten the boys.

IV.

17. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART SECOND.

AMONG the Egyptian officers in the city was a Pasha' named Ruffah, who had been banished from Egypt by the

¹ Pasha (pa sha'), a Turkish governor or commander.

Vice'roy.¹ He was a man of considerable education and intelligence, and was very unhappy at being sent away from his home and family. The climate of Khartoum is very unhealthy, and this unfortunate Pasha had suffered greatly from fever. He was uncertain how long his exile² would continue: he had been there already two years, and as all the letters directed to him passed through the hands of the officers of government, he was quite at a loss how to get any help from his friends.

2. What he had done to cause his banishment,³ I could not ascertain; probably he did not know himself. There are no elections in these Eastern countries: the people have nothing to do with the choice of their own rulers. The latter are appointed by the Viceroy at his pleasure, and hold office only so long as he allows them. The envy or jealousy of one Pasha may lead to the ruin of another, without any fault on the part of the latter. Probably somebody else wanted Rufah Pasha's place, and slandered him to the Viceroy for the sake of getting him removed and exiled.

3. The unhappy man inspired my profound sympathy. Sometimes he would spend the evening with the Consul and myself, because he felt safe, in our presence, to complain of the tyranny⁴ under which he suffered. When we met him at the houses of the other Egyptian officers, he was very careful not to talk on the subject, lest they should report the fact to the governor.

4. Being a foreigner⁵ and a stranger, I never imagined that I could be of any service to Rufah Pasha. I did not speak the language well, I knew very little of the laws and regulations of the country, and, moreover, I intended simply to pass through Egypt on my return. Nevertheless, one night, when we happened to be walking the streets together, he whispered that he had something special to say to me.

¹ Vice'roy, the governor of a kingdom or country, who rules in the name of the king.

² Exile (ěks' il), forced separation from one's native country and home.

³ Băn' ish ment, the state of being forced by the government of a

country from its borders.

⁴ Týr' an ný, exercise of power over subjects and others with an undue rigor; cruel discipline.

⁵ Főr' eign er, a person not belonging to, nor native in the country spoken of.

5. Although it was bright moonlight, we had a native sêr-vant with us, to carry a lantern. The Pasha ordered the servant to walk on in advance; and a tûrn of the nârrôw, crookèd streets soon hid him from our sight. Every thing was quiet, except the rustling of the wind in the pâlm-trees which rose above the garden-walls.

6. "Now," said the Pasha, taking my hand, "now we can talk for a few minutes, without being overheard. I want you to do me a favor."—"Willingly," I answered, "if it is in my power."—"It will not give you much trouble," he said, "and may be of great service to me.

7. "I want you to take two letters to Egypt—one to my son, who lives in the town of Tahtah, and one to Mr. Murray, the English Consul-General, whom you know. I can not trust the Egyptian mërchants, because, if these letters were ôpened and read, I might be kept here many years longer. If you deliver them safely, my friends will know how to assist me, and perhaps I may soon be allowed to return hôme."

8. I promised to deliver bôth letters with my own hands, and the Pasha parted from me in more cheerful spirits at the door of the Consul's house. After a few days I was ready to set out on the retûrn jôurney; but according to custom, I was first obliged to make farewell visits to all the ôfficers of gôv'ernment.

9. It was very easy to apprise Rûfah Pasha beforehand of my intention, and he had no difficulty in slipping the letters into my hand without the action being observed by any one. I put them into my portfolio, with my own letters and papers, where they were entirely safe, and said nôthing about the matter to any one in Khartoum.

10. Although I was glad to leave that wild town, with its burning climate, and retrace the long way back to Egypt, across the desert and down the Nile, I felt very sôrry at being obliged to take leave forever of all my pets. The little gazelles said, "*Wow! wow!*" in answer to my "Good-bye;" the hyenas howled and tried to bite, just as much as ever; but the dear old lioness I know would have been sorry if she could have understood that I was going.

11. She frisked around me, licked my hand, and I tôok her

great tawny¹ head into my arms, and gave her a kiss. Since then I have never had a lion for a pet, and may never have one again. I must confess, I am sorry for it; for I still retain my love for lions—four-footed ones, I mean—to this day.

12. Well, it was a long journey, and I should have to write many days in order to describe it. I should have to tell of fierce sand-storms in the desert; of resting in palm-groves near the old capital of Ethiopia; of plodding,² day after day, through desolate landscapes, on the back of a camel, crossing stony ranges of mountains, to reach the Nile again, and then floating down with the current in an open boat.

V.

18. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART THIRD.

IT was nearly two months before I could deliver the first of the Pasha's letters—that which he had written to his son. The town of Tahtah is in Upper Egypt. You will hardly find it on the maps. It stands on a little mound, several miles from the Nile, and is surrounded by the rich and beautiful plain which is every year overflowed by the river.

2. There was a head-wind, and my boat could not proceed very fast; so I took my faithful servant, Achmet, and set out on foot, taking a path which led over the plain, between beautiful wheat-fields and orchards of lemon-trees. In an hour or two we reached Tahtah—a queer, dark old town, with high houses and narrow streets. The doors and balconies were of carved wood, and the windows were covered with lattices,³ so that no one could look in, although those inside could easily look out. There were a few sleepy merchants in the bazaar,⁴ smoking their pipes and enjoying the odors of cinnamon and dried roses which floated in the air.

¹ Taw' ny, of a dull yellowish-brown color, like things tanned, or persons who are sunburnt.

² Plöd' ding, traveling steadily, heavily, and slowly.

³ Lät' tic es, crossed bars.

⁴ Bazaar (bā zār'), in the East, an assemblage of shops where goods are exposed for sale; an exchange, or a market-place.

3. After some little inquiry, I found Rufah Pasha's house, but was not admitted, because the Egyptian women are not allowed to receive the visits of strangers. There was a shaded entrance-hall, open to the street, where I was requested to sit, while the black serving-woman went to the school to bring the Pasha's son. She first borrowed a pipe from one of the merchants in the bazaar, and brought it to me.

4. Achmet and I sat there, while the people of the town, who had heard that we came from Khartoum and knew the Pasha, gathered around to ask questions. They were all very polite and friendly, and seemed as glad to hear about the Pasha as if they belonged to his family. In a quarter of an hour the woman came back, followed by the Pasha's son and the school-master, who had dismissed his school in order to hear the news.

5. The boy was about eleven years old, but tall of his age. He had a fair face, and large, dark eyes, and smiled pleasantly when he saw me. If I had not known something of the customs of the people, I should have given him my hand, perhaps drawn him between my knees, put an arm around his waist, and talked familiarly;² but I thought it best to wait and see how he would behave toward me.

6. He first made me a graceful salutation,¹ just as a man would have done, then took my hand and gently touched it to his heart, lips, and forehead, after which he took his seat on the high divan,³ or bench, by my side. Here he again made a salutation, clapped his hands thrice, to summon the woman, and ordered coffee to be brought.

7. "Is your Excellency in good health?" he asked. "Very well, God be praised!" I answered. "Has your Excellency any commands for me? You have but to speak: you shall be obeyed."

8. "You are very kind," said I; "but I have need of nothing. I bring you greetings from the Pasha, your father, and this letter, which I promised him to deliver into your own hands." Thereupon I handed him the letter, which he laid to his heart

¹ *Sāl' u tā' tion*, the act of greeting or paying respect by words or actions commonly used.

² *Famīl' iarly*, without ceremony.

³ *Dī vān'*, a cushioned seat placed against the wall of a room.

and lips before opening. As he found it a little difficult to read, he summoned the schoolmaster, and they read it together in a whisper.

9. In the mean time coffee was served in little cups, and a very handsome pipe was brought by somebody for my use. After he had read the letter, the boy turned to me with his face a little flushed, and his eyes sparkling, and said, "Will your Excellency permit me to ask whether you have another letter?"

10. "Yes," I answered; "but it is not to be delivered here."—"It is right," said he. "When will you reach Cairo?"—"That depends on the wind; but I hope in seven days from now." The boy again whispered to the schoolmaster, but presently they both nodded, as if satisfied, and nothing more was said on the subject.

11. Some shēr'bet (which is nothing but lemonade flavored with rose-water) and pomegranates² were then brought to me, and the boy asked whether I would not honor him by remaining during the rest of the day. If I had not seen his face, I should have supposed that I was visiting a man—so dignified and self-possessed and graceful was the little fellow.

12. The people looked on as if they were quite accustomed to such mature³ manners in children. I was obliged to use as much ceremony with the child as if he had been⁴ the governor of the town. But he interested me, nevertheless, and I felt curious to know the subject of his consultation with the schoolmaster. I was sure they were forming some plan to have the Pasha recalled from exile.

13. After two or three hours I left, in order to overtake my boat, which was slowly working its way down the Nile. The boy arose, and walked by my side to the end of the town, the other people following behind us. When we came out upon the plain, he took leave of me with the same salutations, and the words, "May God grant your Excellency a prosperous journey!"

¹ Cal' ro, the capital of Egypt.

² Pomegranate (pūm grān' ēt), a fruit as large as an orange, having a hard rind filled with a soft pulp

and numerous seeds, of a reddish color.

³ Ma tūre, ripe; full-grown.

⁴ Been (bīn).

14. "May Gød grant it!" I responded; and then all the people repeated, "May God grant it!" The whole interview seemed to me like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights." To me it was a pretty, picturesque¹ experience, which can not be forgotten: to the people, no doubt, it was an every-day matter.

15. When I reached Caïro, I delivered the other letter, and in a fortnight afterward left Egypt; so that I could not ascertain, at the time, whether any thing had been done to forward the Pasha's hopes. Some months afterward, however, I read in a European² newspaper, quite accidentally, that Rufah Pasha had returned to Egypt from Khartoum. I was delighted with the news; and I shall always believe, and insist upon it, that the Pasha's wise and dignified little son had a hand in bringing about the fortunate result.

SECTION V.

I.

19. EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Al'pine village passed,
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 EXCELSIOR!³

2. His brow was sad: his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion⁴ from its sheath;
 And like a silver clarion⁵ rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 EXCELSIOR!

¹ Picturesque (pîet' yur êsk'), fitted to form a good or pleasing picture; presenting that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.

² Eu' ro pē' an, pertaining to Europe; a native of Europe.

³ Ex cěl' si or, more elevated; aiming higher; the motto of the State of New York.

⁴ Falchion (fāl' chun), a short, crooked sword.

⁵ Clār' i on, a wind instrument suited to war.

3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral ¹ glaciers ² shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
EXCELSIOR!
4. "Try not the Päss!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
EXCELSIOR!
5. "Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered with a sigh,
EXCELSIOR!
6. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!" ³
This was the peasant's last Good-night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
EXCELSIOR!
7. At break of day, as heavenward,
The pious monks of St. Bernard ⁴
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR!
8. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,

¹ Spéc' tral, relating to an apparition, or the appearance of a spirit; ghostly.

² Gläc' i er, a moving field of ice and snow, formed in the valleys and slopes of lofty mountains.

³ Avalanche (äv' a lánsh'), a snow-slip; a vast body of ice, snow or earth, sliding down a mountain.

⁴ Saint Bernard (sent bër nãrd'),

a remarkable mountain pass in the chain of the Alps, between Piéd'mont and the Valais (va lã'). A strong stone building is situated on the summit of this pass. It is occupied during the whole year by pious monks, who, with their valuable dogs, hold themselves in readiness to aid travelers arrested by the snow and cold.

Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,

EXCELSIOR!

9. There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
EXCELSIOR!

II.

20. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1.

IT was a summer evening—old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door, was sitting in the sun:
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

2.

She saw her brother, Peterkin, roll something large and round.
Which he beside the rivulet,¹ in playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy, who stood expectant² by;
And then the old man shook his head, and, with a natural sigh—
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory."

4.

"I find them in the garden, for there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plow, the plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in the great victory."

5.

*Now tell us what 'twas all about," young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up with wonder-waiting eyes—
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

¹ Riv' u let, a small river or
brook; a streamlet.

² Ex pect' ant, having an appear-
ance of expectation; looking for.



6.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried, "who put the French to rout;¹
 But what they killed each other for, I could not well make out;
 But every body said," quoth² he,
 "That 'twas a famous³ victory.

¹ Rout, the defeat or breaking of an army or band of troops, or the disorder and confusion of troops de-

feated and put to flight.

² Quoth (kwōth), spoke; said.

³ Fā' mous, noted; well known.

7.

"My father lived at Blenheim ¹ then, yon little stream hard by ;²
 They bûrned his dwelling to the ground, and he wæs forced to fly ;
 So, with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

8.

"With fire and swôrd the country round was wâstèd ³ far and wide ;
 And many a hapless ⁴ mother there, and new-born baby, died ;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At èvèry famous victory.

9.

"They say it was a shocking ⁵ sight, âfter the field was wôn ;
 For many thousand bodies here lay rotting in the sun ;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

10.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, and our good Prince
 Eugène'."—
 "Why, 'twas a vèry wicked thing !" said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory."

11.

"And everybody praised the Duke, who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at lăst ?" quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I can not tell," said he ;
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

¹ **Blenheim** (blĕn' im), a village of Bavaria, Germany, twenty-three miles from Augsburg, noted for a great battle fought there, in which the English gained a victory over the French, August 2d, 1704.

² **Hard by**, near by ; close at hand.

³ **Wăst' ed**, destroyed ; brought to ruin.

⁴ **Hăp' less**, without hap or luck ; unhappy ; luckless ; unfortunate.

⁵ **Shöck' ing**, striking with hōr-ror or disgust ; very dreadful or offensive.

III.

21. THE RAIN.

A MERCHANT, riding home from a fair, had a portmanteau¹ with a large sum of money behind him. It was raining very heavily, and the good man became wet through. He was annoyed at this, and complained very much that God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

2. His way led him through a thick forest. The fierce winds, the black clouds, the sad sighings of the swaying trees, the snapping and clatter of dead limbs, the roll of the thunder, the gleam of the lightning, and the hissing and roar of the tempest filled him with fear.

3. As he approached a tuft of tall trees for shelter from the storm, to his great terror he saw a robber standing there, who aimed his gun at him and drew the trigger.

4. He would have certainly been killed, but the powder had become damp with the rain, and the gun would not go off. He immediately gave spur to his horse, and happily escaped the danger.

5. When the merchant was in safety, he said to himself. "What a fool I was to complain about the bad weather, instead of taking it patiently as a providence² of God! If the sky had been bright, and the air pure and dry, I should now be lying dead in my blood, and my children would wait in vain for their father's return.

6. "The rain at which I murmured saved my property and life. In future, I will not forget what the proverb³ says—'What God sends is always well, though why, 'tis often hard to tell.'"

IV.

22. SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

TWO children stood at their father's gate,
Two girls with golden hair;

¹ Portmanteau (pōrt măn' tō), a bag usually made of leather, for carrying clothing and other things on journeys.

² Prov' idence, foresight; time-

ly care; readiness to provide.

³ Prov' erb, an old and common saying; a sentence which expresses with force and brevity some practical truth.

And thêir eyes were bright, and their voices glad,
 Because the morn was fâir.
 For they said—" We will take that lǒng, long walk
 In the hawthorn copse¹ to-dǎy ;
 And gǎther great bunches of lovely flowers
 From ǒff the scented Mǎy ;²
 And oh ! we shall be *so* happy thêre,
 'Twill be sǒrrǒw to come áway ! "

2. As the children spoke, a little cloud
 Passed slowly ácröss the sky ;
 And one looked up in her sister's face
 With a tear-drop in her eye.
 But the other said—" Oh ! heed it not ;
 'Tis far too fair to rain ;
 That little cloud may search the sky
 For other clouds, in vain."
 And soon the children's voices rose
 In mǎrrimènt again.
3. But ére the morning hours waned,
 The sky had chǎngèd its hue,
 And that one cloud had chased áwáy
 The whǒle great heaven of blue.
 The rain fell down in heavy drops,
 The wind began to blow,
 And the children, in their nice warm rǒom,
 Went fretting to and fro ;
 For they said—" When we have aught in store,
 It *always* happens so ! "
4. Now these two fair-haired sisters
 Had a brother out at sea ;
 A little midshipman, aboard
 The gallant " Victory."
 And on that self-same morning,
 When they stood beside the gate,
 His ship was wrecked ! and on a ráft
 He stood all desolate,

¹ Cǒpse, a wood of small growth.

² Mǎy, the hawthorn or its flowers.

With the other sailors round him,
Prepared to meet their fate.

5. Beyond they saw the cool, green land—
The land with her waving trees,
And her little brooks, that rise and fall
Like butterflies in the breeze.
But above, the burning noon-tide sun
With scorching stillness shone;
Their throats were parched with bitter thirst,
And they knelt down, one by one,
And prayed to God for a drop of rain,
And a gale to waft them on.
6. And then that little cloud was sent—
That shower in mercy given!
And, as a bird before the breeze,
Their bark was landward driven.
And some few mornings after,
When the children met once more,
And their brother told the story,
They knew it was the hour
When they had wished for sunshine,
And God had sent the shower.

V.

23. THE GRASSHOPPER.

PART FIRST.

A GRASSHOPPER, idle the whole summer long,
Played about the tall grass with unthinking delight,
And spent the whole day with his hopping and song,
And sipped of the dew for his supper at night.
Thus night brought him food, and the red rising sun
Awoke him, fresh fed, to his singing again ;¹

¹ Again (a gën').

And thus he went on with his frolic and fun,
Till winter winds whistled—and where was he then?

2. The plain wore no longer the hue of his wing,
All withered and brown as a desert could be:
In vain he looked round for the shelter of spring,
While the longest green sprig scarcely reached to his knee.

The rime¹-feathered night fell as white as a sheet,
And dewdrops were frozen before they could fall;
The shy creeping sun, too, denied him his heat:
Thus the poor silly soul was deserted of all.

3. The Ant had forewarned him of what he would be
When he laughed at his toil on the parched summer plain:
He now saw the folly he then could not see;
But advice tã'en too late is but labor in vain.
If he wished to work now, there was nothing to find;
The winter told plain 'twas too late in the day:
In vain he looked round in the snow and the wind,
Unable to toil, and too saddened for play.

4. He looked back and sighed on his singing and racket,
And employed the last hope he had left him, to beg;
So he sought in the woods withered leaves for a jacket;
Of a rush he made crutches, and limped of a leg.
The winds whistled round him while seeking for pity;
O'er the white crumping² snows he went limping along,
Sighing sad at each cottage his sorrowful ditty;
But a song out of season is poverty's song.

5. The first hut he came to belonged to a Mouse,
Beneath a warm bank at the foot of a tree,
While dead rush and grass nodded over her house,
And made it as snug as a dwelling could be:
He told his sad tale; and the Mouse, as in fear,
Bade him work for a living, and shrank from his sight;
For she at that moment was nibbling an ear
Of barley, she stole from a barn over night.

¹ Rime, hoar or white frost; con- ² Crüm'ping, hard; crusty; brittle.
gealed dew or vapor.

6. He left her and journeyed hälf hopeless and chill,
 And met with a Beetle, that busied away
 To a crack called his hōme, in a sun-slanting hill,
 And he'd scārce stop to hear what the beggar would say;
 Though he held 'neath his arm a huge crumble¹ of bread,
 Which a shepherd boy dropped on his cold dinner-seat;
 And well might he haste when from danger he fled,
 For his dog had nigh crushed him to death with its feet.
7. At the hut of an Earwig he next made a call,
 Who crept from the cold in a down-headed thistle,
 That nodded and momentarily threatened to fall,
 While winnōwing by it the tempest did whistle;
 The beggar's loud rappings soon scāred her from sleep,
 And her bōsom for safety did terribly quake;
 For she thought it the down-treading rustle of sheep,
 But slept undisturbed when she found the mistake.
8. Hot summer's sweet minstrel, the large humming Bee,
 The one that wears clothing of tawny and brown,
 Who, ēarly in spring's kindled suns, we may see
 Booming round peeping blossoms, and bowing them
 down,—
 Our beggar, though hopeless, resolved to try all,
 And came to his hut in an old rotten oak;
 The Bee thought it spring, and was glad at the call,
 But frowned a denial² as soon as he woke.
9. He then sought a Ladybird's cottage of möss,
 An old summer friend, with as little success;
 And told his misfortunes, to live by the löss:
 She pitied;—but pity's no food for distress.
 A Chrysalis³ dwelt on the back of dead leaves,
 In a palace of silk, and it gladdened his heart:
 But wealth rarely sleeps without dreaming of thieves;
 So she kept the door bolted, and bade him depart.

¹ Crūm'ble, a small crumb.

² De nī'al, a refusal.

³ Chrysalis (krīs'a lis), the form into which caterpillars, silkworms, and some other insects pass before

assuming the perfect or winged state. In the chrysalis state they are inclosed in a case, which is spun by the insect from a fiber produced by itself.

VI.

24. THE GRASSHOPPER.

PART SECOND.

HE then shunned the road, and took up by a hedge,
Where some Gnats had collected to dance in the sun;
And the day smiled so warm 'neath the bushes and sedge,
That hope had nigh whispered the summer begun:
His heart even jumped at the sight of their play;
But ere his sad steps to their revels had come,
A cloud hid the sun, that made night at noonday,
And each gnat soon was missing away to his home.

2. Over hill-spotted pasture and wild rushy lea,
A poor houseless vagabond, doomed for all weathers,
He wandered where none was left wretched but he,
While the white flaky snow flew about him like feathers;
In vain he sought shelter, and down in the vale
By the brook to an old hollow willow did roam;
And there e'en a foot-foundered, slow, creeping Snail
Had crept in before him, and made it her home.
3. Her door was glued up from the frost and the snow,
As a bee in its hive she was warm in her shell;
And the storm it might drift, and the wind it might blow,
She was safe, and could dream about spring in her cell:
He knocked, and begged hard e'en to creep in the porch,
If she'd no room for two in her parlor to spare;
But as dead as a dormouse asleep in a church,
All was silent and still, as no tenant was there.
4. Thus pleading and praying, and all to no good,
Telling vainly a story of troubles and wants,
He bethought of an old stubby oak by a wood,
Where flourished in summer a city of Ants;
And though they reproved him for singing and play,
And told him that winter would bring its reward,
He knew they were rich, and he hoped on his way
That pity's kind ear would his sorrows regard.

5. From people so rich trifles could not be missed,
So he thought, ere his hopes to their finish had come;
Though as to their giving he could not insist,
Yet he might from such plenty be sure of a crumb.
Thus he dreamed on his journey ; but, guess his surprise,
When come to the place where such bustle had been,—
A high wooden wall hid it all from his eyes,
And an ant round about it was not to be seen.
6. Their doors were shut up till the summer returned,
Nor would one have come had he stood for a day :
Again in despair with his wants he sojourned,
And sighed lone and sad on his troublesome way :
He limped on his crutches in sorrow and pain,
With ne'er a hope left to indulge his distress ;
While snows spread a carpet all over the plain;
And, hiding each path, made him travel by guess.
7. He roamed through the wood, where he'd fain made a stop,
But hunger so painful still urged him away ;
For the oak, though it rocked like a cradle atop,
Was as still at its root as a midsummer day ;
Where the leaves that the wind whirligigs to the ground,
And feathers pruned off from the crow's sooty wing,
Lie 'mid the green moss that is blooming around
Undisturbed till the bird builds its nest in the spring.
8. The night came apace, and the clouds sailing by
Wore the copper-flushed tints of the cold setting sun,
And crows to their rime-feathered forests did fly,
And owls round about had their whoopings begun ;
He hopped through rough hedges and rude creaking
wickets,
Till a shepherd's lodge-house in the fields met his eye,
Where he heard with surprise the glad chirping of Crickets,
And hoped his companions and summer was nigh.
9. He paused with delight o'er the chitter and mirth,
And tried to stare in through a crack in the door ;
While a cat, half asleep on the warm cottage hearth,

Dreamed a mouse made the rustle, and bounced on the floor:

Our beggar, half frightened to death at the sight,
Hopped off and retreated as fast as he could,
Better pleased to tramp on in the star-studded night,
Than hazard such danger for shelter and food.

10. In passing a barn he a dwelling espied,
Where silk hangings hung round the room like a hall;
In a crack of the wall once again he applied,
And who but a Spider appeared at the call:
The Grasshopper said he was weary and lost,
And the Spider gave welcome with cunning disguise;
Although a huge giant in size to his host,
Our beggar's heart trembled with terror's surprise,

11. When he sat down before him dried wings of a fly,
And bade him with shy sort of welcome to eat;
For hunger found nothing its wants to supply,
And fear made him ready to sink through his seat.
Then to bed he went quaking,—and, faith, well he might
Where murdered things lay round the room in a heap;
Too true did he dream o'er his dangers that night,
For the Spider watched chances and killed him asleep.

12. In the morning a Cockrobin hopped from his perch,
And fluttered about by the side of the wall,
Where the murdering Spider peeped out on the lurch,¹
And thought a new beggar was going to call;
The Robin soon found what the Spider was at,
And killed him, and bore the dead beggar away;
But whether to bury, or eat him, or what,
Is a secret he never would tell to this day.

13. Thus sorrows on idleness ever attend,
And often shake hands with repentance too late,
Till forced to take up with a foe as a friend,
Then death and destruction is certain as fate.

¹ Lurch, to hide, or lie in wait in order to surprise or seize another un-
ware.

Had he ta'en the advice of the hard-working Ant,
 He had shunned the sad snâres of bad company then.
 And dwelt with his brothers and sisters from want,
 And lived to see summer and singing again.

SECTION VI.

I.

25. THE FLOWER-POT.

PART FIRST.

ONE fine day in summer, my father was seated on the lawn¹ before the house, his straw-hat over his eyes, and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, which had been set on the windôw-sill of an upper stôry, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments² clattered round my father's legs.

2. "Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the pörch;³ "my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!" Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the fatal⁴ windôw, nodded to the call, and came down in a trice,⁵ pale and bréathlèss.

3. "Oh," said my mother, mōurnfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse⁶ in the great blight⁷ last May; I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birthday! that naughty child must have done this!"

¹ Lawn (lan), grâss-ground in frōnt of or near a house, generally kept smoothly mown.

² Frâg'ment, a part broken ôff; a small piece separated from any thing by breaking.

³ Pörch, a kind of small rōom within, and nearest the outer door of

a building; entrance into a house

⁴ Fâ'tal, causing death or destruction.

⁵ Trice, instant; a vëry short time.

⁶ Grëen'house, a house in which tender plants are sheltered, and kept green in cold weather.

⁷ Blight, mildew; decây.

4. Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative, social¹ persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy, thoughtful ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince² signs of attention, and cried very promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy, it was I!"

5. "You! how could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both. Oh, Primmins!" Primmins began to sob. "Don't tell fibs, nûrsy," said a small shrill voice; and I, coming out of the house as bold as brass, continued rapidly, "don't scold Primmins, mammâ'; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

6. "Hush!" said nûrse, more frightened than ever, while gazing at my father, who had very deliberately³ taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes, wide awake. "Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident;⁴ he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sisty? *Speak!*" this in a whisper, "*or papa will be so very angry.*"

7. "Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident: take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss; don't fret."—"No, mammâ', you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on pûrpose."

8. "Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf. "For fun!" said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papâ'; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me—do beat me!"

9. My father threw his book fifty feet off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong; you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed Gôd for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear."

¹ Social (sô' shal), relating to society; companionable; friendly.

² E' vince, manifest; show in a clear manner.

³ De lib' er ate ly, slowly; care-

fully; not hastily or rashly.

⁴ Ac' ci dent, an event that seems to occur by chance, from an unknown cause, or without the expectation of him who causes it.

II.

26. THE FLOWER-POT.

PART SECOND.

THE box of dōmīnoş¹ was my delight. "Ah!" said my father, one day when he found me playing with it in the parlor, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"—"Ah, yes, papà'."

2. "You would be very sōrry if your mammā' were to throw that box out of the wīndōw and break it for fun." I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no ānsver. "But, perhaps, you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fāiries you read of would change the domino-box into a beautiful ġerānium in a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, and that you could have the pleasure of pūttīng it on your mamma's window-sill."

3. "Indeed I would," said I, hālf crying. "My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions—good actions mend bad actions." So saying, he shut the door and went out; I can not tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant.

4. The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he paused, and looked at me with his grave, bright eyes very steadily. "My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to town, will you come? And, by the bye, fetch your domino-box; I should like to show it to a pērsōn there." I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the high-rōad, we set out.

5. "Papa," said I by the way, "thēre are no fairies now."—"What then, my child?"—"Why, how then can my domino-box be changed into a beautiful ġeranium and a blue and white flower-pot?"

6. "My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "ēvērybody who is in ċarnest to be gōōd, carries two fairies about with him—one here," and he touched my fōrehēad; "one here," and he touched my heart. "I don't understand, papà'," said I thoughtfully. "I can wait till you do, my boy," said he.

¹ Dōm' i nōs, twenty-eight pieces of ivory, plain on the backs, with spots on them, used for playing a game called *dominos*.

7. My father stopped at a gardener's, and after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. "Ah, this is finer than the one your mammā' was so fond of. What is the cōst, sir?"—"Only seven shillings and sixpence," said the gardener. "I can not afford it to-day," replied my father, and we walked out.

8. On entering the town, we stopped again at a china wāre-house. "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah! here is one marked three shillings and sixpence. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another, my boy. We have yet some months to wait."

9. "I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers common in country towns, who sell all kinds of knick-knacks.¹ "And, by the way," he added, "I think my little boy here can show you a much handsōmer specimen of French workmanship than that dressing-case which you enticed² Mrs. Caxton into raffling for last winter. Show your domino-box, my dear."

10. I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal³ in his commendations.⁴ "It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth in case one wishes to part with it. If my young gentleman gēts tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"—"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman should take some of these pretty things in exchange."

11. "Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give *that*? Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my permission to sell it." My father paid his bill and went out. I lingered⁵ behind a few moments, and then joined him at the end of a street. "Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium!—we can buy the flower-pot!" And I pulled out a handful of silver from my pockets.

12. "Did I not say right?" said my father, passing his handkerchief over his eyes; "you have found the two fairies!"

¹ Knick-knacks, trifles; toys.

⁴ Com' men dā' tion, praise; ad-

² En ticed, tempted; persuaded. miration.

³ Līb' er al, free; abundant.

⁵ Lingered (līng' gērd), waited.

13. Aided by my father, I effected the desired exchange, and, on our return, ran into the house. Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot. "It is his doing and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

14. "What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all; "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of? We shall go to-morrow and buy it back if it costs us double."

15. "Shall we buy it back, my boy?" asked my father. "O no—no—no—it would spoil it all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

16. "My wife," said my father, solemnly,¹ "this is a good lesson to our child—undo not what it should teach him to his dying hour."

III.

27. USEFUL PEOPLE.

THERE are many ways of being useful. You are useful—you who, from a love of order, and from a wish to see everybody happy, watch carefully that nothing should be out of place, that nothing should be injured, that every thing should shine with cleanliness.

2. You are useful—you whom sickness keeps in chains, and who are patient and resigned,² praying for those who are doing work that you would like to do.

3. You are useful—you who are prevented³ by others from working because they doubt your capacity;⁴ you who get snubbed⁵ and have employments given to you that are quite unfitted to your ability, and who yet keep silence, and are humble and good-natured.

4. Which one of you all, dear souls, is the happiest and most useful? The one that is nearest to God!

5. "Do well to-day the little that Providence asks of you just

¹ Söl' emnly, with a grave manner.

² Re signed, submissive; yielding.

³ Pre vent' ed, hindered; crossed; thwarted.

⁴ Ca pāc' i ty, ability; mental power; talent.

⁵ Snūbbed, treated with neglect; slighted by design.

now," writes St. Francis de Sales, "and to-morrow, which will then be our to-dāy, we shall see what ought to be undertaken."

6. Let us leave öff cāstle-building, and make beautiful the present minute, which our good Gōd gives us to embellish;¹ āfter that another, and then another.

7. How swiftly these minutes fly, and how easily they are ēither lōst or made precious in the sight of God! Let us remember then that it is with minutes well spent we are to obtain an entrance into heaven.

IV.

28. GENEROUS PEOPLE.

AN ālms² of which vĕry few think is the alms of happiness. Give a little happiness to those around you: it is a pleasant thing to do. Try to make them happy: it is a charming and easy occupation.

2. Happiness is one of those goods that we can give to others without losing any thing ourselves. Each one has it at the bottom of his heart like a provision³ in reserve.

3. It can never be ēxhausted,⁴ if we were to give forever; and by this alms, given with a good intention, we enrich bōth ourselves and others.

4. The small change of happiness—coin which the poorest possess, and with which we can give alms at any time—is this: A kindly way of receiving a request, a visit, or a contradiction; a pleasant expression, which, without ēffōrt, draws a smile to the lips of others; a favor graciously granted, or, sometimes, simply asked; thanks uttered sincerely and without affectation;⁵ a word of approbation⁶ given in an affectionate tōne to one who has worked near us, or with us.

5. It is very little, all this: do not refuse it. God will repay it to you, even in this life.

¹ Em bēl' lish, to make beautiful.

or used; consumed.

² Alms (āmz), any thing freely given to relieve the poor.

³ Af fēc tā' tion, an attempt to assume or display what is not natural or real.

⁴ Pro vīs' ion, something laid up in stōre, especially fōod.

⁵ Ap' pro bā' tion, praise; liking; commendation.

⁶ Ex haust' ed, entirely emptied

SECTION VII.

I.

29. THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,
 A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
 A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
 And towers that touch imaginary skies.

2. A fearless rider on his father's knee,
 An eager listener unto stories told
 At the Round Table¹ of the nursery,
 Of heroes and adventures manifold.
3. There will be other towers for thee to build ;
 There will be other steeds for thee to ride ;
 There will be other legends, and all filled
 With greater marvels and more glorified.
4. Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
 Rising and reaching upward to the skies ;
 Listen to voices in the upper air,
 Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

II.

30. THE FUTURE.

WHO knows the future ? Who has turned its pages,
 Reading its secrets with divining power ?
 We may look backward through the reach of ages,
 We can look forward not a single hour.

2. Yet without fear, without one dark misgiving,
 May we press onward with alacrity,
 Hoping and trustful ; only this believing—
 That as our purpose our reward shall be.

¹ Round Table, an allusion to his forty knights about a large, the history of the King Arthur of round, marble table, in order to England who was said to sit with avoid all distinctions of rank.

3. Then will the light that dwells in heavenly places,
 Flooding with joy a world beyond our gaze,
 Before whose brightness angels veil their faces,
 Shine with sweet influence on all our ways.

III.

31. THE HOLY VIRGIN'S KNIGHT.

- WHEN knight the lady's worth would praise,
 For whom he strove on honor's field,
 How hushed the tones in which he breathed
 The name to reverent homage sealed !
2. How pure then were his heart and faith,
 Who dared on faltering lips to take
 The Blessèd Virgin's holy name,
 As knight to battle for her sake !
3. To good Sir Hubert, true of deed,
 The call to tourney's strife once came—
 As to the field, from far and near,
 All pressed who strove for knightly fame.
4. At matin-prime Sir Hubert rode,
 Eager to meet the fateful day,
 And as he to the lists¹ drew near,
 A minster's² walls rose by the way.
5. To Mary Mother consecrate,
 The sacred portals open stood,
 Within, the taper's starry light
 Glittered on shrine and Holy Rood.³
6. From field afar rang trumpet blast,
 While hymn resounded from within ;
 And robèd priests to Holy Mass
 Både all who mourned the plague of sin.
7. "Who pauses here fâres heavenward still,"
 Sir Hubert said, and sprang from steed ;⁴

¹ Lists, a place enclosed for combats, games, etc.

² Mîn' ster, a cathedral church.

³ Rood, the Cross ; a representation of Christ on the Cross.

⁴ Steed, a horse.



“Man’s strength âlone no battle wins,
Heaven’s help dôfh knight to vietory lead.”

8. He lifts the hêlmet from hiș brow,
With soft step treadș the lengthening aisle,¹
Lowly at Mary’s șhrine he kneelș,
The Mâss comeș to its end the while.
9. But sôon the saered chânt renewed,
The bell, the breath of inçense spread.
Claim onçe again the listening ear,
The lifted heart, the bowèd head.

¹ Aisle (il), â walk in â church.

10. And yet again the uplifted Host,
The awful sense of Gōd so near,
Smite on the hearts of kneeling thrōg,
And hold all hushed in holy fear.
11. Not rudely from the sacred place
Would good Sir Hūbert rush to fray,¹
And while he sought our Lādy's grace,
Unnoticed sped the hours away.
12. So when his steed he urged to field,
And to the toūrnament² drew near,
As signal of the cōmbat's close,
The herald's³ trūmpet sounded clear.
13. As one in dream Sir Hubert gazed,
Perplexed⁴ by signs of ended fray,
While knights drew near with loud acclaim,⁵
And hailed him victor of the day.
14. They grāsped his hand, each strove to praise
His feats⁶ of skill in lists and ring;
Prizes his lance⁷ and spēar had won
Before his wondering eyes they bring.
15. Heralds approached, and bending low,
Essayed⁸ to lead him to the throne,
Where Beauty's hand bestowed the prize
By knightly deeds of valor⁹ won.
16. "Not laggard¹⁰ knight such guērdon¹¹ wins;
Let worthier head wear victor's crown,"
Sir Hubert said. "When trumpet called
Those who would battle for renown,¹²

¹ Frāy, fight; battle.

² Tour' na ment, a mock fight.

³ Hēr' ald, a public crier.

⁴ Per plēxed', troubled; embarrassed.

⁵ Ac clāim', praise; shouts of applause.

⁶ Fēats, deeds; remarkable actions.

⁷ Lance, a long, sharp spear.

⁸ Es sāyed', attempted; tried.

⁹ Vāl' or, bravery.

¹⁰ Lāg' gard, one who lags behind; a slothful person.

¹¹ Guerdon (gēr' don), reward.

¹² Re nown', exalted reputation: fame; celebrity.

17. "In holy church were Mâsses said,
And morning hour to noonday wore ;
While I, unheeding, knelt to pray,
The strife was closed, the combat o'er."
18. "Humility is knighthood's crown,
Yet can he valor's meed¹ disclaim
Whose triumphs here all eyes beheld ?
All hearts accord him well-earned fame."
19. So rang their eager questions out,
And with their words came sudden light—
"The Queen of Heaven for me hath striven ;
Her victories crown unworthy knight !"
20. Sir Hubert said, the while all heard,
And hearts were moved to fervent praise
Of Heaven, that stooped such aid to bring
To loyal soul, that sought its grace.
21. Kneeling, Sir Hubert said, "Henceforth
My vows, my life, to her are given
Who deigns (dānş) to own me as her knight.
Praisèd be Mary, Queen of Heaven !"

IV.

32. MOTH AND RUST.

PART FIRST.

A CERTAIN mountaïn spring had four sons, three of whom were steady-going, well-to-do bröök—*the first being in the viölet-growing business, the second a scene-maker, while the third had hired himself out to a woolen-spinner; but Steme, the youngèst, had all his days been a càre and vexation to his father. He had all the antic² tricks of his cousins, the fogs and mists, and the fickle³ disposition⁴ of his mother, who was of the Fire family. One moment he drew himself out to the*

¹ Meed, a merited reward.

tinuing long of the same mind.

² An' tic, wild ; odd.⁴ Dis' pos' tion (zish' un), natural³ Fick' le, changeable ; not con-

bent of mind ; möral character. g

length of a giant, as if he had been so much gutta-percha¹ or India rubber; the next, he made himself so small that you lost him altogether.

2. Now he sung, roared, puffed, bellowed, shrieked, and whistled, till the family were wild with his noise. A little after, he was gone—mum as a mouse, however you called him; and never any two days alike, except in the fact that he was at all times idle and useless—till one fine morning his father, being utterly out of patience, hustled him out of fairy-land, with, “See here, my lad! it is time you sought your fortune.”

3. “It is very odd,” said Steme to himself. “I am sure I could do something, if there were not some mistake somewhere;”—and coming just then to a house which had on the door-plate the words, “WISEST MAN,” he rang the bell, thinking, perhaps, the question could be settled there; but the Wisest Man only shook his head. “If you could have been of any use, somebody would have discovered it before,” said he.

4. So Steme traveled on till he came to the court of the king, where was a great hubbub; and as no one would pay him the least attention, Steme grew sulky, and, coiling himself up, hid away in the tea-kettle. “Now if anybody wants me, let them find me,” said he; and you would never have known that he was there, unless by the way that the kettle-cover clattered now and then.

5. The court was in a hubbub,² because of the king’s spectacles; and whether he had changed them at the tailor’s, where he ordered the trimming for the Lord High Fiddlestick’s green satin gown, or at the jeweler’s, where his crown was being mended, or at the grocer’s, where he had stopped for a mug of ale, his Royal Highness was quite unable to decide.

6. Only, these could never be the spectacles that usually rested on his royal nose; for whenever he looked through them, he could see nothing but moth and rust—moths eating the bed-covers, the hangings, the carpets, the silks and velvets, the wool and linen, the lace and embroidery, in every part of his Majesty’s dominions—rust on the gold and silver, the marble

¹ Gutta-percha (gŭt’ tá-pér’ chá), a hard gum or juice of several trees in the Malayan Islands. It resem-

bles India rubber, and is used for many useful purposes.

² Hŭb’ būb, a great noise.

and grănĭte, the oak and wălnut, the houses and ships, every-where in his kingdom.

7. The king grew nervous. "We are all coming to poverty," said his Royal Highnĕss; and though it was drawing tōward Christmas, he did little but peep through the spectacles and lōōk dismal.¹ Of cōurse, all the cōurt looked dismal too. The cōurtiers² got a crick in the neck by going about with heads on one side, like his Majesty.

8. The Lord High Fiddlestick, being of a jolly³ disposition,⁴ wăş obliged to shut himself up and lăugh privately by the hour, to take the fun out of him befōre waiting on his Royal Highnĕss; while the ladies wōre their old gowns to cōurt, and said, whĕre the king could hear them, "Oh, we are obliged to piece and patch in these days. Between that dreadful Mōth and Rust we are all coming to poverty, you know."

9. In this dĭlĕm'mă⁵ they sent for the Wisĕst Man, who came at once, looking so profound⁶ that the king took cōurage, and said, "What shall we do? Tell us, now."—"Hum!" said the Wisest Man, "that is a grave question. Let us go back to first principles.⁷ If thĕre was nōthing to eat, there wōuld be no moths, and nothing to consume, there wōuld be no rust—do you see?"

10. "Yĕs—cĕrtainly—of cōurse," said all the courtiers; but the king ōnly grōaned. "But as there is silk and satin, velvet and linen, gold and diămonds, ĕvĕrywhere in the kingdom, I re'ally don't see what you are to do about it," concluded⁸ the Wisest Man, and marched āwăy hōme again.

11. This was cold comfort, and the king grōaned mōre deeply than ever; but the king's son said to himself, "If there is no help for it, why can not we contrive to grow rich făster, and so keep ahead of the leak?" So he sent for all the rich men in

¹ Dĭs' mal, gloomy; unhappy.

² Courtier (kōrt' yer), a member of, or one who attends, the court of a prince; one who flatters to please.

³ Jōl' lĭ, full of life and fun; laughter-loving.

⁴ Dĭs' po sĭ' tion, temper; character.

⁵ Dilemma (dĭ lĕm' mă), a state of

things in which hinderances are found on every side, and it is difficult to tell what to do; a difficult or doubtful choice.

⁶ Pro found', having a deep mind; skilled.

⁷ Prĭn' ci ples, that from which any thing proceeds.

⁸ Con clūd' ed, ended. 8

the kingdom. "How did you grōw rich?" asked the prince. "By trading," answered they altogether.

12. "Trade mōre, then, and we shall not all come to poverty," said the prince. "Alās! your Highnèss!" answered the rich men, sorrowfully, "we send āwāy now just as much wheat and oil, and bring hōme just as much silk and gold, as we can find horses and wagons for carrying, and houses for stōring."

13. "Work fāster, then," suggested the prince. "We work as fast as flesh and blood is able," answered the rich men tōgēther as befōre.

14. "Now is my time," said Steme to himself. "Here is work a little mōre to my taste than vīōlèt-growing;"—and he began to clatter the cover of the kēttle. "Who is there?" asked the prince. "Steme," gūrgled the kettle. "And what can you do, Steme?" said the prince. "Carry as many tōns as you like, and run sixty miles an hour," spluttered the kettle.

15. "That is a likely stōry!" cried the prince—"cūrlèd up thēre in a kēttle, whoever you are!"—"Try me," said Steme, coming out of the kettle. So the prince ordered a lōad that wōuld have brōkēn the backs of forty horses to be strapped behind Steme, who darted off with it as if it had been a feather, shrieking, snorting, and puffing, as he always did when his blood was up; and though he had a three-days' jōurney befōre him, he was back in a few hours, fresher than when he started.

V.

33. MOTH AND RUST.

PART SECOND.

"**M**ORE lōads! mōre tōns!" bēllōwed Steme. "Lōnger jōurneys! I want to go fūrther. I want to go fāster. I can run twice as fast! Hūzzā!" swinging his arms, and capering, and jumping all the while, as if he wās beside himself.

2. "Ah! this is better," said the prince, setting all the men in the palace to lōad Steme still mōre heavily. "Not much chānce here for Mōth and Rust." Presently, back came Steme rōaring for more loads.

3. All the men in the kingdom were set at work. Twice as much wheat and oil was sent out, and fōur times as much silk

and gold were brought in, as ever before. "Not much danger of poverty now," exclaimed the courtiers; and even the king smiled, till he thought to put on his spectacles, when he saw more moth and more rust, eating twice as fast as ever before at the wheat and oil, the silk and gold.

4. "That is because you dōn't work fāst enough," shouted Steme. "Who ever saw such wheels and looms? Let me spin! Give me thousands of wheels! I can weave! Give me lōōms! give me spindles!—millions of spindles—hundreds of thousands of looms!" So men worked night and dāy to make spindles and wheels and looms for Steme; and a thousand workmen could not spin and weave the tenth part of what Steme did in a dāy, "Mōre, more!" cried Steme, buzzing and whirring and clicking and whizzing among his wheels and spindles. "Not hālf enough yēt!"

5. But the king, looking through his spectacles, saw Mōth and Rust busy as ever at the verry wheels and spindles and looms themselves. "Still it is your fault," shouted Steme. "You don't get about fast enough. Your horses creep like snails. Give me horses with iron backs—hundreds of them—thousands! I will draw your carriages. Give me paddles—twenty and thirty in a hand! I will row your bōats."

6. So Steme drove the carriages, and rowed the boats; and as people went dashing and tearing about everywhere, they pānted to each other, "What a wonderful nation we have grown to be! no chānce for Moth and Rust now!"

7. But, looking through his spectacles, the king saw mōths by the million, and rust on evēry thing. "Your fault still!" snorted Steme. "Why don't you read mōre? Why not have more bōōks? Let me make your books. Everybody shall have them. Every one shall read and be wise. Some one will then find out the remedy for Moth and Rust."

8. So Steme made books by the ton, and carried them everywhere—thundering continually, "Mōre, more! faster, faster! not hālf enough yēt!" But still the king saw mōths and rust increase, and on Christmas eve he had no heart for Yule-lōgs¹

¹ Yule (yql), Christmas, or the feast held in memory of the birth of our Saviour. Yule-log, a large log of

wood formerly put on the hearth on Christmas eve, as the foundation or support of the fire.

and Christmas-trees, but wandered āwāy in the förest,¹ and walked there by himself, till just at dark he met a strānger.

9. "Who are yqu, and where are you going?" asked the king; for the man had such a broad, jolly, smiling face that the king knew it was none of his cōurt. "I am Mërry Christmas," said the stranger, "and I am going to the cottage in the förest." The king was curious to know why Merry Christmas had pāsēd his palace, whēre were a hundred Christmas-trees and a Yule-lōg on evēry hēārth, to stop at the cottage, where they could have nōthing more than a pine brānch, and he walked on too.

10. In the cottage lived an old wōman and a little girl. Against the chimney hung the little one's stocking, and on the table, befōre the fire, was a chicken nicely browned. The mouths of the dame and the little one watered, for the dame had few chickens, and, as you may believe, they had not rōast chicken for dinner evēry day; but just as Mërry Christmas opened the door, there stepped in, befōre him and the king, ā pōōr little, hungry, shivering boy.

11. "Sit down," said the dame; "we wēre waiting for you. And let us thank our Lord for all His grace."—"Why, thēre is hardly meat enough for two," cried the king. "Such a little chicken!"—"But hush!" said Mërry Christmas, "I carve!"

12. And, looking at him, the king understood how there would not ōnly be enough for three, but that it would taste better than the choicēst² bit of tårkey that the Lord High Fiddlestick would carve for his Majesty's own plate; and when Mërry Christmas sat down on the hēārth, there was such a glōw in the pine chips, and such a light in the tāllōw candle, and such a brightnēss through all the rōōm, that came out of Merry Christmas, and had nōthing to do with ēither fire or candle, that the three at the table rejoiced like bīrds or babies, without understanding why; and the king knew that the great hall in his palace, with its Yule-log and its chandeliers,³ would be dark and cold beside the little room.

13. Just then he remembered his spectacles, and, pulling

¹ Fōr' est, a large tract of land covered with trees; a large wood.

³ Chandelier (shān' dē lēr'), a frame with brānches to hold a number of candles or other lights.

² Choic' est, best; most desirable.

them out, hastily clapped them on his nose and looked about him. "Bless my soul!" cried the king with a start; and, taking off his spectacles, he rubbed them carefully, and looked again; but stare as he would, he saw neither Moth nor Rust.

14. "How is this?" thought the king, when, looking again and more sharply, he spied written on every thing in the little room, "We give of what we have to-day to whoever needs, and trust to God for to-morrow."—"Oh," said Merry Christmas, chuckling, "no preventive like that against Moth and Rust;"—but the king went home sorrowful, for he was very rich.

VI.

34. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

- ONCE in David's royal city
 Stood a lonely cattle shed,
 Where a Maiden laid her Baby,
 With a manger for His bed.
 Mary was that Mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her only Child.
2. He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall.
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived, on earth, our Saviour holy.
3. And through all His wondrous childhood,
 He would honor and obey,
 Love and watch the lowly Maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay.
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.
4. For He is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew,
 And He feelèth for our sadness,
 And He sharèth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in Heaven above.
 And He leads His children on
 To the home where He is gone.
6. Not in that poor, lonely stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high.
 When, like stars, His children crowned,
 All in white shall wait around.

SECTION VIII.

I.

35. ROSA LEE.

PART FIRST.

ROSA was not an agreeable¹ child. If we could have looked into her heart, we should have seen that it was not quite the right shape. It was deep enough, but too narrow.² We should have seen a black streak running across it also. She was a melancholy³ child.

2. Her father had been a soldier, and had spent most of his life in foreign⁴ lands. Her mother was almost always with him. She hardly remembered her father and mother; and now they were both dead. Nobody loved Rosa, and Rosa had never loved anybody.

3. It was very wrong to say that; for God loved her, and her Guardian Angel loved her also. Indeed, her Guardian Angel was the only creature⁵ who could ever keep his temper with her.

¹ A grēe' a ble, pleasant.

² Nār' rōw, contracted; long in proportion to the width.

³ Mēl' an chol ý, gloomy; low-

spirited; sad.

⁴ Fōr' eign, countries or nations other than those of our native land.

⁵ Crēat' ure, any thing created.

She had once had a little dōg, and he used to wag his tail, and frisk round her, and fetch sticks and stones to her. But she was so snappish¹ with him, that he gave it all up as useless, and took to getting into a corner, out of her way, and sleeping all the day long.

4. Have you begun already to hate little Rosa? Well, then, you are doing just what her good Angel did not do. You will be lucky if your Angel does for you what Rosa's Angel did for her. Poor Rosa! her cousins were tired enough of the gloomy² orphan; and so they had shipped³ her off to an aunt in South Wales, without any notice but the letter which went by the same ship.

5. When the voyage⁴ had lasted about a week, a great storm arose. The ship went down, and in that wild and stormy night Rosa floated on the top of the dark waves, as if her white frock, which was spread out on the waters, held her up. I was going to say that she was thousands of miles away from hōme; but alas! she had no home in all the wide world.

6. Before her cousins sent her so far away, she had often felt that their house was not exactly a home. She had got an idea,⁵ from hearing story-books read, of what a mother was like, and lōnged to have one. She made pictures in her mind of her own mother, and when she was by herself of a night, she used to cry over these pictures, and wish she had a mother.

7. In her thoughts she painted her mother as a very powerful, beautiful, and kind fairy, far sweeter than any fairy that ever dānced by moonlight on the grāss. Do you think she made the picture too bright? Oh, no! you know well enough that a real mother is far, far better than any fairy, even if there were any fairies, and if they were all that in our fancy we could make them.

8. Of that good Mother in Heaven, who loves all children for the sake of Him who became her child for their sakes, I am afraid our sad little Rosa thought very seldom; for no one who loves her dearly can be long unhappy.

¹ Snăp' pish, a cross, jerking manner.

² Gloom' y, dark; sorrowful; without merriment.

³ Shipped, put on board a vessel.

⁴ Voy' age, a journey by sea.

⁵ I dē' a, a thought; an imagination,

II.

36. ROSA LEE.

PART SECOND.

BUT we must return to Rōsā, floating like a white speck on the black and stormy sea. The huge waves rose far above her head, and cūrlēd over, and seemed every moment as if they would fall upon her, and sink her to the bottom. The wind and the thunder roared against each other. The waves clashed with a hissing sound. The lightnings, red and blue, split the dark clouds, and almost blinded her.

2. Rosa was afraid. You will not wonder at that. She had *ōften* said her prayers before, and she made a short prayer now. But there was something in it, and she felt that it was quite different from any prayer she had ever made before.

3. No sooner had it escaped her lips than her fear passed away, and she was as quiet on the tossing black waters as she had ever been on the soft, sandy grass of her own seaside common.¹ Suddenly by her side a beautiful Angel seated himself. He had in his hand a branch of a strange tree. Its leaves were very green, and the smell of them almost took her breath away.

4. "Rosa! my sister! I am with you," said the Angel. "You must come with me." And he touched her with the green leaves; and it seemed as if her breath went out of her. Then, taking hold of her hand, he drew her down with him under the waters. There was no storm there; but there was a golden green light, which Rosa thought must come from the Angel, but she did not know.

5. Tall trees grew there, and waved about in the water. Some of the trees were green, some blue, some bright yellōw, and some of rose-color. Some of the trees were more than a mile high, and their leaves more than a hundred feet long. The grass was the color of roses, and graceful animals swam in and out among these water-woods, and others rested on the branches.

6. They sat down on the bright grass, and the Angel took Rosa's hand, and said to her, "I am your Guardian Angel, my

¹ Com' mon, land owned by a town or village, not belonging to individuals.



little sister. Gōd has sent me from Heaven to be by your side all through your life, and to do you all the good you will let me do you."

7. "Have you left the grand Heaven," said Rōṣa, "to be with such a gloomy girl as I am? Everybody dislikes me, and I am afraid that I dislike everybody now." Thē Angel said, "Yes, dearest! I have left Heaven for your sake; but I am never gloomy. I can not be, because I always see Gōd, and the sight of God is in itself the Heaven of Heavens."

8. "Do you see God in these green waters?" said Rōṣa. "Yes!" said thē Angel. "But I see nothing," replied Rōṣa, "except these great trees and shining fishes. O how beautiful they are!"—"Yes! Rōṣa," said the Angel; "but God does not think them so beautiful as your soul,"

9. "Oh! God can not love my sōul; it is so naughty¹ and sulky.² The servant at school used to say that she was sūre my soul was as black as a cōal."—"But, Rosa, God loves it with a greāt love, and placed me near you at your birth. I have always loved you, and it fills me with joy to be near you."

III.

37. ROSA LEE.

PART THIRD.

ROSA began to cry, and as she wept it seemed as if she were weeping her old heart out, and as if the golden light of the Angel went into her, and began tūrning itself into a new heart for her. I think it was bēing spokēn kindly to which made her cry, because she had never been used to it. She said, "O, dear Angel! I have got a new heart."

2. And the Angel lāughed, and his lāugh sounded like hundreds of little silver bells, and it made her more merry and gay than she had ever been befōre in her life, and at the same time so gentle and kind that it seemed to her as if she could laugh and cry at the same time for vērý joy. "Rosa!" said the Angel, "it is true you have got a new heart; but I think you have new eyes as well."

3. And Rosa looked about her; and behōld! all things were chānged! There was a happy look of love in the fishes' eyes which she had not seen before. When they waved their tails about, she saw, as plainly as if their tails spoke, that it was all quiet joy.

4. She saw that the great sea swung to and fro, as if it could not keep itself still, because it was so full of joy. This was Rosa's first lesson. It was a grand school, though rather a funny one—that curious³ bottom of the huge⁴ sea.

5. Morning was rising over the great wood. Rosa and her Angel were living in the air. They had risen up out of the sea. When she was tired, she could sit down on the air and rest, as if it was a good stout cushion. It would almost have

¹ Naugh'ty, ill-behaved.

² Sūlk'y, sullen; ill-tempered.

³ Cū'ri ous, singular; strānge.

⁴ Hūge, of immense size or extent.

made you wild with joy if you could have heard how the wood rang with the songs of the birds as the sun rose that morning.

6. Birds are the most joyous of creatures, perhaps because they are nearest heaven. What struck Rosa most was that, watching them as they flew, she saw a silver hand round each of them, the fingers closing over their soft feathers, but not quite touching, only ready to rest them when they were tired.

7. And when they crossed the sea, she saw Angels holding up the tips of their wings, lest they should fall. And she knew that the hand was the Hand of God their Father; and then she did again what she had learned to do at the bottom of the sea—laughed and cried at the same time.

8. Times and places were changed now. Rosa and the Angel were living among the insects. This was the strangest of the worlds she had seen. It was the least, and yet it was the strongest. It could destroy the world of men if God did not keep it down. Most of the insects dwell in nations and cities, with kings and queens, and they never stop talking; some talked with tongues, and some by making their wings whirr and buzz, and some by tickling each other's faces with long feelers, or pliant¹ horns. O! they were a merry lot!

9. Yet it was somewhat strange they should be so, because millions of them were dying every moment. Every breath of air that blew, every drop of rain that fell, every animal that passed by, killed them by myriads.² But they did not mourn. Rosa would perhaps have loved them better if they had mourned. As it was, they seemed to her more merry than loving, clever³ rather than kind. But they were always busy, and it was this perhaps which made them happy.

10. One day, when Rosa and the Angel had been living for some time in a wasp's nest, and she saw how unselfish the wasps were to each other, and how they were all trying to help one another, she said, "O dear Angel! how full this wasp's nest is of the love and joy of God! And O Angel! Angel! we people on earth are kind to so few, and so often unkind to the few to whom we really wish to be kind!" Rosa wept as she spoke,

¹ Pliant, that may be easily bent.

² Myriad, a very large number.

³ Clever, ingenious; knowing; discerning.

and then looked at the wasps and smiled. But this time the laughing and the crying did not go together.

11. It was noonday on the green plains of Asia. Rosa and the Angel were living among the beasts. She was very much impressed¹ by what she saw of them. What touched her most was the love the mothers had for their young. The beasts seemed very gentle, almost sad. She heard this in their deep voices. But, above all, she read it in their eyes. To be sure, it was not quite so with all of them. Some had a foolish look. The camel's eye made her laugh, because it looked as if the beast was going to make a joke, but was puzzled how to do it neatly.

12. The eyes of the ox were the most beautiful things she had seen in nature, so full were they of love, of quiet, and of content. On the whole, she thought the beasts were kind rather than happy, and loving rather than joyous. And she liked them better for it. Those eyes of the oxen helped on the change in her very much. Rosa said, "Dear Angel, all is love and all is joy; and there are so many kinds of love, so many kinds of joy. I see, on all God's earth there is nothing gloomy."

IV.

38. ROSA LEE.

PART FOURTH.

THEN the Angel said, "Rosa, we have done with earth;" and as he took her by the hand, they rose up through the dewy starlight, passed on to distant stars, and then beyond, leaving them behind, far behind. At last they came to a great purple cloud, and in one place there was a faint light, such as the moon makes in a mist; and the Angel took her there and told her to look through.

2. And she saw the world of Angels, a vast golden world of light and song, but made soft and faint to her by the thick mist. She saw that no one in all that world had ever known what sadness was. Wise as they were, they could not even tell what sadness was like, they were so happy.

¹ Im press', to cause to feel strongly.



3. She saw into the inside of one Angel's spirit, and though she was at so great a distance that she could not see clearly, it seemed to her that there was in that one spirit such oceans of joy, as would have drowned a thousand worlds, if it could have been poured out over them. When she had looked for a long while, she turned away, weeping and not smiling, and said, "It is too bright. I feel all black myself while I look at it."

4. Then the Angel showed her a golden seat between two Angels, and as he blew gently on the mist, she saw plainly that her name was written on the seat, and that, if she always loved God, that was to be her home, and the dear Angels were singing the songs they would sing to welcome her when her hour should come.

5. And she fell back, saying, "It is too much love: it is too much joy. O dear Angel! take me back to life. I do not care

any longer for people being kind to me ; I ōnly want to be kind to them, to be kind alwāys and to evērybody. It is thus only I can be happy henceforth."

6. Years passed away. One evening the sun shōne out over a green hillside in South Wales. A funeral was winding along the rōad which led to the little grave-yard. In the centre of the grave-yard stood a crōss, and the place was thronged with the poor. Old men leaning on sticks, women bent with age, children, rough, grown-up shepherd-lads, and stout men—all were there, in tears and sorrow. The priest himself was weeping.

7. It was Rosa's funeral. She had grown up in South Wales, had inherited her āunt's fortune, and had pāssed her life in acts of kindness. There was scarcely one of that great multitude present who had not in some way felt her aid, and now, close upon a hundred years of age, she had died, beloved and mourned by all.

8. Large as her ālms were, it was her kindness more than her alms that they thought of. They were now taking to her grave the once poor Rosa, the gloomy child, to whom no one but her Angel had been kind ; but whom at last they had named "THE KIND LADY."

SECTION IX.

I.

39. ANTONY CANOVA.

CANOVA¹ first saw the light of day in the little Venetian² village of Possagno.³ Falieri⁴ the senator waſ lord of this village. One day he gave a great dinner, and thēre was sērved up to his guests the image of a lion, beautifully formed in butter.

2. This unexpected dish gave as much surprise to the senator as to his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to come up stairs, that he might congratulate⁵ him in presence of the

¹ Canova (kā nō' vā).

³ Possagno (pos sān' yo).

² Ve nō'tian, of, or pertaining to, Venice, a fortified city of Italy.

⁴ Falieri (fā le 3' re).

⁵ Con grāt'ū lāte. to wish joy to.

party, so much pleased was he with the marvelous ¹ work of art. The cook was introduced into the banqueting-hall, and was so overwhelmed with congratulations, that the tears came into his eyes.

3. "You weep for joy?" said his master to him. "No, my lord," he replied; "it is through despair at not having executed the work of art which is the object of so much admiration."

4. "I should like to make the artist's ² acquaintance," said the senator. The cook withdrew, assuring his master that his wish would be gratified; and in a few minutes returned, leading in the artist.

5. He was a little peasant-boy, about ten years old, meanly clad, for his parents were poor. Poor as they were, however, these worthy people had exposed themselves to great straits,³ rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture⁴ which a professor had given for a very moderate fee.

6. Antony Cānō'vā had early exhibited⁵ a strong faculty⁶ for statuary. He modeled⁷ clay when he could get it, and, with the help of his knife, carved little figures out of all the chips of wood he could lay his hands on.

7. His parents were acquainted with the cook of Senator Falieri. On the morning of the great dinner, he came to impart the difficulty he had in giving a graceful finish to the table. He had exhausted all the resources of his skill and imagination;⁸ but he still wanted one of those effective⁹ dishes, capable of producing a great sensation,¹⁰ which rear on a solid basis the reputation¹¹ of the cook of a great house.

¹ Mar'vel oūs, strange; wonderful; surprising.

² Ar'tist, one who is skilled in some one of the *fine arts*, as painting, sculpture, &c.

³ Strāit, difficulty; distress.

⁴ Scūlp't'ūre, the art of carving, cutting, or hewing wood or stone into images or figures, as of men, beasts, or other things.

⁵ Exhibited (egz hīb'it ed), held forth or presented to view; displayed.

⁶ Fāc'ul ty, capacity; talent.

⁷ Mōd'eled, molded; shaped; formed into a pattern.

⁸ Im āg'ī nā'tion, the image-making power of the mind; the power to put in new forms objects of sense before noticed or seen.

⁹ Ef fēct'ive, having the power, or suited, to produce effects.

¹⁰ Sen sā'tion, feeling awakened by whatever affects an organ of sense; a state of excited feeling.

¹¹ Rēp'u tā'tion, the character given to a person, thing, or action; good name.

8. The little Canō'va thought for a minute, and then said: "Do not trouble yourself; I shall soon come to you. Leave it to me, and I shall answer for it that your table will be complete." The boy went as he had promised to the senator's house, showed the cook the design¹ of the figure which he meant to execute, answered for the success of the attempt, and cut the block of butter with that purity of imagination and perfect taste, which he afterwards displayed in cutting blocks of marble.

9. Surprised as the guests had been by the work, they were much more so when they beheld the workman. He was loaded with attentions, and from this time forth, Falieri was the pātron² of the young Cānō'vā.

10. The happy result of the first attempt of the little peasant-boy, suddenly made his name famous, and opened up for him the rōad to permanent success. Falieri placed him as a pupil in the stūdiō³ of the best sculptor of the time. Two years after—that is to say, when Cānōvā was only twelve years of age—he sent to his pātron a gift of two marble fruit-baskets of his own workmanship, of remarkable merit, which still adorn the Falieri palace at Venice.

11. You will learn elsewhere the claims of this great artist to the admiration of posterity.⁴ All the academies of Europe solicited the honor of enrōlling him among their members. All the kings vied with each other in enriching their nātional mușē'umș⁵ with the beautiful products of his genius.⁶

12. He was elected Prince-perpetual of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, and the Holy Father conferred upon him the title of Marquis of Ischia and a pension of three thousand dollars. After his death the monument which he had designed for Titian was dedicated to his own memory at Venice; and another was raised in his honor by Pope Leo XII. in the library of the capital.

¹ De sign', a first sketch; a plan.

² Pā'tron, one who, or that which, countenances, supports, or protects.

³ Stū'diō, the workshop of an artist.

⁴ Pōs tēr'i ty, offspring to the furthest age, or from the same forefather.

⁵ Mū se'um, a place where curi-

ous things are kept for exhibition.

⁶ Genius (jēn'yus), the peculiar form of mind with which each person is favored by nature; the high and peculiar gifts of nature which force the mind to certain favorite kinds of labor.

II.

40. BENJAMIN WEST.

PART FIRST.

BENJAMIN WEST was born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, in the year 1738. Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France. But their fame was destined to be eclipsed by his, since he has gained a more lasting name in the world of art than they did on the field of battle.

2. Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing any thing worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand, and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe that lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

3. The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they came near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

4. It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen¹ hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful² quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

5. "How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!" Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had heard but little of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

6. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and kneeling down beside the cradle, began to

¹ **Waxen** (wăk'sn), made of wax; wax-like—hence, soft; yielding.

² **Bliss'ful**, happy in the highest degree; full of joy.

draw a likenèss of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

7. "Benjamin, my son, what have you been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion¹ in his face. At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper.

8. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and great joy.

9. "Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms around our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

10. As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues² and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet eärdinal-flowers³ of early autumn.

11. In the decline of the year, when the wöods were varie-gated⁴ with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The pürple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and tūrkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

12. In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Evèry year a party of them used to pāy a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams⁵ of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him vèry happy by giving him some of the red

¹ Con fū'sion (zhun), state of being peculiar beauty.
confused or made ashamed; shame.

² Hūe, tint; dye; color.

³ Car' di nal-flow' er, a plant which beärs bright red flowers of

⁴ Vā'ri e gāt ed, marked with different colors.

⁵ Wigwam (wīg'wōm), an Indian hut or cabin.



and yëllow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces.

13. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he now had three colors—red, blue, and yëllow—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks,¹ and bows and arrows.

¹ 'Tôm' a hawk, an Indian hatchet,

III.

41. BENJAMIN WEST.

PART SECOND.

ALL this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadēlphiā on purpose. However, he was a vērý ingenious¹ boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself.

2. With this design he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, which was sleeping quietly by the fireside. “Puss,” said little Ben to the cat, “pray give me some of the fūr from the tip of your tail?”

3. Though Ben addressed the black cat so civilly, yet he was detērmined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mōthēr’s scissors, and very dexterously² clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush.

4. This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm cōat of fur had become so thin and rāggēd that she cōuld hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing! she was fōrced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a vērý rueful³ look. But Ben considered it mōre necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.

5. About this period Ben’s father received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a mērchānt of Philadēlphiā, who was an old and esteemed friend of the West family. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of bīrds with beautiful plumage,⁴ and of the wild flowers of the fōrest. Nōthing of the kind was ever seen before in the house of an ordinary farmer.

6. “Why, Friend West,” exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, “what has possessed⁵ you to cover your walls with all

¹ Ingenious (in jēn’yus), skillful or quick to invent or contrive.

² Dēx’ter oūs ly, adroitly; skillfully; handily.

³ Rueful (rō’ful), woful; mōurn-

ful; sorrowful.

⁴ Plūm’age, the collection of plumes or feathers which cover a bīrd.

⁵ Pos sēssēd’, induced; caused,

these pictures? Where did you get them?" Then Ben's father explained that all these pictures were painted by his little son, with no better materials than red and yellow ocher¹ and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

7. "Indeed," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy has a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as childish; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter; and Providence is wiser than we are." The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently² considered him a wonderful boy.

8. When his parents saw how much their son's performances³ were admired, they could not help being proud of him; and they began to hope that some day he might have an opportunity to cultivate the genius which he displayed at so early an age.

9. One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben. "What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

10. On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped⁴ it, behold! there was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

11. What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bed-time he put the paint-box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness. In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more, till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.

12. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever;

¹ O'cher, a kind of fine clay of various colors.

³ Performances, productions.

² Evidently, easily seen; clearly.

⁴ Enveloped, surrounded as a covering.

until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain¹ what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

13. On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable² skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals.³ The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

14. "My dear child, you have done wonders!" cried his mother. The good lady was in an ecstasy⁴ of delight. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

IV.

42. BENJAMIN WEST.

PART THIRD.

WELL, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity⁵ about their son.

2. According to their ideas, it was not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures?

3. This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult their kindred

¹ *As cer tain'*, find out or learn : make certain.

² *Ad'mi ra ble*, worthy to be admired; having qualities to awaken wonder joined with affection or agreeable feelings.

³ *O rig'i nal*, that which came be-

fore all others of its class; first copy.

⁴ *Ec'sta sy*, very great and overwhelming joy; a being beside one's self with excitement.

⁵ *Per plēx'i tē*, a troubled or uncertain state of mind; embarrassment; doubt.

and their most intimate neighbors. Accordingly, they all assembled with their friends and neighbors, and discussed¹ the matter in all its aspects.

4. Finally, they came to a vëry wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that every one resolved not to oppose his wishes. They even acknowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discōurse.

5. They thërefōre committed the yōuth to the dīrëction of Gōd, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go fōrth into the world, and lëarn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of āncient and modern times.

6. So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his pārents, and his native woods and streams, and the good people of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors; he left all the places and persons that he had hitherto known, and rëturned to them no mōre. He went first to Philadelphia, and āfterward to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety² and simplicity which he had lëarned in his childhood.

7. When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due cōurse of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts.

8. When the people of Pennsylvaniā hëard of his success, they felt that the early hopes of his parents as to little Ben's future eminence were now accomplished. It is true they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

9. But they approved of the great paintings in which he

¹ Dis cūssed', examined fully in all its parts; argued.

² So bri'e ty, the habit of soberness or temperance; cālmness.

represented the miracles¹ and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. He was afterward employed to adorn a large and beautiful chapel² near London with pictures of these sacred subjects.

10. He likewise painted a magnificent³ picture of Our Lord Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hospital at Philadēlphiā. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit, that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate thirty more patients.

11. If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, yet it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital, who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

12. We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of Our Lord Healing the Sick was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

13. He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations⁴ than that of a little unknown farmer's boy, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

14. Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities, as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of Gōd, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame,⁵ it matters but little whether we acquire it or not.

¹ **Mir'a cle**, a wonder; an event or effect contrary to the known laws of nature.

² **Chăp'el**, a lesser place of worship; a small church; a place of worship not connected with a church.

³ **Mag nif'i cent**, on a large scale; grand in appearance.

⁴ **Trăns'for mǎ'tion**, change of form, substance, or condition.

⁵ **Fāme**, public report; renown; the condition of being celebrated.

SECTION X.

I.

43. AUTUMN.

SEPTEMBER has come. The fierce heat of summer is gone. Men are at work in the fields cutting down the yellow grain, and binding it up into sheaves. The fields of corn stand in thick ranks, heavy with ears; and, as their tassels and broad leaves rattle in the wind, they seem to whisper of plenty.

2. The boughs of the orchard hang low with the red and golden fruit. Laughing boys are picking up the purple plums and the red-cheeked peaches that have fallen in the high grass. Large, rich melons are on the garden vines, and sweet grapes hang in clusters by the wall.

3. The larks with their black and yellow breasts stand watching you on the close-mown meadow. As you come near, they spring up, fly a little distance, and light again. The robins that long ago left the gardens, feed in flocks upon the red berries of the sumac, and the soft-eyed pigeons are with them to claim their share. The lazy blackbirds follow the cows and pick up crickets and other insects that they start up with their large hoofs.

4. The leaves fade. The ash-trees grow crimson in color. The twigs of the birch turn yellow, and the leaves of the chestnut are brown. The maple in the valley has lost its bright green, and the leaves are of the hue of gold.

5. At noon, the air is still mild and soft. You see blue smoke off by the distant wood and hills. The brook is almost dry. The water runs over the pebbles with a soft, low murmur. The golden-rod is on the hill, the aster by the brook, and the sunflower in the garden.

6. The twitter of the birds is still heard. The sheep bleat upon the brown hill-side, and the soft tinkle of their bell floats upon the air. The merry whistle of the plow-boy comes up from the field, and the cow lows in the distant pasture.

7. As the sun sinks in the October smoke, the low, south wind creeps over the dry tree-tops, and the leaves fall is



showers upon the ground. The sun sinks lower, and lower, and is gone; but his bright beams still linger in the west. Then the evening star is seen shining with a soft, mellow light, and the moon, red as blood, rises slowly in the still and hazy air.

8. November comes. The flowers are all dead. The grass is pale and white. The wind has blown the dry leaves into heaps. The timid rabbit treads softly on the dry leaves. The crow calls from the high tree-top. The sound of dropping nuts is heard in the wood. Children go out morning and evening to gather nuts for winter. The busy little squirrels will be sure to get their share of the nuts.

II.

44. BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree:
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,¹
 That open to sun and stars and moon,
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

2. They have left their nests in the forest bough,
 Those homes of delight they need not now;
 And the young and the old they wander out,
 And traverse² their green world round about;
 And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
 How one to the other they lovingly call:
 "Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
 "Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

3. "Come up, come up! for the world is fair,
 Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
 And the birds below give back the cry,
 "We come, we come to the branches high!"
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in a leafy tree;
 And away through the air what joy to go,
 And to look on the green bright earth below!

4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Skimming about on the breezy sea,
 Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
 And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
 What joy it must be, to sail, upborne
 By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
 To meet the young sun face to face,
 And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

¹ Boon, gay; merry.

² Trá'v'erse, wander over.



5. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee ;
To go when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !
6. What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees ;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,

And the yëllōw fūrze, like fields of gold,
 That gladden some fairy region old !
 On mountaïn tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the fōrest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

III.

45. *HELPING THE BIRDS.*

ALL day I have been hunting
 For ends of scarlet bunting,
 For pieces out of rag-bags, whose cōlors make a show—
 Fragments of red, or az'ure,
 Bright bits of doll-house trēasure,
 And faded bows and ribbons wōrn many years ago.

2. From sill and from projection
 I hang this gay collection,
 I strew the lawn and garden pāth, I fringe each bush and tree,
 I dress the door and casement,
 The garret and the basement,
 Then watch to see if birds, perchānce,¹ will use my charity.

3. There comes a pretty chatter,
 There comes a fairy patter
 Of tiny feet upon the rōof and brānches hanging lōw,
 And flirts of wing and feather,
 And little strifes together,
 And sheers² and flights and flutterings and wheelings to and fro

4. There is a dash of scārlet
 On yōnder saucy vā'let,³
 And this one, just beside me, is dressed in blue and grāy ;
 This one is golden color,
 And that one's cōat is duller,
 And here's a bird whose crest and tail have ōrange tippings gāy.

¹ Per chance', perhaps.

² Sheers, turnings to one side and another.

³ Var'let, a page ; a man-servant.

The word is here applied to birds on account of their colors, as servants in European countries are often dressed in colored liveries.

5. A shādōw and a flutter!

A chirp above the shutter!

See this swift oriole that wheels about the window, here!

Now flitting sidewise shyly,

Now, with apprōaches wily,

Circling and circling closer, between desire and fear.

6. Oh, pirates, dressed in feathers,

Careless of winds or weathers,

How you begin to plunder, how bold you all have grown ;

How each among the number

His claws and bēak will cumber,

And carry off the strings and rags as though they were his own.

7. The stock is fāst dīmīnished,

And when the nests are finished,

The nests of orioles and wrens, of robins and of jays,

In pleasant summer lēisures

I'll watch the rag-bag's trēasures

Swing in the wind and sunshine above the garden ways.

IV.

46. SAN JOSE.

“**A** LETTER! a letter! a letter! and see! the first page is headed and bordered with charming views of—of—oh! those Spanish names! How can I tell what they mean?”

2. “Patience, my little sister! perhaps I can help you. The picture at top of the page is ‘The large Square of San Antōnio, Texas,’ and on bōth margins of the page are views of the Missions near San Antōnio.

3. “There is the Mission San Juan,¹ or St. John, then the Plains, the Conception, and last, and most beautiful of all, San José,² or St. Joseph.”—“How very kind of dēar Kate to write to us from San Antonio, and to illūs’trate her letter besides! But what are these Missions?”

4. “Churches to which monasteries and convents were attached. The Françīseans, Domīnieans, and Jēšūits, all of whom came ēarly to this country, have left the ōnly Christian ruins of

¹ San Juan (sān whān).

² San Jose (sān ho’sāy).

which we can boast. Indeed, they make one of the chief attractions to the traveler in California and Texas.

5. "We seem to be in some highly civilized country when we stand before these mission churches—churches which were built at the same time as the ugly ones we see at the East. They prove that the priests, who came as missionaries, were polished scholars—men of taste as well as of piety.

6. "They also prove that these scholars did not treat the Indians as savages who could never be civilized. Instead of this, they did every thing in their power to teach them the arts of Christian nations.

7. "This church of San José, with its monastery or convent, is the most beautiful of all the missions, as you can see by the picture. But here is another package from Kate and some photographs of San José. Now can you understand what I tell you of the church? Put the picture under the strong glass, and then we can see clearly all the choice sculptures¹ that adorn its front."

8. "Oh how beautiful it is! But I wish I knew whom these statues represent."—"Do you not see? The one directly over the doorway is the Blessed Virgin. The statues on each side are too much broken to be recognized.² But above the window is a statue of St. Anthony, for whom the town was named. Beside him, but a little lower down, stand St. Francis of Assisi and St. Isidore.

9. "Now look close, and see the beauty of those sculptured flowers and pomegranates and angels' heads, that fill the space between the window and the door. Here is a side window more beautiful still. What a wonder this front of San José must have been to the Mexican Indians, many of whom to this day live in their huts of mud thatched with straw!"

10. "But what is the church built of?"—"By this picture, giving us a view of the ruined side, the walls seem to have been built of *adobe*; or of bricks which, instead of having been baked, were merely dried in the sun.

11. "The sculptures of the church are all cut by hand from a stone peculiar to the country, and which is sawn nowadays,

¹ Sculptures, representations of various objects, carved in stone.

² Rec'og nize, to recall to mind; to know again.

like wood. The good Franciscan Fathers and Brothers had no saw-mills, but they taught the Indians the use of the tool.

12. "San José was finished in 1771; and thus you can see how soon the missionaries began to teach the Christian Indians the arts of peace. Had their good work been encouraged, or even left unhindered, we might now see all the Indians of the West living like civilized Christians."

SECTION XI.

I.

47. DOGS.

DOGS are distinguished as being vëry faithfully attached to man. A celebrated naturalist describes the domestic dōg as the one "with tail tūrnēd tōward the left:" and another says, "that the whōle species is become our property; each individual is entirely devoted to his mās'ter, adopts his manners, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs not from mere necessity, nor from restraint, but simply from true friendship."

2. It is, indeed, wonderful, and what is almost as curious, the dōg is the *only* animal that has fōllōwed man all over the ēarth. Another curious fact has been remarked about the dog—that if he has any white on any part of his tail, it will also be found at the tip. A dog is considered old at the end of five yēars, and his life rārely exceeds twenty years.

3. Thēre is some doubt as to what was the pārent-stock of this friend of man, for there are no traces of it to be found in a primitive¹ state of nature. No fossil² remains of the dog, properly so called, have ever been found. Many suppose the breed to have been derived from the wolf.

4. The New Holland, or Austrāliān dog, is so wolf-like in its appearance, that it is sometimes called the "New South Wales wolf." Its height, when standing erect, is rather less than two

¹ *Prim'i tive*, relating to the origin or beginning; first.

² *Fōs'sil*, dug out of the earth; petrified; changed into stōne.



feet, and its length two feet and a-half. The head is formed much like that of a fox, the ears short and erect, with whiskers from one to two inches in length on the muzzle, so that it appears much more like a wolf than a dog.

5. The shepherd's dog, a variety which was most probably one of the first that civilized and settled man called in aid to

preserve his flocks from beasts and birds of prey, is remarkable for its large brain, and its great sagacity.¹ While superior to the spaniel and the hound, which are among the most useful and intelligent dogs, it may, notwithstanding, be ranked with them. It is difficult to distinguish the bones of the wolf from those of the shepherd's dog.

6. Dogs are useful in many ways. It is not very unusual to see them trudging along, in villages and cities, carrying with their mouths large baskets of meat, fruit, or vegetables. A friend of mine has a very noble and useful dog. When milk is wanted by the family, they put the money inside a tin can. Away runs the dog with the can and money to the dairy.

7. He never loiters in the streets, looking in at shop-windows, like too many boys and girls. When the dog finds the gate of the dairy shut, he knocks with his paw, or barks, until the gate is opened. The milkman knows his customer well, and is very attentive to him. When the milk is ready, away the dog goes, but so steadily does he carry the can, that he is rarely known to spill a drop of the milk !

8. You will often see in the country a little dog sitting beside a small heap of clothes, and perhaps a tin can and a staff and a basket. Don't go near him ; don't disturb him ; he is rather spiteful now, but for that very reason deserves respect ; for he is minding the jacket and other properties of his master, who is at work in the fields. Not long ago I read an account of a drover, who left his dog to mind his jacket, while he went across a railway to look after some cattle. In crossing the railway, the poor man was struck down by a train and killed. The dog never left its charge, but died guarding its master's jacket.

9. We keep in our house a number of parrots and a few small birds. Our good dog Topsy is such a faithful guardian of them, that we may place them all on the lawn, and leave them there without watching ; for Topsy suffers no cat to come near.

¹ *Sa gắc'í ty*, quickness of sight or scent ; wisdom.

II.

48. THE FIREMAN'S DOG.



"BOB, the Fireman's Dog," was probably the most wonderful dog of modern times. He was a noble fellow, and a good example to boys and men of quickness, bravery, and honest work. When the fire-bell rang at the station to "make ready," Bob always started up promptly at the call of duty and ran before the engine, barking to clear the way, and was most useful not only in preventing obstructions,¹

but in stimulating² the men by his energy.

2. For years he attended the fires of London, but not, as many do, to look on and make a noise, and obstruct the workers; not as, I am almost ashamed to say, some do to plunder and make a wicked profit out of one of the heaviest calamities; not, as others do, to gratify their eyes with a grand and awful sight, as if human affliction was to them merely as an exhibition of fireworks: no, a helper, and so efficient³ was the aid he afforded, that the firemen had a brass collar made for him, on which was engraven,

*"Stop me not, but onward let me jog,
I'm Bob, the London fireman's dog."*

3. At the time of the great explosion⁴ of the firework-maker's premises, in Westminster Road, when dread filled all minds, the nature of the materials being very explosive—Bob rushed in, undeterred by the noise, as of a great gun, the smell or the

¹ Ob strūc'tion, that which blocks up, or hinders from passing.

² Stīm'u lāt ing, exciting, or rousing to action.

³ Efficient (ef fish' ent), causing effects; not inactive or slack.

⁴ Explosion (eks plō' zhūn), the act of bursting with a loud noise.

smoke, and when he came out he brought a poor cat in his mouth, and thus saved it from a cruel death.

4. At a fire in Lambeth, when the firemen were told that all the inmates were out of the burning premises, Bob was not satisfied with this testimony: he went to a side-door and listened, and there, by loud and continual barking, attracted the notice of the fire men. They felt sure, from Bob's agitation, that some one was in the passage, and, on bursting open the door, a child was found nearly dead from suffocation.¹



5. Bob was also an orator.² True, he could not utter words, though he could make himself clearly understood, which is more than all speakers can.

There was a meaning and a purpose in his mode of expression, and that, I am afraid, is more than can be said of many speakers.



6. Those who talk for talking's sake, those who utter folly and nonsense, and those who abuse their gift of speech by using bad, or rude, or cruel words, are not to be compared to Bob, who employed every sound that he could make for good. "He could well-nigh speak," said the men who loved him; and more than speak in the hour of danger, for his loud, sharp bark had a vast deal of meaning in it.

¹ *Suf' fo că' tion*, the condition of being stifled, smothered, or choked.

² *Or' a tor*, a public speaker, especially a noted one.

7. But Bob was an orator in the sense of attending public meetings, and giving testimony. At the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was held in 1860, and on previous occasions, this brave dog went through a series of wonderful performances to show how the fire-engines were pumped, and most kindly and effectually would he give his warning bark, and in his way tell the scenes that he had passed through.

8. Fine, noble creature! It was sad that a violent death should have been his lot after a life spent in merciful actions. But he died at his work, doing his duty.

III.

49. OUR DOG.

QUITE sure am I that you will own a dog. Why, it is difficult to tell; but every body, at some time in his life, has taken unto himself a dog. Our dog Nip made himself known immediately after his arrival at the house.

2. There were no intermediate stages of backwardness with him in his intercourse with the family, or in his assuming the direction of a large portion of affairs relating to the household. He is a small dog, but very lively. His natural condition seems that of motion. He concentrates¹ within himself the activity of three or four ordinary dogs.

3. His first act, soon after coming to live with us, was to take charge of the back-door mat. He seemed to regard it as his own exclusive possession. He had his idē'as with regard to its place and use.

4. He preferred that it should remain where the cleanliness of the household might be best promoted. He preferred it in the back yard. It stayed in the back yard. The whole household toiled in vain to keep it where it was supposed to belong, dragging it time after time up the back stairs, all to no purpose.

5. When such a dog as Nip chooses to devote his whole life to keeping a door-mat in the back yard, it is difficult to contend² successfully with him. When he thought we had become

¹ Cōn' cen trātes, combines;
unites; condenses.

² Con tēnd', to strive against; to
oppose; to dispute.

fully resigned to his disposition of the mat, he became dissatisfied, and tore it in pieces. He was dissatisfied because we were resigned. He wished to do something provoking. He loves actions of this kind.

6. There was an inoffensive old broom which, having been discarded from the house, was used to sweep the back stairs. This he set upon and tore to pieces. The broom never did any harm; but its total innocence and inoffensiveness provoked him. Good nature is often provoking.

7. He has access to the cellar. He rules there. It was a very good and orderly cellar previous to his coming. If it be so now, it is according to canine, not human, views of order and neatness. He was furnished with a heap of old clothes for a bed. These have been torn up and dragged in every direction. He has no use for a bed. His time is too precious to be devoted to sleep. There are holes to be dug in the bare cellar floor, and any thing accidentally hung up within his reach must be torn down and destroyed or buried.

8. Old newspapers falling in his way must be torn in shreds. In his eyes the general appearance of the premises¹ is much improved by these bits of torn newspaper. He monopolizes the morning paper left at the door, and it is often found lying ignobly in one corner of the yard, covered with dirt, "gone to the dogs." He shows a great contempt for newspapers.

9. Nip is a great pet. This is what he was given us for; something on which we might expend our spare care and sympathy. Nip more than answers the purpose. He is always performing some aggravating and mischievous action, so that we never forget him—never.

10. He mines. The back yard is filled with numerous excavations and heaps of dirt. He buries bones in one place, and then digs large holes elsewhere, pretending to be looking for them. This is the only shadow of excuse made for any mischief committed in this line. As for eating, he swallows a meal in ten seconds. Yet it is a satisfaction to see that this aggravating little brute can not thus outrage nature with impunity, as evinced by his occasional bodily contortions, consequent upon an overloaded canine stomach.

¹ *Prém'is* es, a building and the ground attached.

11. We have a rooster. Before Nip's arrival he was a haughty and consequential¹ rooster in his own estimation. He issued his pronunciamientos² daily, claiming the allēgiance of all the feathery tribe, and boasted in long speeches concerning the completeness of his authōrity over the yard and hen-coop. But Nip has taken all the conceit out of him. Daily he chāses him into abject fear before his subjects. He has chased him from the high pedestal of his former dignity.

12. Adding injury to insult, he has torn out the most glorious of his tail-feathers. It is pitiful to see a rooster so completely demolished,³ bōth in appearance and dignity. Nip runs after the hens also. Not from motives of gallantry does he do this, but to hūmiliate more thoroughly the dejected, tail-ridden rooster. Our persecuted fowls have scārcely a place in which they may lay their heads or eggs in peace.

13. He has contests with an old tin pan, carried on with great noise and fury. He idealizes this pan into some terrible monster, and idealizes so successfully that the combat is more reāl than imagināry. The contest goes on over the whōle yard, the combatants swaying backward and forward; but Nip always comes off victorious.

14. We could dispense with his dragging this ūtensil up the steps and letting it rōll down again. In his estimation the dramatic effect may be very powerful, but the peace of the family is not at all increased by the clangor.⁴ It must be very gratifying to fight an oppō'nent so terrible, to be at times almost overcome, and yet to be always cērtain of victory.

15. The most provoking characteristic⁵ of this animal is that punishment, when inflicted, has no effect upon him. He is *ōften* tūrned out of doors in disgrace, but he ignores that as a punishment entirely. He refuses to be regarded with disapprobation. His manner speaks thus to us as he noisily scratches at the door for rēādmittance, or looks impudently in, his paw resting on the sill of a lōw window:

16. "Oh, you needn't look so crōss. You like all these pranks

¹ Cōn se quēn'tial, proud; full of vain pretences.

² Pro nūn'ci a mēn'to, a proclamation, as of a king to his subjects.

³ De mōl'ished, used up.

⁴ Clāng'or, a loud, shrill sound.

⁵ Chār'acter is'tic, that which is peculiar to a person or thing.

of mine after all. You couldn't get along without me. I am the 'Punch' of the household. Didn't I make a nice mess of the contents of your work-basket? I can do so again if you will only let me in."

17. He has occasionally been whipped, but seems to feel no shame on account of the eăstigătîon,¹ and, the operation over, always resumes his usual frisky manner. He has an admirable command of temper, and bears no malice. This disposition heaps coals of fire upon the heads of those whom he causes to lose temper.

18. To one's conscience it says: "There, you have lōst your temper, haven't you? And you a human being, but little lower than the āngels, and I nōthing but a dog, and a little one at that. Feel any better for that kick you gave me? It shall not make any difference in our relations. I am still your affectionate Nip, as full of mischief as ever."

19. Lōss of temper causes remorse, bōth for our weakness in losing it, and for mean acts committed while laboring under such loss. Were Nip but possessed of a nature full of stupid, ugly antagonism, causing him to seek revenge in snarling, biting, or a fit of sulks more or less prolōnged, there might be some degree of compensation in our ānger. But his persistent good humor and inevitable forgiveness is very aggravating.

20. Nip, after all, is a positive being. Although he at times annoys, yet he amuses and instructs. Dog nature is worth studying as well as human nature. And in the comparison between the two, the latter has sometimes cause to blush.

SECTION XII.

I.

50. THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

UP soared the lark into the āir,
A shāft of sōng, a wingèd prāyer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

¹ Căs'ti gătîon, punishment by whipping.

2. St. Francis heard ; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim ;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.
3. Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who can not wait,
From mōor ¹ and mere ² and darksome wōod
Come flocking for their dole ³ of fōod.
4. " O brother birds," St. Francis said,
" Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.
5. " Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds
With manna of celestial ⁴ words.
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoke by me.
6. " Oh doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays :
He givèth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.
7. " He givèth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And càrèth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care! "
8. With flutter of swift wings and sōngs,
Together rose the feathered thrōngs,
And singing, scattered far apart :
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.
9. He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily ⁵ had understood ;
He ònly knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

¹ Moor, waste land, covered with
heath or with rocks.

² Mēre, a pool or lake.

³ Dōle, a shāre ; a pōrtion.

⁴ Ce lēs'tial, heavenly.

⁵ Hōm'ily, a discourse ; a sermon.

II.

51. A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

SHIPWRECK and death that high, lonely rock—the dread and scourge¹ of the bay—had often caused. There it stood, right opposite the harbor, off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, yielding no food nor shelter for beast or bird.

2. Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One wild night in March, while the father was away in his fisherman's boat, the daughter sat at her spinning-wheel in their hut, awaiting his return. In vain she looked out on the dark driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.

3. The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's boat—it had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down. Half a mile from his cottage her father's body was washed up on the shore.

4. In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; yet she said in her heart, that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor.

5. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell she arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming from the sea, and guide him safely into harbor.² She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

6. As many hanks³ as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth,

¹ Scourge (skērj), a lash; a whip; a means of causing suffering.

² Hank (hāngk), a parcel containing two or more skeins of yarn or thread tied together.

³ Har'bor, a safe port for ships.

maturity,¹ and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

7. How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, can not now be told.

8. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned,² the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to the sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

9. What do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that.

10. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate³ to express their gratitude; or perhaps, long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.

11. Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold⁴ and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now that she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing or shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.

12. There is many a rock elsewhere, as perilous⁵ as the one I

¹ *Ma tū'ri ty*, a ripe or perfect state; the maturity of age usually extends from the age of thirty-five to fifty; also, a becoming due; the end of the time a note has to run.

² *Wāned*, decreased; lessened.

³ *In ād'e quate*, not equal or sufficient.

⁴ *Thresh'ōld*, the door-sill; entrance; outset.

⁵ *Pēr'il oās*, full of risk; dangerous.

have told you of; perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn a little longer, since this record of her charity is true.

III.

52. ROBIN'S MUSEUM.

ROBIN was a quiet, studious boy, and, being fond of animals and birds, he spent many hours in observing their habits. His greatest pleasure was to watch the birds, and after he had become quite familiar with the various kinds that frequented¹ the neighborhood, he determined to make a collection of them.

2. From a friend he learned how to prepare their skins for stuffing, and after many efforts he succeeded in making his dead specimens² look like living creatures. Robin was quite a skillful lad in the use of his gun, because his parents, finding him always careful and steady, had been able to trust him with one when he was quite young.

3. Whenever there was a school-holiday he went off into the woods and fields to find new birds, and he took pains to arrange those he procured in the classes to which they belonged. Though he did not hesitate to kill birds for this purpose, he loved the little creatures too well to shoot them at the wrong season, or to shoot them at all except to fill up a blank space in his cabinet.³

4. In the course of two years, Robin had quite a large collection of native⁴ birds; and so carefully were they stuffed that any naturalist⁵ might have been proud of them. When the great fire destroyed Chicago, all these treasures of his became ashes; but Robin was not discouraged. Two years after the fire he had another collection, which was even more complete than the first.

5. One day several of Robin's young companions called in to see his museum. None of them were more than sixteen

¹ Fre quent', to visit habitually.

² Spéc'i men, one of a kind.

³ Căb'i net, any close place where things of value are kept.

⁴ Nă'tive, belonging to the country where found.

⁵ Năt'u ral ist, one who studies the history of animals.

years old, and all were very much interested in his account of the birds and their habits.

6. On their way home they continued to talk about them. "It is all very well," said Edgar, "for a quiet fellow like Robin to shoot birds, and stuff them, and get up a nice cabinet, but *will it pay?*" Stephen suggested¹ that some society of natural history would, perhaps, buy Robin's collection, and thus recompense him for all his trouble. Gerald took a higher view.

7. "What if *no* society ever buys Robin's collection? He is already, and will continue to be, rewarded in enjoyment and knowledge, if not in dollars and cents. When other boys were playing games, Robin was roaming² through the woods; and when we have been on the street, idle, and looking for amusement, he has been happy stuffing and arranging his birds. So, I think, the knowledge he has gained, and the mischief he has escaped, have paid him well."

8. "Yes," said another, "money is not the only good in the world. I would rather possess the strength and activity the gymnasium³ gives me, for my trouble in going to it, than to receive a dollar a day in place of them;" and he took a tremendous leap over a street-fountain that they were just passing. The boys laughed, and Gerald said:

9. "I will tell you what I read lately about Audubon, the great American naturalist. One day, as he was roaming about in the woods, he saw a small brown bird, which, to his knowledge, had never been described. 'It must be a wren,' said he, 'and I must watch it to see if it is like any other American wren.' So he kept perfectly still,—as still as an Indian or an old hunter, until he saw that the bird had a mate, and that they were preparing to build a nest, for it was spring.

10. "He found where they had chosen a place for their little home. Then he moved noiselessly away; but the next morning at dawn saw him on the same spot, provided with a telescopic or compound microscope,⁴ so arranged that he could see his little friends at work without disturbing them.

¹ Sug g'est', to hint; to propose.

² Rōam'ing, wandering here and there.

³ G'ym nā'si um (zhī), a place

where athletic exercises are taken.

⁴ Mi'cro scope, an optical instrument used to magnify objects to which it is applied.

11. "He continued his study of the wrens through weeks of patient watching until he felt thoroughly able to give a full and accurate description of a native songster, until then unknown. Moreover, he made drawings so faithful in size, form, and color, that one of that species could be instantly and anywhere recognized by an observer. Ever a happy student of the works of Gōd, the scientific world received him with love and admiration, and bestowed honors that reflected lustre upon this his native land.

12. "He successfully accomplished whatever he undertook, because he was unwearied in the cāre and ěffōrt he expended upon it; and we would do well to imitate him in this respect at least."—"Well," said Stephen, "it is very true that the best work pays the best, so I intend to find out as many wonderful things in my studies as Audubon did in the woods."

SECTION XIII.

I.

53. IN TIME'S SWING.

FATHER TIME, your footsteps go
 Lightly as the falling snōw.
 In your swing I'm sitting, see!
 Push me sōftly; one, two, three—
 Twelve times ōnly. Like a sheet
 Spread the snow benēath my feet.
 Singing mērrily, let me swing
 Out of winter into spring.

2. Swing me out, and swing me in!
 Trees are bāre, but bīrds begin
 Twittering to the peeping leaves
 On the bough beneath the eaves.
 Wait—one lilac-bud I saw.
 Icy hillsides feel the thaw.
 April chased ōff March to-dāy;
 Now I cātch a glimpse of Māv.

3. Oh the smell of sprouting græss !
In a blúr the violets páss.
Whispering from the wild-wood come
Mayflower's breath, and insects' hum.
Roses carpeting the ground ;
Thrushes, òrioles, warbling sound :—
Swing me lōw, and swing me high,
To the warm clouds of July.
4. Slower now, for at my side
White pond-lilies òpen wide.
Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal-blossoms bùrn like fire.
They are gōne : the golden-rod
Flashes from the dark green sod.
Crickets in the græss I hear ;
Asters light the fading year.
5. Slower still ! October weaves
Rāinbōws of the fōrest leaves.
Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
Glimmer out of sleety dew.
Meadōw-green I sadly miss :
Winds through withered sedges hiss.
Oh, 'tis snowing, swing me fást,
While December shivers pást !
6. Frōsty-bēarded Father Time,
Stop your footfall on the rime !
Hard your push, your hand is rough ;
You have swung me lōng enough.
"Nay, no stopping," say you ? Well,
Some of your best stōries tell,
While you swing me—gently, do !—
From the Old Year to the New.

II.

54. GOD'S ACRE.

"DO you know, Arthur, why a burying-ground was called by the Anglo-Saxons 'Gōd's Acre.'—" *We* should say, George, if we wanted to express the same idea, God's Field, or

the place where Gōd sows His seed for the harvest.”—“Still, Arthur, the meaning is not quite plain.”

2. “In the first place, George, those old Saxons, when they became Christians, wēre vëry much in ěarnest. Some trũth of faith, or thought of God, was united to every name they bestowed¹ on the objects around them. They believed with their whōle heart and soul in the resurrection of the body; and thĕrefōre, when their friends died, and they laid them away in the ground, instead of mōurning without hope, as they did in pagan times, they said: ‘In these fields our good God sows the seed of our mortal bodies which are to spring up, in the day of the resurrection, fresh and beautiful like new grain.’

3. “Do you see, now, how beautiful and appropriate is the title of ‘God’s Acre’ when thus applied? As the grain of wheat which we plant bears no likeness to the green and slender stalk which it brings fōrth, so our mortal bodies, planted in God’s Acre, and guarded by the blessing of God’s Church, will rise again in glory, unlike our old selves, and yet, in reality the very same.”

4. “I think I understand you, Arthur. You mean that God will sōw our lifeless bodies in His fields, which are the consecrated burying-grounds and cemeteries; and these lifeless bodies of good men and women and children, will spring up new and vigorous at the lāst dāy, like the strōng fresh wheat stalks we see in summer.”

5. “Yes, George, you have the idĕā. And this belief of Christians in the resurrection of the body, gives the body, even āfter death, a sacred worth in their eyes.”

6. “How cheering, Arthur! Our bodies are not laid away, like worn-out garments, to moulder into dust, and burn up with the world. They are planted cārefully and gently in the ěarth, like the precious seed of wheat and other grains, waiting for the day when Jesus Christ will raise them to life like His ōwn glorious body.”

7. “Yes, George, and we should walk carefully, and with respect, among these graves, from which will rise such noble and beautiful bodies. In these *Acres* or *Fields of God*, He has

¹ Be stōwed’, gave.

planted precious seed—so precious that He never loses sight of them, though they may have been in the earth for thousands of years.”

III.

55. ST. PHILOMENA.

PART FIRST.

HER name must be Lumēna,” said the happy mother, “for did not our child come to us with the light of faith?”—“This is true,” said the prince, her father. “Publius has been more than a courtier; he has been to us a friend and brother.

2. “Through him we have learned the doctrines of the true faith, and received strength to practice them. Now, as he promised, our little daughter comes as a reward of this faith, which gives us so much happiness every day.” And with such gentle words was Lumēna, the first and only child of her royal parents, welcomed into life.

3. When the time came for her to be baptized, they said: “Is not our daughter the *child of light*? Therefore we must call her, not only Lumēna, but Filumēna,” and by this name she was baptized. The little Filumena lived in perfect peace with her good Christian parents and the learned Publius for her teacher, in her beautiful home beneath the blue sky of Greece, until she was thirteen years of age.

4. At this time, public affairs, as also the command of the Emperor Dioclesian, called the prince, her father, to Rome. Very seldom indeed had he been absent from his small kingdom, and now he could not think of leaving his wife and his young daughter behind him.

5. “You also shall go to Rome,” he said, “and see the great city, the mistress of the world. Together we will visit the tombs of the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and seek the blessing of the successor of St. Peter, Marcellinus, the holy Bishop of Rome.”

6. When he was allowed an interview¹ with the emperor, the princess, his wife, and Filumēna were with him. As the prince

¹ In'ter view. a meeting for conversation.

went on with his story, he noticed that the emperor paid very little attention to what he was saying, but looked continually at his daughter.

7. The prince did not much wonder at this, for Filumena was very beautiful. At length the emperor interrupted¹ him, saying, "Give yourself no further anxiety about this matter; all the force of my empire shall be at your disposal, and in return I will ask of you but one thing—the hand of your daughter."

8. The prince could scarcely believe his own ears. What! the daughter of a petty² prince in one corner of Greece, chosen to be the Empress of Rome! All this did not make him forget that it would cost him much to give up his daughter, nor that Dioclesian was a pagan³ and a persecutor of Christians.

9. But what could he do? Who ever heard of refusing an Emperor of Rome any request which he might make? Therefore, without appearing to hesitate for a moment, he agreed to give his daughter to Dioclesian. No sooner was Filumena alone with her parents than she said, "O my father! how could you promise me to the Roman Emperor, when I have vowed to consecrate myself to the service of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?"

10. "You were too young, my child, to make that vow."—"But having made it, how can I break it?" For the first time in her life Filumena's father looked at her in anger, saying, "Do not dare to disobey me!" For he knew the fearful consequences of thwarting⁴ the emperor's will.

IV.

56. ST. PHILOMENA.

PART SECOND.

WHEN the order arrived for Filumena to be brought into the presence of the emperor, she again reminded her parents that she was unable to fulfill the promise given by her father. It was in vain that they told her of the death that

¹ In ter rüpt'ed, stopped.

² Pët'ty, of small importance.

³ Pā'gan, an idolater; one who

has never been a Christian.

⁴ Thwart'ing, opposing; defeat-

ing; contradicting.

surely awaited her if she refused—of the destruction of her whole family.

2. Their words fell upon deaf ears; and even when both these beloved parents in terror knelt before her, saying, with tears in their eyes, "Take pity, Filumena, on your father, your mother, your country, your subjects," she exclaimed, "Have you not yourselves taught me these words of our Divine Lord? 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me?'"

3. She was carried to the palace and brought before the emperor, but it was only to refuse all the honors which he offered to her. Repelled¹ thus, his anger knew no bounds, and calling his guards, "Shut up this child," he exclaimed, "in a gloomy prison, load her with chains, and give her nothing but bread and water."

4. This horrible captivity had lasted thirty-seven days, when, in the midst of a heavenly light, Filumena saw the Virgin Mother of God before her, holding her Divine Son in her arms. "My daughter," said the Blessed Virgin, "three days more of prison, and then, after a great combat and terrible torture, thou shalt quit this state of pain." Then the celestial vision disappeared, leaving the heart of Filumena filled with divine courage, and the foul prison perfumed with a heavenly odor.

5. Dioclesian at last despaired of bending the resolution of his captive, and determined to punish her. "Since she is not ashamed to prefer to an emperor like Dioclesian," he said, "one who was condemned by His own nation to be crucified, she deserves to be scourged as He was."

6. His cruel order was carried out, until her body was one bloody wound and she appeared to be dying. She was then dragged to her prison to die alone. But our Lord, to whom she was so faithful, sent two angels all in shining white, to dress her wounds with healing balm.

7. The emperor was quickly informed of this prodigy. Brought before him, he beheld her with astonishment. "It is plain," said he, "Jupiter wishes you to be Empress of Rome." "Do not speak of Jupiter to me, who am a Christian maiden,"

¹ Repelled, resisted, refused.

answered Filumena. "Tie an anchor round her neck, and throw her into the Tiber!" shouted Dioclesian in a terrible rage and fury.

8. No sooner was this order executed, than the two shining angels again appeared, parted the rope that bound the anchor to her neck, and while it sank to the bottom of the Tiber, Filumena, in the presence of an immense multitude, was borne gently to the shore. This miracle converted hundreds to the faith; but the emperor ordered her to be shot with arrows and again thrown into prison.

9. Next morning she was brought before him perfectly healed, and the command of the preceding day was repeated. The arrows aimed at her remained suspended in the air. They were then collected and made red-hot, but left the bows only to turn in their flight and pierce the archers, six of whom were instantly killed.

10. Terrified, but still cruel, Dioclesian commanded her to be beheaded, which was done on the 10th of August, in the year 303, after Christ.

V.

57. SIR RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

PART FIRST.

THE sunlight falls on the Alpine heights,
 And jewels of every hue
 Flash out from the snow-wreaths sparkling bright,
 'Neath a heaven of cloudless blue.
 And the deer through the rocks on the mountain side
 Spring forward with eager bound,
 While a thousand echoes ring far and wide
 To the hunter's bugle¹ sound.

2. Oh, well may the wild deer bound away
 Through those mountain-forests grand,
 For Sir Rodolph of Hapsburg rides to-day
 At the head of a hunter band.

¹ Bu'gle, a hunting horn.

The highest places in field and hall
 Dóth brave Sir Rodolph claim,
 Stainless and bright is the *swôrd* he wears,
 And high is his knightly fame.

3. Glad as a boy in the mountain chase,
 And gay as a child is he,
 Yet he yieldeth to nône of his noble race
 In Christian chivalry.¹
 And his sword that never gave heedless² wound,
 Or struck at a fallen foe,
 To fight for the weak from its sheath³ would bound,
 Or to lay the tyrant low.

4. His læugh rings out at the sportive jest,
 There is mirth in his dark blue eye,
 His steed and his arm are fleetest and best
 When the deer and the hounds sweep by!
 But his voice in council is deep and grave
 As the oldest and sternest there;
 And the hunter gay, and the soldier brave,
 Is meek as a child, at prayer.

5. And now Sir Rodolph, in boyish glee
 Rides swift as the mountain wind,
 Till all his band, save⁴ a youthful page
 Are left in the hills behind.
 But he raises his bugle with joyous shout,
 And he winds a merry blást,
 Ha! ha! good Hubert! they little thought
 We should ride so far and fást.

6. They answer below ;—but a sôfter sound
 Comes borne on the breeze's swell,
 Now, why doth⁵ the count in such haste dismount
 At the sound of that tinkling bell?

¹ Chiv'al ry (shív'al rý), valor ;
 knightly courtesy.

² Heed'less, careless ; inattentive.

³ Shēath, a case for the reception
 of a sword.

⁴ Sāve, except.

⁵ Pāge, a boy attendant on a per-
 son of rank for show rather than
 for actual service.

⁶ Dóth (dúth).



And why is his eap doffed¹ reverently?²

And why dóth he bend the knee?

There are nône, save the page, or the peasant nigh,

And the mountaíns lord is he!

7. The lord of the mountaín doffed eap and plume,

A nobler than he to greet,

And the chiëftaín of Hapsburg bendèth low

His Monareh and Lord to meet.

An agèd priest to the plains below

Toils over the rocky rōad,

His hands are elásped, and his head is bowed,

For he beareth the hidden Gōd.

¹ Dóffed, removed.

² Rëv'er ent ly, humbly; respectfully.

VI.

58. SIR RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

PART SECOND.

THE priest hath paused beside the count,
 Sir Rodolph whispers low,
 "For His dear sake who died for me
 A boon¹ thou shalt bestow!
 I crave a boon for my dear Lord's sake!
 And thou shalt not me deny,
 My gallant steed in His service take,
 We will follow, my page and I."

2. "Nay, nay, sir knight, it must not be,
 A hunter chieftain thou—
 Thine eager train e'en now I see,
 Far in the plain below."
 "My train to-day must ride alone—
 Most foul disgrace 't would be,
 If thou on foot shouldst bear the Lord
 Who bore the Cross for me.
3. "And Gōd forefend² that Christian, e'er,
 Begirt³ with knighthood's sword,
 Should leave a mountain serf⁴ to be
 Sole follower of his Lord."
 The good priest mounts the noble steed,
 Sir Rodolph holds the rein,
 With careful step and reverend mien⁵
 Thus wend⁶ they to the plain.
4. The dying man his God receives—
 They mount the hill once more,
 And in the pass the grateful priest
 Would fain the steed restore.

¹ Boon, a favor.

² Fore fēnd', forbid; prevent.

³ Be girt', belted.

⁴ Serf, a peasant; a slave.

⁵ Miēn, deportment; behavior.

⁶ Wēnd, to go to or from a place.

- "Nay, father, nay," Sir Rodolph said,
And loosed the hunter's rein,
"The charger that hath borne my Lord,
I may not mount again."
5. "A faithful servant he hath been,
And well beloved by me,
God grant my noble steed may prove
As true a friend to thee.
"Farewell! thy homeward path is short
Down yonder wooded knoll,
Forget not in the Holy Mass
To pray for my poor soul."
6. A moment on his upturned face
The priest in silence gazed,
Then solemnly his aged hands
O'er Rodolph's head he raised.
"Sir hunter, when nine circling years
Have passed upon their way,
Thy loving Master will reward
Thy service of to-day."
7. They passed—fair Hapsburg's youthful chief
A stalwart knight had grown,
And now they need a king to fill
His native land's proud throne!
Nor hath his manhood's fame belied
The hope of early years,
For he is first in rank and name
Among his gallant peers.
8. Now serfs and nobles bend the knee,
To own with one accord,
As monarch of their German land,
Fair Hapsburg's noble lord,
And well the count remembered then,
The hoary father's word;
"Thy loyal service of to-day,
Thy Lord will well reward."



SECTION XIV.

I.

59. *WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.*

IT WAS the schooner¹ Hēs'perus
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had tākēn hīs little daughter,
To beār him cōmpany.

¹ Schoon'er, a small, sharp-built vessel with two masts.

2. Blue wēre hēr eyes as the fāiry flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of dāy,
And her fōrehēad white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of Māy.
3. The skipper¹ he stōōd beside the helm;²
His pipe wās in his mouth;
And he wātched how the veering³ flaw⁴ did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.
4. Then up and spake an old sailor,
Who'd sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yōnder pōrt,
For I fear a hūrricane."⁵
5. "Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful lāugh laughed he.
6. Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billōws frōthed like yeast.
7. Down came the storm, and smote amain⁶
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then lēaped her cable's length.
8. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roūghèst gale
That ever wind did blow."
9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's cōat
Against the stinging blāst;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the māst.

¹ Skīp'per, the māster of a small trading or mērchānt vessel.

² Hēlm, the instrument by which a ship is steered.

³ Vēer'ing, shifting; tūrning.

⁴ Flaw, a sudden būrst of wind.

⁵ Hūr'ri cāne, a fierce storm, marked by the great fury of the wind and its sudden changes.

⁶ A māin, with sudden fōrce.

10. "O fäther ! I hear the chûrch-bells ring ;
 O say, what may it be ?"
 " 'Tis a fôg-bell on a rock-bound cōast !"
 And he steered for the ôpen sea.
11. "O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;
 O say, what may it be ?"
 "Some ship in distress, that can not live
 In such an angrÿ sea !"
12. "O father ! I see a gleaming light ;
 O say, what may it be ?"
 But the father answered never a word—
 A frozen corpse was he.
13. Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,¹
 With his face tûrned to the skies,
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.
14. Then the maiden clâsped her hands and prayed
 That sâvèd she might be ;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
 On the lake of Galilee.
15. And fâst thrûgh the midnight dark and drear
 Thrûgh the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a shēetèd ghost, the vessel swept
 Toward the reef² of Norman's Woe.
16. And ever, the fitful³ gusts between,
 A sound came from the land ;
 It was the sound of the trampling sûrf⁴
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
17. The breakers were right benēath her bows ;
 She drifted a dreary wreck ;
 And a whooping⁵ billôw swept the crew,
 Like icicles, from hēr deck.

¹ Stark, ströng ; rugged.

² Rēef, a chain or line of rocks lying
 at or near the surface of the water.

³ Fîť'ful, often and suddenly ;
 changeable.

⁴ Surf (sērf), the swell of the sea
 which breaks upon the shore, or
 upon sand-banks or rocks.

⁵ Whooping (hqp'ing), crying out
 with eagerness or enjoyment.

18. She struck whêre the white and fleecy waves
Looked sôft as cardèd wool;
But the eruel rocks they göred her side
Like the horns of an angrÿ bull.
19. Her rattling shrouds,¹ all sheathed in ice,
With the måst went by the bôard;
Like a vessel of glâss, she stove and sank—
Ho ! ho ! the breakers rôared !
20. At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghâst,²
To see the form of a maiden fâir
Lashed close to a drifting måst.
21. The salt sea was frôzen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hâir, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billôws fall and rise.
22. Such was the wreck of the Hës'perus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

II.

60. WRECK OF THE WHITE SHIP.

IN the year 1120, King Henry the First of England³ went over to Normandy with his son, Prince William, and a great retinue,⁴ to have the prince acknowledged as his successor⁵ by the Norman nobles,⁶ and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou.⁷

2. Bôth of these things were triumphantly⁸ done, with great

¹ Shrouds, a set of ropes, reaching from the måst-heads to the sides of a vessel, to support the masts.

² Aghast (a gâst'), struck with sudden horror or fear.

³ England (ing' gland).

⁴ Rêt'i nûe, a train of attendants.

⁵ Suc cês'sor, one who succeeds

or follows; one who fills the place which another has left.

⁶ Nô'ble, a person of rank in Europe above the common people; a nobleman.

⁷ Anjou (ân'jô).

⁸ Tri ùmph'ant ly, victoriously; with joy and rejoicing.

show and rejoicing; and on the twenty-fifth of November the whole retinue prepared to embark at the port of Barfleur¹ for the voyage home. On that day, and at that place, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said :

3. "My liege,² my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire,³ to let your servant have the honor of steering you in the White Ship to England !"

4. "I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I can not, therefore, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

5. An hour or two afterward, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of those ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

6. Now the prince was a young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and who had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plow like oxen. He went aboard the White Ship, with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

7. "Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown? My father, the king, has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

8. "Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning, my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father, the king, if we sail at midnight!" Then,

¹ Barfleur (Bar flêr').

² Liège, a lord or superior.

³ Sire, a father; a king or emperor;—used as a title of honor.

the prince commanded to make mērry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the vessel.

9. When, at last, the White Ship shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going mērrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.

10. Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly in the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock—was filling—going down! Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat, with some few nobles. “Push off,” he whispered; “and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth! The rest of us must die.”

11. But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister, Marie, the Countess of Perche,¹ calling for help. He cried in an agony, “Row back at any risk! I can not bear to leave her!” They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was upset; and in the same instant the White Ship went down.

12. Only two men floated. They both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was? He said, “I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de L'Aigle. And you?” said he. “I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen,”² was the answer. Then they said together, “Lord be merciful to us both!” and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

13. By and by, another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to

¹ Perche (pērsh).

² Rouen (rō'en).

be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone! Gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner,¹ except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly² face, cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sunk to the bottom.

14. The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length, the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sunk; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher³ of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat—the sole relater of the dismal tale.

15. For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king. At length, they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lost, with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterward was seen to smile.

III.

61. HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
 The sweeping waves rolled on;
 And what was England's glorious crown,
 To him that wept a son?
 He lived—for life may long be borne,
 Ere sorrow break its chain:
 Why comes not death to those who mourn?
 He never smiled again!

2. There stood proud forms before his throne,
 The stately and the brave;
 But which could fill the place of one—
 The one beneath the wave?

¹ Cōm'mon er, one of the common people; one below the rank of nobility.

² Ghastly (gāst'li), like a ghost in appearance; death-like; pale.

³ Butcher (būch'er).

Before him passed the young and fâir,
 In pléasure's récklèss train;
 But seas dashed ô'er his son's bright háir—
 He never smiled again !

3. He sat whére festal bōwls went round;
 He hēard the minstrel¹ sing;
 He saw the tōurney's² victor crowned,
 Amidst the knightly ring:
 A mûrmûr of the restlèss deep
 Was blent with every strain;
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again !
4. Hearts in that time closed ô'er the trace
 Of vows once fondly pōured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place,
 At many a joyous bōard.
 Graves which true love had bathed with tears
 Were left to Heaven's bright rain;
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—
 HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN !

SECTION XV.

I.

62. THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping every whére;
 By the dusty rōadside,
 On the sunny hill-side,
 Close by the noisy brōök,
 In every shady nōök,
 I come creeping, creeping every where.

¹ Mĭn'strel, one of an order of men, in the middle ages, who obtained their living by singing to the harp, verses of their own, or, sometimes, those written by others.

² Tourney (tēr'nĭ), a mock fight in which a number of persons were engaged.

2. Here I come creeping, smiling every where;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping every where.
3. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping every where.
4. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
You can not see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping every where.
5. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
More welcome than the flowers
In Summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping every where.
6. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy Spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping every where.
7. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

II.

63. SPRING RAIN.

ALL dāy, the low-hung clouds have dropt their garnered fullness down; all day, that soft, gray mist hath wrapt hill, valley, grove, and town. There has not been a sound to-day to break the cālm of nature; nor motion, I might almost say, of life, or living creature; of waving bough, or warbling bird, or cattle faintly lōwing: I could have hālf believed I heard the leaves and blossoms growing.

2. I stood to hear—I love it well—the rain's continuous sound; small drops, but thick and fāst they fell, down straight upon the ground; for leafy thickness is not yet, Earth's naked breast to screen, though every dripping brānch is set with shoots of tender green.

3. Sure, since I looked, at ēarly morn, those honeysuckle buds have swelled to double growth; that thorn hath put forth larger studs; that lilac's cleaving cones have būrst, the milk-white flowers revealing; even now upon my senses first, methinks their sweets are stealing. The verry ēarth, the steamy air, are all with fragrance rife; and grace and beauty every where are bursting into life.

4. Down, down they come, those fruitful stores, those earth-rejoicing drops: a momentary deluge pours, then thins, decreases, stops; and ere the dimples on the stream have circled out of sight, lo! from the west a parting gleam breaks forth of amber light.

III.

64. THE PITCHER PLANT.

ONCE upon a time, a hundred—yes! more than a hundred years ago, a good missionary priest was making his way through the wilds of that country we now call Cālifornia.¹ He was visiting the scattered Missions among the roving tribes of

¹ Cāl'i for'ni a. The first missions established there were at San Dīe'go in 1769, and seven years later at San Francisco. In 1822 Mexico confiscated all mission property. The country was ceded to the United States in 1847, and the next year gold was discovered.

that lately discovered land, and was then seeking a station where he proposed to meet a band he had visited the preceding year.

2. Journeying on foot, directing his course by sun or stars, and guided by such wood-craft as he had learned from his dusky neophytes,¹ he had traveled far. His soul, filled with the burning zeal of one who carries the glad tidings of redemption to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, scarcely heeded the demands of the body.

3. On this day, however, his strength was sorely tried. Hour after hour he had journeyed over the arid² plain toward the distant forest. He was parched with thirst and looked in vain for some cooling stream, or even for the shelter of some great rock, where he might for a time take refuge from the pitiless beams of the burning sun.

4. But no! he must struggle onward still. At length the wished-for forest is reached, and he has just strength enough to pass its borders, and drop prostrate under its shadow. But the pangs of thirst still torment him, and, unable to move farther, he lifts every leaf his hand can reach in hopes to find some few drops of moisture concealed beneath them.

5. Presently he noticed a leaf, curiously twisted, as he thought, by a freak of nature; but another glance showed him quite a cluster similarly formed. Each leaf was supported on a slender stem, and gradually expanded into an open cone; the upper edges forming a graceful outline resembling that of an antique drinking-horn. Its color was dark green, beautifully veined with crimson.

6. Struck by its peculiar appearance, the missionary soon discovered that its cavity was filled with the water for which he was perishing. In a transport of gratitude and wonder, he knelt on the dry turf, blessed himself, and then, bending the slender stem of the leaf, wet his parched mouth with this refreshing water. Leaf after leaf was thus drained until his fever was assuaged.³

7. His soul went up to God in an act of adoring love before this little plant, whose leaves, hidden in a thicket, showed so

¹ *Ns'o phyte*, one recently admitted into the Church by baptism.

² *Ar'id*, dry; parched with heat.

³ *As suāged'*, lessened; relieved.

manifestly the wonderful Providence which sweetly controlleth all things. Then, with a sigh that spoke of returning strength, and a prayer of thanksgiving, he held his consecrated hand over the humble plant and blessed it for all who might hereafter drink of it in weariness.

IV.

65. *THE NATIVE LAND.*

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,
 Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
 Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
 There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
 But sentineled in Heaven, its glorious presence
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
 Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
 The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
 Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
 That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

SECTION XVI.

I.

66. *MIDSUMMER.*

THROUGH all the long midsummer-day
 The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
 I seek the coolest sheltered seat
 Just where the field and forest meet,—
 Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
 The ancient oaks austere¹ and grand,
 And fringy roots and pebbles fret
 The ripples of the rivulet.²

¹ *Au stōre'*, harsh; rough.² *Riv'u let*, a small river or brook.



2. I watch the mowers as they go
 Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row ;
 With even stroke their scythes they swing,
 In tune their merry whetstones ring ;
 Behind the nimble youngsters run
 And toss the thick swaths¹ in the sun ;
 The cattle graze ; while warm and still,
 Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
 And bright, when summer breezes break,
 The green wheat erinkles² like a lake.

¹ Swath (swath), a line of grass or grain formed in mowing or reaping.

² Crinkles (krink' lz), runs in and out in short bends or turns.

3. The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me ;
Quickly befōre me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail,
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
4. Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklèt rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The sqüirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house,
The òriole flashes by ; and, look !
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue-bird trims his cōat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.
5. As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace ! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read :
Contentment in my heart abides,
A dreamy cālm upon me glides,
And lulled to rest by summer's voice,
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

II.

67. THE POOR STUDENT OF SARZANA.

“THE Poor Student of Sarzānā, and yēt he waş the companion of saints and of lēarnèd men ! I do not understand how this could have been. It could not be now-a-days, Brother Thomas, in one of our mōdern ¹ ūniversities, ² espēcially in Amērica. To be a poor student is to be shut out from all this charming companionship, even if such a person could succeed in getting into a university at all.”

2. “Ah, Eugēne,” said Brother Thomas, “you must remēm-

¹ Mōd'ern, the present time. assemblage of schools, in which
² Ūniversity, a school or an are taught all branches of learning.

ber that the old Catholic universities of Europe, where monks were the great doctors and professors, were very different places from the universities of to-day. The Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans and their branches, sent out scholars who have been the admiration of the world. Some of these scholars came from princely castles, others from the cottages of peasants; yet all were united in one great religious family.

3. "Each student when he entered the monastery¹ became a child of this family. If he had talents, his superiors were not only willing, but eager to give him every facility required for their fullest development; so that a promising novice² had remarkable advantages."

4. "But what if this genius were simply a student and *not* a novice?"—"In that case, the members of these Orders, which presided³ as I have said over the universities, being unworldly men, if they saw a poor student"—"Like our poor student of Sarzana?"

5. "Yes, Eugene, like our poor student of Sarzana, they immediately recognized and encouraged his merit. Loving learning as they did, the monks naturally loved those whose genius could illustrate⁴ learning; and in those days, poverty was not so despised as it is in our age."

6. "Ah, I see now how my poor student could have such companions." Charlie, who had been listening with interest, here entered into the conversation with the questions, "Who was this poor student of Sarzana? What did he accomplish?"

7. "This Thomas of Sarzana," replied Brother Thomas, "became a Cardinal. On the death of Pope Eugenius IV. in 1447, he was chosen as his successor, and ascended the Papal throne under the name of Nicholas V."—"He was a Pope then—Pope of Rome!"—"Yes, Charlie, and his name stands high in the long list of those Popes who, by their virtues and talents, have made the Holy See illustrious in the eyes of all men."

8. "At that time there were many Greeks at Rome who had been driven from their native country by the continual irrup-

¹ *Mōn'as ter y*, a house of religious retirement.

² *Nōv'ice*, one who enters a religious house intending to take the

vows and become a member.

³ *Pre sid'ed*, governed; directed.

⁴ *Il lūs' trate*, to make distinguished; to explain what is obscure.

tions¹ of the cruel Turks, and who brought with them such of their possessions as would not impede their flight. Among these were many precious manuscripts.² Nicholas V. was always eager to purchase any such at a generous price. He also offered rewards to all who would find and bring to him any manuscripts of value.

9. "In this way he accumulated five thousand of these choice writings, the richest collection that had been made since the destruction of the Alexandria library."—"That was magnificent!"³ exclaimed both boys. "And now, Charlie," said Eugene, "I will read to you the remainder of this sketch of the life of Nicholas V.:

10. "To him we owe the present basilica of St. Peter's. His idea was to build a church which should be to Christendom what the temple at Jerusalem was to the tribes of Israel. To this end, it should be grand in its proportions and in its architecture, and to this object he devoted all the means really at his command.

11. "He began this majestic undertaking, and rebuilt the Vatican⁴ palace, adding to it a library for its precious manuscripts, and galleries for its works of art. Two exquisite chapels of his erection remain to this day, memorials of his taste and devotion. One is called the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and the other, scarcely larger than an oratory, was named for his patron St. Nicholas.

12. "These chapels are adorned with pictures from the hand of a holy monk, Fra Angelico. The subjects of these paintings are all sacred, many of them from the Passion of our Lord, others from the lives of the early martyrs."⁵ Brother Thomas here interrupted the reading to say, "Yes, boys, I have seen engravings of three of these paintings which portray the history of St. Stephen, the first martyr. I admired them so much that all other pictures on the same subject have appeared to me coarse and worthless in comparison."

¹ Ir rūp'tion, a sudden entrance of invaders into a country.

² Măn'u scripts, books in writing; the only form of books before the invention of printing.

³ Mag nîf'i cent, on a grand scale.

⁴ Văt'i can, a palace of the Popes on the Vatican hill, adjoining the celebrated church of St. Peter's.

⁵ Mar'tyr, one who suffers death in consequence of his adherence to the Christian faith.

13. "Is there anything mōre?" said Charlie. "Very little, except the notice of his sorrow on the death of his mother."—"I had forgotten that Popes had mothers."—"But Pope Nicholas did not forget his mother, and always manifested his respect and affection for her. She died at the advanced age of eighty, during a pilgrimage which she undertook from Sarzana to Rome in the Jubilee¹ year of 1450."

III.

68. THE SUMMER RAIN.

OH the rain, the beautiful rain!
 Chēerily, mērrily falls,
 Beating its wings 'gainst the windōw-pane,
 Trickling down the walls—
 Over the mēadōw with pattering feet,
 Kissing the clover-blossoms sweet,
 Singing the blue-bells fast asleep,
 Making the pendent² willows weep,—
 Over the hillside brown,
 Over the dusty town,
 Mērrily, chēerily, comēth it down,
 The rain, the summer rain!

2. Oh the rain, the welcome rain!
 Sōftly, kindly, it falls
 On tīny flower and thīrsting plain,
 And vine by the cottage-walls;
 Lāughingly tipping the lily's cup,
 It fillēth the crystal chālīce³ up,
 Joyously greeting the ēarth that thrills
 Through her thousand veins of gāthering rills—
 Over the vīolet's bed,
 Over the sleeping dead,
 Comēth with kindly tread
 The rain, the gentle rain!

¹ Ju' bi lee, every twenty-fifth year, at which time unusual spiritual advantages are granted to Catholics, who undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, or perform other acts of

faith or charity prescribed by the Holy Father.

² Pēnd'ent, supported from above; supported; hanging.

³ Chāl'ice, a cup or bowl.

3. Oh the rain, the cheering rain!
 Drifting slowly, sweetly down,
 Where spreading fields of golden grain
 The sloping hillsides crown ;
 Flecking with dimples the lake's calm face,
 Quickening the schoolboy's tardy pace,
 Caressing a bud by a wayside stone,
 Leaving a gem as it passes on,
 In the daisy's breast,
 On the thistle's crest,¹
 And the buttercup richly blest
 By the rain, the generous rain !

SECTION XVII.

I.

69. BLIND AGNES.

"TELL me, what is your name, my child?" the old lady asked as they took their way to the orange grove. "I have said it, lady; it is Agnes; that is for the lamb, you know. They call me Blind Agnes; and sometimes, in their sport, the children name me, also, the Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament."

2. "Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament," said the lady in an undertone; "what a strange name, and what a strange child! And does not this blindness grieve you?" she said aloud. The question sounded cruel, and the lady felt that it did, yet she could not resist² the temptation of trying to penetrate the secret feelings of this child, who had interested her so strongly.

3. There was no trace, however, of pain or of regret upon the face of Agnes as she answered—"It would grieve me sadly, lady, were it not for Him."—"For whom, my child—the old man I saw speaking to you just now?"

4. "No, lady, not Francisco, though he is a comfort also. I spoke of Francisco's Master and of mine—of Jesus; of Him

¹ *Crēst*, a tuft or plume for the head. ² *Re sist'*, to struggle against.



who made us both;
of Him who dwell-
eth ever with us on
our altars.”—“You
speak of God, my
child,” said the lady,
reverently. “He,
in truth, is every-
where; but you can not see Him on the altar?”

5. “No; but I know Him to be there. I feel that He is with me, and I with Him, and so I do not need eyes to see Him.”—“And is there nothing, then, you want to see?” The old lady went on, as it were, in her own despite,¹ for she felt all the danger of awakening regret in so thoughtful a mind.

6. “The light, for instance—the glorious light of heaven, the sun, the moon, the myriads of stars that tell us of the glory of their Maker?”—“No,” said the child, “for I have Him who made them, and He Himself is the ‘light of the world.’”—“Or the beautiful face of nature—the deep valley, the mighty mountain, or that mountain of mountains—your own Vesuvius?”

¹ De spite’, in opposition to.

7. "I have Him," said the child, in an untroubled voice, "and He is mightier than all His works."—"Or the buildings of your city, the stately¹ palaces, the sacred temples? Yönder little chûrch, for instance, which we have just quitted, and which might have been the work of angels or of fairies, it is so spirit-like and full of grace?"

8. "These are but the creations of man, lady;" and there was a shade of grave rebuke in Agnes' voice; "and if I long not to see *His* works, shall I sigh to look upon the works of His creatures?"—"Well, Agnes, the flowers, at least, are His own work; tell me, do you not sometimes sigh to gaze upon the flowers, which He has scattered so profusely over this soft, southern land?"

9. "They are soft to the touch, and sweet to the senses," Agnes answered, after a mōment's pause. "And He was called the 'flower of the rōot of Jesse.' So they müst be precious things, those flowers! But yet," she added, in an assured² and earnest tone, "I do not regret them, for I have Him, and He made them, and, beautiful as they are, He must be a thousand million of times more beautiful than they."

10. "Happy child," said the lady, sadly. "He has, indeed, robbed you of your sorrow; would that I knew where you had found Him, that I might go and seek Him also."—"Do you not know where to find Him?" said Agnes, in great surprise. "He is ever on the altar; if you are in sorrow, go and seek Him there, and He will speak sweet comfort to your soul."

11. The lady did not answer. Something in the child's voice and manner had recalled sad memories to her mind, and her tears were falling fast, nor did she try to check³ them, until they had nearly gained the grove to which their footsteps were directed. How öften during the drive back to Naples, did the words of Agnes recur⁴ to her memory—"If you are in sorrow, go and seek Him on the altar, and He will speak sweet comfort to your soul."

12. She was not a Catholic, this old lady, or she would have understood the deep meaning of these simple words—the hōly

¹ Ståte'ly, imposing; handsome; doubt, or hesitation.
of great dignity.

³ Chëck, to stop; to hinder.

² As sured', without uncertainty,

⁴ Re cur, to come back again.

truth, that He, whose dwelling is in the bosom of His Father, has also made Himself a home among the children of men, where He imparts to them the sweetness of that sacred Humanity, whose bitterness He has reserved for Himself alone.

13. And so He comes to us, the Virgin's Child, the meek and lowly Jesus, to dwell forever with us in the sacrament of His love, never again to be absent, even for an hour, from the world of His redemption and special¹ predilection²—ever living for us, with us, and among us.

14. In the noon-tide glare, in the midnight gloom—in the crowded city and in the lonely country places—everywhere is He found upon our altars giving rest to the weary, comfort to the afflicted, and calmer and holier joy to the glad of heart; leaving it to no creature of earth to say that he sought his Lord and had not found Him.

15. Happy they who hearken to the loving invitation, "Come unto Me," and who, if not always in the body, always at least in spirit and desire, dwell beneath the shadow of His altars amidst the infinite riches of His Real Presence.

II.

70. *THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.*

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very joy, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction³ to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

2. O one, O only mansion,
 O paradise of joy,

¹ Spē'cial, more than ordinary.

² Pre di lēc'tion, loving before-hand; as Christ from the beginning

loved the world which He afterward redeemed.

³ Unc'tion, soothing; refreshing.

Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop¹ of the wall.

3. With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius² and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays.
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;³
 Thy saints build up the fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

III.

71. THE LITTLE CASH BOY.

DAN was a cash-boy in one of the largest retail stores in New York. There was not one boy there lighter on his feet, or more quick to hear and to answer a call than Dan. Then he always had a merry smile on his face and a merry word on his lips. As a matter of course, there was not a greater favorite among the regiment of cash-boys than he.

2. The partners of the rich firm,⁴ noticing his bright, intelligent face, and quick ways, spoke favorably of him to each other, and predicted for him a bright future. But Dan, fully satisfied with the present, thought very little of the future until he was about fourteen years old and saw himself growing tall and, his sisters said, handsome.

3. Then for the first time he looked around him with a more penetrating eye, and took in the idea of a vast building filled with beautiful things for rich people to buy. He noticed, as he had never noticed before, the conversation and manners of the rich customers, and he ascertained by degrees how and where they lived.

¹ *Hys'sop*, an aromatic plant.

³ *Unpriced*, beyond all valuation.

² *Sar'di us*, a precious stone;
 probably the carnelian.

⁴ *Firm*, the name under which a
 company transacts business.

4. What grand houses those were ! Passing them at evening on his way home, he saw them brilliantly lighted with gas, filled with costly furniture, adorned with beautiful pictures and statuary. At such times, a longing arose in his soul to possess a home like some of these, and when he found himself at the door of his father's small dwelling, it looked dingy and poor to him.

5. The natural result of all these observations and reflections was that Dan made up his mind to be a rich man. But his Catholic faith colored his day-dreams in this wise: "I will be rich," he said to himself, "and of course I will have a beautiful home, but I will also give to the poor, and help to build churches, and do a great deal of good. So the quicker I get rich the better."

6. Things had come to this high-water mark in Dan's mind when an incident¹ occurred that suggested to him reflections of an entirely different character, and so interfered² with his glowing pictures of wealth and prosperity as quite to disturb him.

7. For some time past, Dan had missed from the crowd of gay customers at the store, one sweet face which had won him by its bright smile and the kindness of the modest eyes. He knew where this lovely lady lived, and he had heard that she was a Catholic, beautiful, admired, and rich.

8. Little fellow as he was, it made him happy to see her, and he used to think how good it would be if there were thousands of such Catholics in the city, and he were one of them. He did not know that the riches of the Church are her poor, and that wealth is full of temptations against piety.

9. When this lady ceased to frequent the store, he concluded that she had gone to Europe, or had made a grand marriage. What, then, was his surprise one day to see her enter in the habit of a "Little Sister of the Poor" ? The sweet face was as lovely, the smile as bright, the modest eyes as kind as ever, and her step as graceful as, when clothed in costly fabrics,³ she moved over carpeted floors.

10. He had been greatly interested in her as a realization of his ideal⁴—a faithful and devoted child of the Church, endowed

¹ In'ci dent, an event ; an occurrence.

² Fäb'rics, manufactured goods.

³ In ter fëred', opposed ; clashed.

⁴ I dë'al, a standard or model of perfection or of duty.

with all the external gifts of fortune—gifts that he was just beginning to appreciate¹ and to desire.

11. Now, where was Dan's ideal? Vanished! With a sobriety not usual with him, he carried her bundles of coarse goods from one counter to another, brought her the change for the small bank-note which paid for her purchases, and held the door open wider than ever before as she passed quietly out into the broad street.

12. For the first time in his life, Dan's steps were slow that morning and his ear deaf to the cry of "Cash! Cash!" His ideas ran in an unwonted channel, and he felt as if in a maze that confused him. On his return home at night, he found that the grand houses on the avenue attracted him less, and his own humble home, so neat and frugal, had a new charm.

13. As the weeks passed, Dan said to himself, "She *had* all that I desire, and she cast it aside. She *did* all that I propose to do, and yet she found she was not doing enough. Then the poverty of a religious life must be more powerful for good than the wealth of this world; the coarse habit better than fine linen; the charms of the cloister more attractive than all the praises society can bestow on beauty, grace, and so many accomplishments."

14. Dan saw that there were other ways of serving God and the Church than by getting rich, and he thought of the possibilities of losing one's soul in the effort and struggle required. One pay-day he told Mr. Price that he would give up his place, and that he knew of a boy who could fill it.

15. "Ah, Dan! how is this? If you want more wages, we will give you as much as any firm in the city will offer."—"Thank you," said Dan; "I am not leaving you for the sake of more money. To-morrow, sir, I enter a religious order as a novice, for I have made up my mind that I can do better for God and my own soul in this way than I could by making a fortune."

16. The eyes of the rich man looked a moment into the honest eyes of Dan. Then, laying his hand on the lad's head, he said, "God bless you, my boy! I have no doubt you could be rich if you wanted to be, but you have chosen the better part."

¹ Appreciate (ap prē'shī āte), to set a value on.

IV.

72. THE WREATH UNFADING.

THE golden thrones blazed out like fire,
 Amidst the sea of white,
 And āngel bands joined happy hands
 With fāirest flowers bedight;¹
 It was a festal² day in heavēn,
 Of infinite delight.

2. In bright array, with garlands gay,
 The happy angels sped,
 "With something sweet, oh, let us greet
 Our Lord to-day!" they said.
 "Can we not find a wrēath to bind
 His ever-glorious Head?"
3. "A wreath of flowers—for flowers are fāir—
 His handiwork they are,
 With here and there a jewel rāre,
 And here and there a star,
 A wreath of radiance and of light,
 With glōry glēaming far?"
4. "Dear unto God are stars and flowers,"
 A sērāph's voice replied;
 "And yet I know what He would love
 Far more than all beside,
 A wreath of souls, oh, let it be,
 Of souls for whom He died!"
5. Whereon bright āngels swiftly sped
 To earth's unlovely shōre,
 And each a young child's sinless sōul
 To heaven in triumph bōre;
 And mothers wept upon the ēarth,
 Whose children were no mōre.
6. And with those sōuls a wreath they made,
 Wherewith to crown their King;
 And at His feet with homage meet,

¹ Be dight', adorned; bedecked.² Fēs'tal, pertaining to a feast.

They laid their offering;
 Oh, infinite and rare delight,
 Oh, joy no tongue can sing!

7. But many wept on earth the while,
 And would not be consoled;
 The children fair were lying there,
 All stiff, and still, and cold;
 And nothing of the soul's delight
 Those lifeless bodies told.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

73. THE PELICAN.

“OH, grandpa! grandpa! please make one of your beautiful pelicans on my new slate;” and Anna held up her new slate and sharp-pointed pencil in the most coaxing way possible. With a kind smile, like nobody’s in the world but grandpa’s, he took the sharp-pointed pencil in his hand.

2. “Let us see,” said he; “how shall we make the pelican?”—“Oh, with its head over its wing, looking back at all the other pelicans,” said Anna. Grandpa’s skill in making pelicans was really wonderful. After a flourishing stroke with his pencil, Anna saw her favorite bird sitting on its nest of coarse grass, its long neck turned gracefully over its wing, looking, as she said, for the other pelicans.

3. But one pelican was not enough, and grandpa’s patience seemed equal to her demands. Large ones and small ones appeared on the slate as if by magic, until Anna fairly clapped her hands with delight. When she had watched grandpa’s skillful fingers for a while, she said:

4. “Is there really such a bird as the pelican, grandpa?”—“Oh, yes, my dear, and a very famous bird it is, too.”—“Where does it live?” said Anna. “Among the Rocky Mountains or the cliffs of the Yellowstone, that cousin Dick told us about last evening? In some of those wild places, I suppose?”

5. "Oh, a great deal further off than the Yellowstone or the Rocky Mountains. As far off as Africa and Asia. They are found, too, in some parts of Europe, as in Hungary and along the river Danube."—"Shall we never see them in America?"—"Not unless we see them in books, I think," said grandpa.

6. "But I can tell you a good deal about them. They are as large as the swans you see on the lake in the Park. Their feathers are white like those of the swan, only with a rosy tint where the plumage is thick; the wing and tail feathers are just tipped with black, and they have a crest of yellowish feathers on their heads.

7. "Their bills are more than a foot long, almost fifteen inches, and at the end of this long, flat bill is a sharp hook, which I shall tell you more about by-and-by. They live on the sea-coast, especially where large rivers flow into the ocean, and on the shores of lakes and marshes.¹

8. "Whenever a fish leaps into the air or swims into the sunshine, the pelican is sure to see it, and swims as fast as the fish, which it catches in its bill. It does not swallow its prey, however, but drops it into a pouch or bag under its bill."—"Oh, yes, grandpa! these are the pouches which you make under their bills," said Anna, pointing to the pelicans on the slate.

9. "These pouches," grandpa went on to say, "are to the pelicans just what Fred's basket, which he swings over his shoulder, is to him when he goes fishing. The pelican puts the fish into this bag until it has caught enough for its breakfast, dinner, or supper."—"But what sort of a house does the pelican have, grandpa?"

10. "It builds a nest on the shore wherever it can find a cleft in the rock near the water. It lays four or five eggs, which are very white. The pelican brings fish to its young ones in its pouch. But instead of having a lid to the pouch, like Fred's basket, the pelican presses against it the sharp point of its bill, and the fish come out all ready to drop into the bills of the young pelicans, who are generally very hungry.

11. "But this is not all," continued grandpa. "If anything happens, and the mother-pelican has no fish for its brood,²

¹ Marsh'es, low lands covered with a small depth of water.

² Brood, a number of young birds of one hatching.

instead of letting them starve, she presses this sharp point of her bill against her breast until it bleeds, and thus feeds her young ones with her own blood."—"Oh, how good the pelicans are, grandpa! No wonder I love them!"

12. "And other people love these birds, Anna. If, next Sunday at Vespers, you look at the veil¹ of silk which is thrown over the shoulders of the priest when he gives the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, you will see a pelican embroidered² upon it in silver. The wings are spread, and the sharp beak is pressing on the breast, on which you will see drops of blood, with which she is feeding her callow³ brood.

13. "It is this great love of the pelican for her young which has made her a symbol⁴ of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, in which He feeds Christians with His own body and His own blood. When you are old enough to make your first Communion, you will think the pelican even more beautiful than you do now, and then Anna must not forget to pray for her grandpa." As he said this, grandpa's white hair drooped fondly over the sunshiny head of his dear little pet and grand-daughter.

II.

74. WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED.

THE Saviour, bowed beneath the Cross,
 Ascended Calvary's hill,
 While from the cruel, thorny wreath
 Flowed many a crimson rill.
 The brawny⁵ soldiers thrust Him on
 With unrelenting hand,
 Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
 He fell upon the sand.

2. A little bird that warbled near,
 That ever blessed day,
 Flitted around, and strove to wrench⁶
 One single thorn away.

¹ Vell (vāl), a garment long in proportion to its width.

² Elm broid'ered, adorned with fine needle-work.

³ Qäl' low, not yet feathered.

⁴ Sým'bol, a type; a representation.

⁵ Brawn'y, having large, strong muscles.

⁶ Wrēnch, to pull with a twist.

The cruel spear impaled ¹ his breast,
 And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
 The robin has his silver vest
 Incarnadined ² with red.

3. O Jesus ! Jesus ! Gōd made man !
 My dolours and my sighs,
 Sore need the lesson taught by this
 Wing'd wanderer of the skies.
 I, in the palace of delight,
 Or caverns of despair,
 Have plucked *no* thorns from Thy dear brow,
But planted thousands there.

III.

75. CHICKENS.

A CHICKEN is beautiful, and round, and full of cunning ways; but he has no resōurces³ for an emergency.⁴ He will lose his reckoning and be quite out at sea, though only ten steps from hōme. He never knows enough to tūrn a corner. All his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines.

2. He is impetuous⁵ and timid, and has not the smallest presence of mind or sagacity to discern⁶ between friend and foe. He has no confidence in any earthly power that does not reside in an old hen. Her cluck will he follōw to the last ditch, and to nothing else will he give heed.

3. If you take āwāy selfishness from a chicken's mōral make-up, and foolishness from his mental, you have a very charming little creature left. For, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate. They have sweet social ways. They huddle together with fond caressing chatter, and chirp soft lullabies.

4. Their toilet performances are full of interest. They trim

¹ Im pāled', pierced ; transfixed.

² In car'na dined, dyed red.

³ Re sōurc'es, supplies ; means.

⁴ E mer'gen cý, a sudden or unforeseen condition of things ; any

event which calls for prompt action or remedy.

⁵ Im pēt'ū oñs, fierce ; hasty.

⁶ Discern (diz zērn'), to see or understand the difference.

each other's bills with great thoroughness and dexterity,¹ much better indeed than they dress their own heads; for their bungling, awkward little claws make sad work of it.

5. It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they naturally make several revolutions² when they attempt to stand on one. Nothing can be more ludicrous³ than their early efforts to walk. They do not really walk. They sight their object, waver, balance, decide, and then tumble forward, stopping all in a heap as soon as the original impetus⁴ is lost—generally some way ahead of the place to which they really wished to go.

6. It is delightful to watch them as drowsiness films their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother croons⁵ them under her ample wings, and they nestle in perfect harmony.⁶ How they manage to bestow themselves with such limited accommodations, or how they manage to breathe in a room so close, it is difficult to imagine. But breathe and bestow themselves they do. The deep mother-heart and the broad mother-wings take them all in.

7. They penetrate⁷ her feathers, and open for themselves unseen little doors into the mysterious, brooding, beckoning darkness. But it is long before they can arrange themselves satisfactorily. They chirp, and stir, and snuggle, trying to find the warmest and softest nook.⁸

8. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whole tiny body, but it soon re-enters in another quarter, and at length the stir and chirr grow still. You see only a collection of little legs, as if the hen were a banyan-tree, and presently even they disappear; she settles down comfortably, and all are wrapped in a slumberous silence.

9. And as I sit by the hour, watching their winning ways, and see all the steps of this sleepy subsidence,⁹ I can but remem-

¹ *Dex tər'i tŷ*, readiness, skill, and ease in using the limbs; quickness and skill.

² *Rěv'o lū'tion*, the act of turning on a center; the motion of a body round a fixed point.

³ *Lū'di croūs*, droll; laughable.

⁴ *Im'pe tūs*, force of motion.

⁵ *Croon*, soothe by singing softly.

⁶ *Har'mo ny*, peace and friendship; agreement.

⁷ *Pěn'e trate*, to enter into.

⁸ *Nook* (ngk), a corner; a retired place.

⁹ *Sub sid'ence*, the act of falling into a state of quiet.

ber that outburst of love and sorrow from the lips of Him who, though He came to earth from a dwelling-place of ineffable¹ glory, called nothing unclean because it was common.

10. He found no homely² detail³ too homely or too trivial⁴ to illustrate our Almighty Father's love, but from the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the lilies of the field, the stones in the street, the foxes in their holes, the patch on a coat, the oxen in the furrow, the sheep in the pit, the camel under his burden, drew lessons of divine pity and patience, of heavenly duty and delight.

11. Standing in the presence of the great congregation, seeing, as never man saw, the hypocrisy⁵ and the iniquity gathered before Him,—seeing too, alas! the calamities⁶ and the woe that awaited this doomed people, a divine pity overbears His righteous indignation⁷ and cries out in sorrowful appeal, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not!”

IV.

76. TWO NEIGHBORS AND THE HENS.

IN a conversation I had with a man in New Jersey, he told me this anecdote. “I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up; but one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly.

2. “One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath,⁸ to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that

¹ In éf'fa ble, unspeakable.

² Hōme'ly, belonging to home; familiar; plain.

³ De'tāil, narrative or account.

⁴ Triv'i al, of little importance or worth; trifling; common.

⁵ Hý pōc'ri sý, the act of pretending to be other and better than one is; the taking upon one's self a

false appearance of goodness or religion.

⁶ Ca lām'i ty, a great misfortune or cause of misery.

⁷ In'dignā'tion, the feeling caused by that which is unworthy or disgraceful; anger.

⁸ Wrath (rāsh), very fierce anger; fury; rage.

he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged, because he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged—to sue him, or in some way get redress.¹

3. “I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure it would do better.

4. “After dinner, I went to my neighbor’s. He was in his garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted² him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed³ with wrath, and broke out in a great fury: ‘You have abused me. I will kill all of your hens, if I can get at them: I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.’⁴

5. “‘I am very sorry for it,’ said I: ‘I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.’

6. “The man seemed confounded.⁵ He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky—then down to the earth—then at his neighbor—then at his club, and then at the hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.⁶

7. “‘Tell me, now,’ said I, ‘what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I can not afford to lose the love and good-will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens, or any thing else.’

8. “‘I am a great fool,’ said the neighbor; ‘the damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compensate⁷ you, than you me, and to ask your forgiveness, than you mine.’”

¹ *Re dress'*, satisfaction or payment for wrong that has been done.

² *Ac cost'ed*, came to the side of; addressed; spoke to.

³ *In flamed'*, red; burning.

⁴ *Ruined* (*rq'ind*).

⁵ *Con found'ed*, entirely confused; at a loss what to say or do.

⁶ *Nothing* (*nũfh'ing*).

⁷ *Cõm pẽn'sate*, to make equal return to; to repay by giving what is of an equal value.

SECTION XIX.

I.

77. *A CITY STREET.*

I LOVE the woods, the fields, the streams,
 The wild flowers fresh and sweet,
 And yet I love no less than these
 The crowded city street;
 For haunts of men, where'er they be
 Awake my deepest sympathy.

2. I see the rich man, proudly fed
 And richly clothed, pass by;
 I see the shivering houseless wretch
 With hunger in his eye;
 For life's severest contrasts meet
 For ever in the city street!
3. Hence is it that a city street,
 Can deepest thoughts impart,
 For all its people, high and low,
 Are kindred to my heart;
 And with a yearning love I share
 In all their joy, their pain, their care!

II.

78. *THE CITY.*

NOT in the solitude alone
 May man commune with Heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity;
 Or only hear His voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

2. Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
 Through the great city rolled,

With everlâsting mûrmûr deep and loud—
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

3. Thy gôlden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
 And lights their inner hōmes ;
 For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
 And givèst them the stōres
 Of ocean, and the harvēsts of its shōres.

4. Thy Spirit is around
 Quickening the restlèss mæss that sweeps ålång ;
 And this etèrnal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the nūmberlèss thrōng—
 Like the reşounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempèst, speaks of Thee.

5. And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a cålm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billōwy breast—
 The quiet of that moment too is Thine ;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vâst and helpless city while it sleeps.

SECTION XX.

I.

79. URSULA.

URSULA was thirteen years ôld, the tallèst girl in the class, and a great fâvorîte with her companions.¹ To be sure, èvery body knew that Ursula Gray was “always eating,” and that her desk was generally in a state of inelegant disorder occasioned by the profusion of nut-shells, grape skins, etc., that lay strewn over the books and papers.

2. She had made her First Communion at Christmas, and Lent was approaching. One day in the latter part of Fēbry-

¹ Com pân'ions, those with whom we are accustomed to associate.

ary, Ursula came hōme to dinner with the intelligence¹ that Sister Gĕn'evĭève' had promised to give all the girls of her clāss Practices for Lent at the close of the afternoon, and each was to consider whatever fell to her lot as that mōst necessary for her special need.

3. "Some miracle is going to be worked, eh?" said her Cousin John, who was very fond of teasing Ursula. "What would you think a miracle now in my case, Cousin John?" said Ursula, lāughing. "I shall not tell you, 'Urša Minor; you would eat me up, if I did." Ursula, deep in the delights of bread-pudding with wine-sauce, lōst the point of this remark, and ōnly said, looking up, "I suppose I'll get whatever suits me best."

4. "I hope so, I am sūre," said her cousin; "Lent is a hungry season, though. It seems to me that Sister Genevieve might have taken that into consideration, and deferred² the giving out of Practices till the holidays."—"How absurd you are, Cousin John," said Ursula, her mouth full of pudding. "It is because of Lent that we are going to have the Practices. Children dōn't fāst from fōōd, but they can fast from sin," with which oracular³ phrase Ursula left the table.

5. "Ursula," said her mother that evening, "did you receive your Practice?"—"Yes, ma'am," said Ursula briefly.⁴ "What is it, Ursula?" asked her father kindly, noticing her hesitation. "I don't know it by heart, papa," she said, bending over her plate, "but it is in my pocket."—"Let us have it, then," and he held out his hand. Ursula saw that there was no help for it, so she placed in her father's hand the little folded paper, and putting on his glāsses, he read aloud:

PRACTICE FOR LENT.

6. "Moderation⁵ in eating and drinking." Tūrning to the other side of the slip, he continued: "The old custom⁶ will stand in thy way, but by a better custom it shall be overcome." A long, low whistle from Cousin John, and Ursula's face grew

¹ In tōl'li gĕnce, news.

⁵ Mōd e rā'tion, nēither too much

² De ferred', put off; postponed. nor too little.

³ O rāc'ū lar, grave and wise.

⁶ Cūs'tom, a manner or practice

⁴ Briefly, in few words.

continually repeated.

scarlet. "Miracles,¹ sure enough," said he. "Ursie! Ursie! this will be a terrible Lent for you. Mod-e-ra-tion in eat-ing."

7. "Hush, John," said his uncle, as Ursula began to cry. "One would think me a glutton,"² said she, "if they didn't know me."—"And any one who thought so would not be very far wrong," said her father, gravely; "you are constantly eating, in and out of season, and yet you are not a ——"

8. "Glutton," sobbed Ursula. "Oh, papā, a glutton; I do not eat myself sick, I never act niggardly,³ I always give other people some of what I have."—"I admit all that, Ursula, but it is time to call things by their proper names. You are thirteen years old, and a pretty good child—I may say a very good child in all other respects.

9. "No doubt I seem harsh, but it is the harshness of love, Ursula. This Practice, given by your teacher, seems to have fallen to you in a remarkable way. Try to observe it faithfully, and at the close of Lent I am quite sure you will not be sorry for having done so."

10. Ursula finished her supper in silence; she was thoughtful and sad, but not ill-humored. After the meal was over, the family went into the parlor, and Ursula took up her tatting and sat down beside her good mother. After a few moments, she said in a low, serious tone; "Mammā, I believe I am a glutton, and I never knew it till to-day.

11. "The girls all laughed when I read my Practice, and even Sister Gėneviėve said it just suited me. I saw it myself—that was why I hated to let Cousin John or any body know it. But I never, never thought I was a glutton before."

12. "I think papa was right, Ursula," said her mother; "you know how often we have spoken to you of this fault. It is a very ugly sight to see a great girl so fond of dainties,⁴ and with the habit of eating and nibbling so strong that she is continually tasting and chewing. A step in the right direction at this time will go far towards complete reformation, Ursie; six weeks may work wonders."

¹ *Mir'a cles*, occurrences which can not be explained by any natural causes.

² *Glūt'ton*, one who is habitually

guilty of excess in eating.

³ *Nīg'gard ly*, stingily; meanly.

⁴ *Dāin'ties*, such eatables as are especially agreeable to the palate.

13. "Mammā'," said Ur'sula with determination, "I hope it will. If I made a resolution to-night not to eat between meals during Lent, do you think I could keep it?"—"What do you think, Ursula?"—"I believe I could be faithful till Easter, mamma. I can try at all events, and I will."

14. Of the temptations overcome, the allurements resisted, the sweet delights foregone¹ by Ursula in that long season of self-denial, it is not necessary to speak. It is enough to say that she proved herself a heroine, and never once broke the law she made for herself, through the whole Lent.

II.

80. LITTLE JESSIE.

"H AND me some water, brother, wōn't you?"—"In a minute, Jessie." And Jessie's fevered cheek was pressed again to the pillow; and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making. At length he entirely forgot the request.²

2. "Please get it now, brother," he at last heard; and scattering knives, triggers and strings in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to her hot lips. But she turned her head languidly³ away. "Not this, please, but some fresh and cold from the well," she said. "Oh, don't be so particular, Jessie; this is fresh enough; and I'm so busy I can't go now; wōn't this do?"

3. She no longer refused,⁴ but quickly took the cup which was offered. It was the last time she ever called upon her brother for an act of kindness; ere another day had passed she stood beside the river of life, and drank its cool waters never to thirst again.

4. Of all who wept over the little coffin, as it lay on the bier before the altar, there were none who shed more bitter tears than the little boy who could not forget that he had refused the last request of his sister.

5. Children, are you kind to one another, or are you cross, selfish, and fretful? Remember that the time will come when

¹ Fore gōne', renounced; fore-borne to be enjoyed.

² Re quēst', something asked.

³ Lān'guīd ly, in a manner that shows great weakness.

⁴ Re fūsed', objected; declined.

some of those you love will be beyond your reach. Then how gladly would you give all you possess to have them back again. You will then be willing to resign everything for which you are now so ready to contend; but of what avail will it be? You can not bring them back.

6. Think of this when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish or unkind; for you know if one of you should die, the others will remember with sorrow every act of unkindness, every bitter word that passed your lips. But then it will be too late to recall them, too late to ask forgiveness.

7. Harry was a kind-hearted boy, and dearly loved his little sister. She had been sick but a very short time, so that he did not consider her dangerously ill, but this did not comfort him when she had gone. "O mother!" he would say, "if I had only brought that water for her, I could bear her loss better; but now she is where I can never, never wait on her again."

8. "My son," said his mother, "God in His infinite love has permitted this severe lesson that you may learn to be ever thoughtful of others and not become so much absorbed in your own pursuits as to forget the claims of those around you. Half of the harm we do in this world arises from thoughtlessness, and many consider that this absence of reflection excuses their wrong-doing. This is a great mistake. God will not hold them guiltless, for He *requires* us to love our neighbor as ourselves."

Be kind to each other!
 The night's coming on,
 When sister or brother,
 Perchance may be gone.
 To father and mother
 Let love guide thy speech;
 Refuse not another
 The joy in thy reach.

III.

81. LEGEND OF THE INFANT JESUS.

IN a small chapel rich with carving quaint,
 Of myst' symbols and devices bold,

- Where glowed the face of many a pictured saint,
From windōws high in gôrgeous drapery's fold.
And one large mellowed painting o'er the shrine
Showed in the arms of Mary—Mother mild—
Down looking, with a tenderness dīvine
In His clear, shining eyes, the Holy Child.
2. Two little brothers, orphans young and fâir,
Who came in sacred lessons to be taught,
Waited, as every day they waited thêre,
Till Father Bêrnard came, his pupils sought,
And fed his Mâster's lambs. Most innocent
Of evil or of any worldly lure,
Those children were; from e'en the slightest taint
Had Jesus' blood their guileless souls kept pure !
3. A pious man that good Dominican,
Whose life with gentle charities was crowned ;
His duties in the church as sâcristan,
For hours in daily rōutine' kept him bound,
While that young pair awaited his release,
Seated upon the altar-steps, or spread
Thereon their morning meal, and ate in peace
And simple thankfulness thêir fruit and bread.
4. And ôften did their lifted glânces meet
The Infant Jesus' eyes ; and oft He smiled—
So thought the children ; sympathy so sweet
Brought blessing to them from the Blessèd Child—
Until one day, when Father Bernard came,
The little ones ran fôrth ; with clâsping hold
Each seized his hand, and each with wild acclaim,
In eager words the tale of wonder told :
5. "O father, father !" bôth the children cried,
"The dear Child Jesus ! He has hêard our prâyer!
We prayed Him to come down and 'sit beside
Us as we ate, and of our feast take shâre ;
And He came down and tasted of our bread,
And sat and smiled upon us, father dear !"



Pallid¹ with strange amaze, Bernårdo said,
 “Grace, beyond marvel! Hath the Lord been here?”

6. The hēaven of hēavens His dwelling—dōth He deign²
 To viſit little children? Favored ye
 Beyōnd all thoſe on earthly thrones who reign,
 In having ſeen this ſtrangeſt mystery!³
 O lambs of His dear flock! to-mōrrōw, pray
 Jeſus to come again to grāce⁴ your bōard⁵
 And ſup with you; and if He come, then ſay,
 ‘Bid us to Thine own table, bleſſed Lord!’

¹ Pāl’lid, very pale.

² Deign (dān), to condeſcend.

³ Mÿs’ter y, ſomething that can
 not be explained.

⁴ Grāce, to adorn; to make de-
 lightful.

⁵ Bōard, here uſed to ſignify
 a repāſt.

7. " 'Our mǎster, too !' do not forget to plead
 For me, dear children ! In humility
 I will entreat Him your meek prâyer to heed,
 That so His mērcy may extend to me !"
 Then, a hand laying on each lovely head,
 Devoutly the old man the children blessed.
 " Come ēarly on the morrow morn," he said,
 " To meet—if such His will, your heavenly guest !"¹
8. To meet their father by the next noon ran
 The youthful pǎir, their eyes with rapture² bright.
 " He came !" their happy, lisping tongues began ;
 " He says we all shall sup with Him to-night !
 Thou, too, dear father ; for we could not come
 Alone, without our faithful friend—we said.
 Oh ! be thou sūre our pleadings were not dumb,
 Till Jesus smiled consent, and bowed His head."
9. Kneeling in thankful joy, Bernardo fell,
 And through the hours he lay entranced³ in prâyer ;
 Until the solemn sound of vesper bell
 Aroused him, breaking on the silent āir.
 Then rose he, cālm, and when the psālms were o'er,
 And in the aisle the chānt⁴ had died away,
 With soul still bowed his Mǎster to adore,
 Alone he watched the fast departing day.
10. Two silvery voices, calling through the gloom
 With sērāph sweetness, reached his listening ear ;
 And swiftly pāssing 'neath the löfty dome,
 Sōon, side by side, he and his children dear
 Entered the ancient chapel, consecrate⁵
 By grace mysterious. Kneeling at the shrine,⁶
 Befōre which, robed in sāc'erdotal⁷ state,
 That morning he had blessed the bread and wine,

¹ Guēst, one who visits another.

method of singing.

² Rǎp'ture, extreme delight.³ Cōn'se crate, here used in the⁴ En tranced', so absorbed in thought as to be almost or quite unconscious.

sense of consecrated ; hallowed.

⁶ Shrine, a place of special devotion.⁷ Chant, a slow, measured, grave⁷ Sāc'er dō'tal, belonging to the priesthood.

11. Bernardo prayed. And then the chosen three
 Received the sacred Hosts the priest had blessed,
 Viaticum for those so soon to be
 Borne to the country of eternal rest;
 Bidden that night to sup with Christ! in faith
 Waiting for Him, their Lord beloved, to come
 And lead them upward from this land of death,
 To live forever in His Father's home!
12. In that same chapel, kneeling in their place,
 All were found dead, their hands still clasped in prayer:
 Their eyes uplifted to the Saviour's face,
 The hallowed peace of heaven abiding there!
 While thousands came that wondrous scene to view,
 And hear the story of the chosen three;
 Thence gathering the lesson deep and true—
 It is the crown of life with Christ to be.

IV.

82. *MACARIUS THE MONK.*

- IN days of old, while yet the Church was young,
 And men believed that praise of God was sung.
 In curbing self as well as singing psalms,
 There lived a monk, Macarius by name,
 A holy man, to whom the faithful came
 With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word.
 In sight of gushing springs and sheltering palms,
 He lived upon the desert: from the marsh
 He drank the brackish water, and his food
 Was dates and roots—and all his rule was harsh,
 For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.
2. From those who came in scores, a few there were
 Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer,
 And these remained and took the hermit's vow.
 A dozen saints there grew to be; and now
 Macarius, happy, lived in larger care.
 He taught his brethren all the lore he knew,
 And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.

His whole intent was on the spirit's goal:
He taught them silence—words disturb the soul;
He warned of joys, and bade them pray for sorrow,
And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow.

3. To know that human life alone was given,
To test the souls of those who merit heaven,
He bade the twelve in all things be as brothers,
And die to self, to live and work for others.
“For so,” he said, “we save our love and labors,
And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor’s.”
Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the word.
One day, beside the marsh they labored long—
For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song—
And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
And Afric’s gnats the sweltering face and hand
Tormenting stung, a passing traveler stood
And watched the workers by the reeking flood.
4. Macarius, nigh, with heat and toil was faint;
The traveler saw, and to the suffering saint
A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw.
Most sweet and fresh and fair they were to view,
A generous cluster, bursting-rich with wine.
Macarius longed to taste. “The fruit is mine,”
He said, and sighed; “but I, who daily teach,
Feel now the bond to practice as I preach.”
He gave the cluster to the nearest one,
And with his heavy toil went patient on.
5. And he who took, unknown to any other,
The sweet refreshment handed to a brother.
And so, from each to each, till round was made
The circuit wholly; when the grapes at last,
Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed.
“Now God be thanked!” he cried, and ceased to toil
“The seed was good, but better was the soil.
My brothers, join with me to bless the day.”
But, ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

SECTION XXI.

I.

83. BEAVER AND LEAPING PANTHER.

PART FIRST.

GORHAM,¹ in 1745, was a small frontier² settlement of Maine, about nine or ten miles from Portland, lying directly in the Indian trail. War had just commenced between the mother country and France; and there was no longer any doubt that the neighboring savages, who had suddenly disappeared, were gone to Canada to receive instructions and arms, from whence they would soon reappear as merciless and subtle³ foes. The settlers, now completely aroused and sure of immediate danger, set instantly to work upon the garrison⁴ and other defenses.

2. One morning, about the middle of September, Hugh McLellan, one of the settlers, said to his son: "William, I want you to dig a potato-hole in the western field; you will find four stakes there, that I have stuck up to mark it out. Dig it four feet deep. I'll give you two days to do it in. It is easy digging, and if you do it in less time, you may have the rest of it to yourself. I am going to hang the gates of the stockade,⁵ which will take me two days, and then our fort will be finished."

3. The middle of the first aft'ernoön⁶ soon came; so eager was William to finish his stint, in order that he might have time to beat up the quarters of a wolf which Bose had discovered, that he had forgotten to take his gun with him. He had buried himself to his shoulders in the pit, and was working as for dear life, when, hearing a noise, he stood up on his shovel, and looking over the heap of earth he had thrown out, saw that all the cattle were in the field and making for the corn.

¹ Gorham (gō'ram).

² Frōnt'iēr, lying on the outer part; bordering.

³ Subtle (sūt'l), sly in design; artful; cunning.

⁴ Gār'ri son, a strong place in which soldiers are kept to defend a

town against an enemy, or to keep its people under control; a body of soldiers stationed in a fort or fortified town for defense or security.

⁵ Stöck äde', a line of posts or stakes set in the earth as a fence to stop an enemy.



4. Having driven them out, he began to put up the fence which ran along the edge of the woods ; but scarcely had he put up the first rail, when, happening to look up, he beheld an Indian in his war-paint within a few feet of him. It was evident to William, at the first glance, that his intentions were by no means hostile :¹ his gun, though within reach of his hand, was placed against the butt of a pine, while its owner, with arms folded upon his chest, stood gravely regarding him.

5. William thought he had never beheld a grander sight than this warlike savage. But he could scarcely credit the testimony of his senses, when, through the thick coat of paint, he verily

¹ Hó's'tle, warlike ; unfriendly.

thought he perceived the features of his old playmate—in short, that the stern, collected being before him was no other than the Indian¹ lad whose laugh, but a few months ago, rang snrilly through the forest, and than whom none had been more light-hearted and frolicsome.

6. In that brief period he seemed to have increased both in height and bulk, and, though but little older than William, to have leaped at once from a boy to the estate of a man. In a tone of mingled doubt and anxiety, William exclaimed, “Beaver, can this be you?” The Indian extended his hand in silence, which William eagerly grasped. Drawing himself up with all the dignity of a chief who counted his scalps by scores, Beaver thus addressed his wondering playmate:—

7. “Leaping Panther, listen! Two moons² ago, I was a boy, and played with the boys. I helped the squaws to pound the corn, get the wood for the fire, carry the canoes, and bring to the wigwam the meat the hunters had killed. Now I am a warrior. I have struck the war-post of my tribe; I have listened to the aged men, into whose ears the Great Spirit has whispered in their dreams, when the moose has lain down to rest, and the souls of the dead come back to ask why their blood is not avenged. I have heard the great war-chiefs tell their deeds—how they struck the enemies of our tribe, bound them to the stake, and made them cry like squaws; and I have seen their scars of battle.

8. “When I too shall have taken many scalps, the maidens of my nation will contend to cook my food, light my pipe, and bring the meat to my lodge when I return from the hunt, to cover my moccasins and my leggins with ornaments, and pound my corn. Then I shall wear the eagle’s feather, and be counted with the chiefs at the council-fire.

9. “When the Master of Life calls me, I shall go to the southwest, where are the happy hunting-grounds of my fathers. There is no snow, there are no cold winds, but the leaves are always green, the flowers never fade, there is much game, and there bad Indians never come.

10. “Once we were children together; then we were like

¹ Indian (ind’yan).

² Moon, a month.

brothers. It is not so long ago that it should be forgotten. We slept by the same fire, played in the same brook, drank from the same gourd, divided what we took in hunting; one blanket covered us both. Those were happy days; they were too short for our pleasures, and we were sorry to see the sun go down." As he uttered these words, his voice became musical, and his tones assumed an indescribable pathos,¹ that melted into the very heart of his auditor,² and brought the tears to his eyes.

11. Pausing, he plucked from a rotten stump beside him two small hemlocks, whose roots,³ as they grew side by side, were twisted one around the other; holding them up, he said: "My heart is now soft, though it is the heart of a warrior.⁴ It is soft, because I call to mind that once we were like these plants. We grew side by side, and as our roots became bigger, they grew closer together; but now, like these, we must also be separated." Tearing them asunder, he flung them in opposite directions. "We must now seek each other's lives.

12. "Leaping Panther, listen! Your people have taken away our hunting-grounds, and cut down the trees so that we have no meat for our squaws and our little ones. The blood of our young men, shed by you, and not yet avenged by us, cries in our ears so that we can not sleep. Therefore we have dug up the hatchet. We shall not bury it again till we make it red with the white man's blood.

13. "Had I wished to kill you, without alarming your people, I could have done it with the bow or the tomahawk. If any of our old playmates had been here instead of myself, your scalp would have now been hanging at his girdle, or drying in the smoke of the wigwam. But as I watched you my heart grew soft. I said, 'I will speak to my brother. I will look in his eyes. We will tear our hearts asunder, and then we will seek each other's blood.' Do not therefore be afraid, but speak. The ears of the Beaver are open."

¹ Pá'thos, passion; warmth of feeling or action; that which awakens tender feelings.

² Au'dí tor, a hearer or listener.

³ Root (rqt).

⁴ Warrior (war'yer), a soldier.

II.

84. BEAVER AND LEAPING PANTHER.

PART SECOND.

"I AM not afraid of you, Beaver, though you are older than I am, have gun, knife, and tomahawk, and look so 'skeerful' in your paint, while I am barehanded. Your mother called me Leaping Panther, because I was so quick; I could jump on you and throttle you, before you could draw a knife, or cock a gun at me. Notwithstanding all your big talk about being a warrior, and striking the war-post, you never have seen (and it's my opinion you never will see) the day when I couldn't lay you on your back at rough and tumble, or at close hugs—and let you have both 'under-holds' into the bargain.

2. "In respect to your shooting me unawares, I freely say that you might have done it, just as easy as a cat can lick her paw, and in that I owe you my life. But that is no more than I should have expected at your hands. It is your nature, Beaver; you are a brave, good, true-hearted boy, and it's only your Indian bringing up that will ever make you any thing else.

3. "But tell me, Beaver, did the cattle tear that fence down?"—"No; I tore it down."—"That you might shoot me, when I came to drive them out?"—"No; but I was afraid of being seen; and I took that way to draw you to my ambush."¹

4. "It was well planned, and you are rightly called Beaver, for the beaver is wise, and I doubt not you will be a great chief. But you have taught me a lesson. I will let the cattle eat the corn before I will go to drive them out again without a gun.

5. "Well," continued William, "if your heart grew soft when you saw me this morning, so did mine the day after you went away. You know we—you and I and Conuwass—were going to hunt porcupines in the hard woods on Watson's hill, and your mother was going to work me a belt just like yours. I got up early, and tied Bose up—for the old fool will shake a porcupine, and get his nose full of quills—caught my gun, and ran with all my might to your wigwam. When I got there,

¹ **Am'bush**, a concealed place to attack by surprise; the act of so where soldiers or enemies lie in wait attacking; troops thus concealed.

you were all, all gōne. Then I went down to the brook. There I found the rafts and the canoes, and all the things just as we had left them. Then, down to the swimming-place. But when I saw your tracks there, oh, it brought every thing right up, and the place looked so lonesome, I couldn't stay, but went back hōme.

6. "I went into the barn to untie Bose, and when he saw the gun in my hand, he began to jump up on me, and lick my face, thinking he was going a-hunting. I said, 'Bose, you will never mōre have any such good times as we have had, because Beaver is gōne, and we shall never see him again.' I had made out to hold in till then, but the minute I spoke your name the tears would come. I sat down and cried like a baby." In the cōurse of this conversation the boys had drawn nearer and nearer to each other, until at length they seated themselves side by side on a log, and somehow their hands got locked together.

7. "That was wrōng, Panther; ōnly squaws do that."—"I dōn't see why a man shouldn't cry, as well as lāugh, especially if he cān't help it."—"He should dō nēither; a warrior should never behave as a squaw; he should be like a rock."

8. "I know what you mean," was the reply. "You think it makes against a man's cōurage to have a tender heart; but it dōn't. Now, thēre's my mother. If the sun should fall right out of the sky, it wouldn't scāre her. For all that I saw her cry when she thought Mrs. Watson wās going to die. Father is tender too; but your whōle tribe couldn't frighten him, or make him cry, unless he had a mind to. There is our Alec—Little Snapping Turtle. When he gets crying mad, then look out for yourself; he'll let you have hot cōals, hatchet, any thing that comes to hand; but nōthing scāres him."

9. "You can never be a warrior, Panther, while you feel thus."—"I never want to be."—"Dōn't want to be?"—"No. I had rather hoe corn, or hunt, than fight, just for the sake of fighting. I think it is just the poorēst business a man can follōw, except it is his duty."

10. "I see, Panther, the Great Spirit has given to the white man a different heart from the Indian's. I love to kill—every Indian dōes; I love to see blood run; I would like to eat the flesh and drīnk the blood of the enemies of my tribe." While he spake the savage gleamed from his whōle face; his eyes

glared, his nostrils dilated, and his features, seen through the terrors of the war-paint, were those of a fiend.

11. The instincts of his companion, nursed at the breast of a Christian mother, and imbued with the principles of religion, revolted at this display of a wolfish nature. He coolly replied: "I wouldn't. I should rather drink buttermilk. If an Indian had injured me, I should want satisfaction from him; it would not do me any good to kill some other Indian, who never had injured me, just because he was an Indian; or to murder a little innocent babe in the cradle, because his father or grandfather had injured me or my grandfather before he was born."

12. "That is our custom," replied the Beaver. "Our fathers and wise men have always done so, and taught us to do so, and therefore it is right."—"I don't care who taught it, or whose custom it is," replied his sturdy antagonist. "It ain't right, nohow. It's clean against Scripture, and the Catechism too."

13. "You say that after this we must seek each other's lives because our fathers have injured one another. I've heard my father and mother say, a hundred times, that they never lost so much as a hen, or a kernel of corn, by the Indians, and that, so far as that was concerned, they didn't want any better neighbors than the Indians—that they should have starved to death one winter but for the Indians. I am sure no Indian will say that we ever wronged him, or took his land; for we bought our land and paid for it. No more did our ancestors; for they are all on the other side of the sea, and never saw an Indian."

14. "Do not think, Panther, that the Indians do not know what is just. I have heard my people talk, and I know that, if you were living here alone, and no other white people here, no Indian would lift his tomahawk against you; and if you were hungry, they would share with you their provisions, be it little or much. They know very well that you are not like the white men who were in the Narragansett war, who had their land given them because they killed the Indians; that you bought your land, although you bought it of those who killed the Indians; but that was not your fault. They know, too, that your speech and your actions are different from theirs, and that there is no Indian blood on your hands. But if you go with the rest to fight the Indians, you must expect they will kill you."

15. "I expect you to kill me if you can, in a fair stand-up fight, or an ambush, when our peoples ambush one another. But I don't see why we that have been like brothers together should pick each other out, and go skulking around, in the places where we used to play, to kill one another." After a long silence, the Beaver, rising, replied :—

16. "Panther, I have thought of your words, and they are good. Not one of my tribe but would have slain you to-day. If the warriors knew that I had not done thus, they would blush with shame. When I set out on the war-path, I said : 'I will speak to the Panther ; after that, he will be on his watch ; then my heart will be very hard. I know where he works, where he hunts, and where he plays. I will ambush him every step he takes. I will kill the dog, and then I shall the more easily kill him. I will hang his scalp at my girdle, and the warriors of my nation will rejoice. They will say that Beaver will be a great chief. He has slain the Panther, whose claws were almost grown, who could throw the tomahawk, and shoot the eye out of a squirrel, and who would have slain many of our people.'

17. "But your words have changed my heart, as the maple-leaves change beneath the fingers of the frost. We will not stain with each other's blood the places where we have hunted and fished, and played together. Only when our tribes meet on the war-path will we be foes. When the Beaver thinks of the Panther, and of the long summer days they have hunted and played together, and sat by the same fire, it shall be like a pleasant dream—there shall be no blood on it. Is it well?"

18. William was touched to the very heart, and, being less able to control his feelings, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice trembled, as he replied, "*It is well!*" The Indian resumed his gun, and, extending his hand to William, they exchanged a parting grasp, and he was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

III.

85. HALF BETTER THAN ALL.

THE sun was pouring its meridian¹ rays upon the Arabian desert, when a caravan halted for refreshment

¹ Me rîd'î an, mid-day.

and repose. The tents were arranged for shade, the camels were unladen, and each tired Mussulman,¹ reclining upon the sand, enjoyed his favorite luxury of the pipe, or listened to one of those long, dull tales, with which the inhabitants of the East are wont² to amuse each other in their journeyings through the desert.

2. Two little boys, the only children in the whole company, alone were restless, active, and impatient of restraint. As they were not allowed to smoke, and had no taste for the tedious³ stories that amused their elders, they wandered among the camels, and climbed upon their backs together, and, at last, for want of other entertainment, quarreled, and then separated, to find each his own amusement⁴ apart.

3. Selim, the younger, resolving heartily never to play again with Ali,⁵ scampered off toward a cluster of low rocks that, at a short distance, emerged from the plain of sand, and formed the only object that broke the uniformity of the prospect. Having reached the rocks, he had nothing to do but return, and endure again the dullness of the caravan,⁶ and the provoking temper of Ali. His spirit sunk at the thought of the odious⁷ necessity, when turning a corner of the rocks, that were rather higher than himself, he came suddenly on a prize that made him cry out for joy.

4. Taking root in a fissure of the rock, a stunted⁸ date-tree had pushed its puny⁹ limbs into the sunshine, and bore on its dwarfish¹⁰ head a handful of over-ripened fruit. A small, but clear spring of water trickled through the crevice,¹¹ and, supplying moisture to the tree, glistened along the thirsty sands for a moment, and then disappeared.

¹ Mūs'sul man, a Mohammedan; one who believes Mohammed to have been a prophet.

² Wont (wünt), accustomed; used.

³ Tē'di ous, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.

⁴ A mūse'ment, that which affects us lightly and pleasantly; pastime; sport.

⁵ Ali (ā'lē).

⁶ Cār'a van, a company of pilgrims or merchants, traveling together for security through the desert, or through countries infested by robbers.

⁷ O'di ous, hateful; disagreeable.

⁸ Stünt'ed, stopped in its growth.

⁹ Pū'ny, little and weak.

¹⁰ Dwarf'ish, smaller than its natural size.

¹¹ Crēv'ice, a crack.

5. A fountain of fresh water! What a transporting¹ discovery! For weeks poor Sēlim had tasted no drink except rare and stinted draughts² from the heated contents of the water-skins, that had been brought on the camels' backs from Mohadin.

6. He could scarcely believe his eyes. He looked anxiously toward the car'avan, fearing that he might have been followed, and that his rich prize might be taken from him, or at least shared, by that odious brother. But no one came to interrupt, or to partake of his happiness;—the cool water and the luscious³ fruit were all his own.

7. For a moment, the fancy of Sēlim rēveled⁴ in the anticipation⁵ of the delicious draught, and of the rich repast before him, and, in his happiness, he found that he had forgiven Ali. His plēasure was so ex'quisite,⁶ that he wanted to shout it to the rocks; and even the fiercely-glaring sun, he thought, might sympathize in his delight.

8. But the first draught was scarcely swallowed, before Sēlim began to find that something was wanting to complete his enjoyment. What could it be, whose absence was causing the refreshing water to pall⁷ upon his appetite.

9. He wondered that he was not perfectly happy in the sole possession of such trēasures. He pondered,⁸ and considered in vain. But his untutored heart whispered to him the truth. He paused. He sighed; then ran, like an antelope,⁹ over the hills to the tent where his brother, now so dear to him, had laid himself down to sleep.

10. Back the two brothers hastened to the rocks. Sēlim enjoyed the surprise, the delight of Ali, at the sight of the fountain and the tree. He found his own plēasure doubled in witnessing that of his brother. The water seemed cooler, the

¹ Trāns pōrt'ing, carried beyond one's self for joy.

² Draught (drāft), that which is drawn in at once in drinking.

³ Luscious (lūsh'us), sweet; delightful.

⁴ Rēv'eled, moved playfully.

⁵ Antic'ipā'tion, expected plēasure or pain felt before its arrival;

a taking beforehand.

⁶ Exquisite (ēks'kwī zit), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

⁷ Pall, lose strength or taste.

⁸ Pōn'dered, thought.

⁹ An'te lope, a kind of goat or deer with wreathed or ringed horns

fruit had a higher flavor,¹ when Ali joined his praises of bōth. The glare² of the sun was less regarded.

11. They talked, and lāughed; they ate, and drank. Sēlīm's enjoyment was now perfect; and from that day to the end of his life, he never forgot, that, of whatever fountains of plēasure or fruits of joy we may find on our pilgrimage through the world, the hālf is better—much better—than all.

IV.

86. CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

IN the early part of the sixteenth century chērries wēre vēr̄y rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved.

2. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf, had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had gāthered the rārēst of chērry-trees, and by constant watchfulnēss he had kept āwāy the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry-trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciēst cherries.

3. All who wished chērries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highēst prices, so that ēvēr̄y sēāson he reaped a great harvēst of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry-trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

4. One season, when his cherry-trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy, that no help could reach it.

5. Slowly they consumed all the provisions that were stored, and famine³ was staring them in the face; nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for they knew little mercy would be shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained, the people held out, making vain sallies⁴ into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less fōōd remained to them.

¹ Flā'vor, that quality of any thing which affects the smell or taste; that which gives to any thing a very pleasant odor or taste.

² Glare (glāre), bright light.

³ Fām'ine, the want of sufficient food.

⁴ Sāl'ly, a darting or springing fōrth; a marching of troops from a place to attack besiegers.

6. Meanwhile, the enemy had grown mōre fierce without. The heat wæs intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them savager, and the commanding gēnērāl would listēn to no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women and children, to the swōrd.

7. But would it not be better thus to be killed outright than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the chērries had ripened fāst in the hot sun, and were now supērb,¹ fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth to water at the sight.

8. A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his chērries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fēllōw-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours mōre of suffering would make the people delirious.² He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed whōlly in white. In those days, and in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed.

9. He brought them into his orchard and lōaded each with a brānch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshaling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

10. The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and suspected some stratagem.³ Then he was told that they were the children of Hamburg, who had hēard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing luscious cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mōck him, and he would

¹ Su perb', grand; showy; rich.

² De līr'i oūs, deranged; wandering in mind.

³ Strāt'a gēm, an artifice or trick by which some advantage is expected to be gained.

surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

11. But when the procession¹ came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love, that had long been choked up in him, broke forth; he was filled with pity, and tears came into his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful children in white did—they vanquished² the hard heart.

12. That evening the little cherry-bearers returned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.

13. In memory of this event, the people of Hamburg still keep every year a festival, called the Feast of Cherries; when the children of the city, clad in white garments, march through the streets, holding green boughs, to which the people, coming out of their houses, hasten to tie bunches of cherries; only now the children are chubby and merry, and they eat the cherries themselves.

V.

87. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract³ fell;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house⁴ nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

¹ Procession (prosěsh'un), a train of persons or animals moving in order.

² Vanquished (văngk'wisht), subdued in battle; beat in any contest.

³ Căt'a ract, a great fall of wa-

ter over a steep overhanging place.

⁴ Dăi'ry-house, a house set apart for the management of milk, or in which milk, butter, and cheese are kept.



2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing:
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then soon, with the emblem¹ of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:

¹ Emblem, a thing thought to resemble some other thing in its leading qualities, and so used to rep-

resent it. Water is called the emblem of truth because of its clearness and purity.

The old oaken buckèt, the iron-bound bucket,
The mōss-covered bucket ārōse from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the cūrb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet¹ could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar² that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively³ swell,
As fancy revērts to my father's plantation,⁴
And sighs for the buckèt which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

VI.

88. THE OAK TREE.

1.

SING for the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood!
Sing for the oak-tree, that grōwèth green and good!
That groweth broad and brānching within the fōrest shade;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid!

2.

The oak-tree wāş an acorn once, and fell upon the ěarth;
And sun and shower nōurished it, and gave the oak-tree bīrth:
The little sprouting oak-tree! two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and shower nōurished it, then out the branches būrst.

3.

The winds came and the rain fell; the gusty tēmpèst blew;
All, all were friends to the oak-tree, and strōnger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and grāy;
But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every dāy.

¹ Gōb'let, a kind of cup or drinking vessel without a handle.

² Nēc'tar, the drink of the heaven gods, of whom Jupiter was the chief or highest; honey; any sweet

or very delicious drink.

³ Intrusively (in trộ'siv lĩ), without invitation, right, or welcome.

⁴ Plăn tấ'tion, a place planted; a large cultivated farm.

4.

Four centuries grows the oak-tree, nor does its verdure¹ fail;
 Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like plaited mail.
 Now cut us down the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood;
 And of its timber stout and strong we'll build a vessel good.

5.

The oak-tree of the forest both east and west shall fly;
 And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our ship shall lie.
 She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate shall she be;
 But a ship to bear the name of Christ to lands beyond the sea.

SECTION XXII.

I.

89. HEROINES OF CHARITY.

PART FIRST.

DURING the late civil war, while one of the generals of the Union army was in command of the department at New Or'leäns, the Sisters of Charity made frequent applications to him for assistance. They were especially desirous to obtain provisions at what they termed "commissary prices"—that is, at a reduction of one-third the amount which the same provisions would cost at market rates.

2. The principal demands were for ice, flour, beef, and coffee, but mainly ice, a luxury² which only the Union forces could enjoy at any thing like a reasonable price. The hospitals were full of the sick and wounded, of both the Federal and the Confederate armies, and the charitable institutions of the city were taxed to the utmost in their efforts to aid the sick and the suffering.

3. Foremost among the volunteers for this duty stood the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were busy day and night, never seeming to know fatigue,

¹ Verd'ure, greenness.² Luxury (lük'shu ri).

and overcoming every obstacle in the way of doing good—obstacles which would have completely disheartened less resolute women, or those not trained in the school of patience, faith, and charity, and where the first grand lesson learned is self-denial.

4. Of money there was little, and food, fuel, and medicine were scarce and dear; yet they never faltered, going on in the face of all difficulties, through poverty, war, and unfriendly aspersions, never turning aside, never complaining, never despairing. No one will ever know the sublime courage of those lowly Sisters during the dark days of the Civil War. Only in that hour when the Judge of all mankind shall summon before Him the living and the dead, will they receive their true reward, the crown everlasting, and the benediction, “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

5. It was just a week before the Red River campaign opened, when all was hurry and activity throughout the Department¹ of the Gulf, that the general, a stern, irascible² old officer of the regular army, sat at his desk in his office on Julia street, earnestly³ giving orders to subordinates, dispatching messengers hither and thither to every part of the city where troops were stationed, and stiffly receiving such of his command as had important business to transact.

6. In the midst of this unusual hurry and preparation, the door noiselessly opened, and a humble Sister of Charity entered the room. A young lieutenant of the staff instantly arose, and deferentially⁴ handed her a chair, for those sombre⁵ gray garments were respected even by those who had no reverence for the faith which they represented.

7. The general looked up from his writing, and a frown of annoyance and displeasure gathered darkly on his brow. “Orderly!” The soldier on duty without the door, and who had admitted the Sister, faced about, saluted, and stood mute, awaiting the further command of his chief. “Did I not give orders that no one was to be admitted?”—“Yes, sir, but —” —“When I say no one, I mean no one,” thundered the general.

8. The orderly bowed and returned to his post. He was too

¹ De part'ment, a military subdivision of a country.

² I răs'ci ble, easily made angry.

³ Curt'ly, briefly; in few words.

⁴ Dēfer ẽn'tial ly, with respect.

⁵ Sòm'bre, dark; gloomy.

wise a soldier to enter into explanations with so irritable a superior. All this time the patient Sister sat cālm and still, waiting for the moment when she might speak and state the object of her mission. The general gave her the opportunity in the briefest manner possible.

9. "Well, mādāme'?" She raised her eyes to his face, and the gaze was so pure, so saintly, so full of silent pleading, that the rough old soldier was touched in spite of himself. "We have a household of sick and wqunded whom we must cāre for in some way, and I came to ask you the privilege, which I humbly beg you will not deny us, of obtaining ice and beef at commissary prices."

10. The gentle, earnest pleading fell on dēaf ears. "Always something," snarled the general. "Lāst week it waş flour and ice; to-day it is ice and beef; to-mōrrōw it will be cōffee and ice, I suppose, and all for a lot of rascally rebels, who ought to be shot instead of being nūrsed back to life and treason."

11. "General!"—the Sister was majestic now—"Federal or Confederate, I do not know. Protestant or Catholic, I do not ask. They are not soldiers when they come to us—they are simply suffering fellow-creatures. Rich or poor, of gentle or of lowly birth, it is not ours to inquire. Unūniformed, unarmed, sick and helpless, we ask not on which side they fought. Our work begins āfter yours is done. Yours the carnage,¹ ours the binding up of wqunds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled² left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wqunded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all, I pray for all Gōd's poor, suffering creatures, wherever I may find them."

12. "Yes, you can beg, I'll admit. What do you do with all your beggings? It is always mōre, more, never enough!" With this, the general resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel tāunt. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly acrōss her breast, as if to still some heartache the unkind words had called up. Vēry lōw, and sweet, and ēarnest was her reply.

¹ Car'nage, bloodshed; slaughter.

² Mān'gled, wqunded.

II.

90. HEROINES OF CHARITY.

PART SECOND.

“**W**HAT do we do with our beggings? That is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the unfortunate, the most wretched of mankind. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah! some day you may know.”

2. She turned away and left him, sad of face, heavy of heart, and her eyes misty with unshed tears. “Stay!” The general’s request was like a command. He could be stern, nay, almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it, and he could be just. The Sister paused on the threshold, and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the general’s pen.

3. “There, madame, is your order on the commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union soldiers who are, or may be, in your care. Don’t come bothering me again. Good morning.”

4. In less than three weeks from that day the slaughter of the Red River campaign had been perfected, and there neared the city of New Orleans a steamer, flying that ominous¹ yellow flag which both armies alike respected and allowed to pass unmolested. Another and still another followed in her wake, and all the decks were covered with the wounded and the dying.

5. Among the desperately wounded was the general in command of the department. He was borne from the steamer to the waiting ambulance,² writhing in anguish from the pain of his bleeding limb, which had been torn by a shell; and when they asked where he wished to be taken, he feebly moaned: “Any where, it matters not. Where I can die in peace.”

6. So they took him to the Hotel Dieu, a noble and beautiful hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The limb was am-

¹ Om’i noŭs, foreboding evil.

veying the wounded from the bat-

² Am’bu lance, a vehicle for con-

tle-field.

puted, and there he was nursed for weeks through the agony of the surgical operation, the fever, the wild delirium, and for many days no one could tell whether life or death would be the victor. But who was the faithful nurse, ever at his bedside, ever watchful of his smallest needs? Why, only "one of the Sisters."

7. At last life triumphed, reason returned, and with it much of the old, abrupt manner. The general awoke to find a face not altogether unknown bending over him, and to feel a pair of skillful hands arranging a bandage, wet in ice-cold water, around his throbbing temples, where the mad pain and aching had so long held sway. He was better now, though still very weak; but his mind was clear, and he could think calmly and connectedly of all that had taken place since the fatal battle which had so nearly taken his life, and had left him at best but a mutilated remnant of his former self.

8. Yet he was thankful it was no worse—that he had not been killed outright. In like degree he was grateful to those who had nursed him so tenderly and faithfully, especially the gray-robed woman, who had become almost angelic in his eyes; and at last he expressed his gratitude in his own peculiar way. Looking intently at the Sister, as if to get her features well fixed in his memory, he said: "Did you get the ice and beef?"

9. The Sister started. The question was so direct and unexpected. Surely her patient must be on the high road to recovered health. "Yes," she replied simply, but with a kind glance of her soft eyes that spoke eloquently her thanks. "And your name is ——" "Sister Frances."

10. "Well, then, Sister Frances, I am glad you got the things—glad I gave you the order. I think I know now what you do with your beggings—I comprehend something of your work, your charity, your religion, and I hope to be better for the knowledge. I owe you a debt I can never repay, but you will try to believe that I am deeply grateful for all your great goodness and ceaseless care."

11. "Nay, you owe me nothing; but to Him whose cross I bear, and in whose lowly footsteps I try to follow, you owe a debt of gratitude unbounded. To His infinite mercy I com-

mend you. It matters not for the body; it is that sacred mystery, the immortal soul, that I would save. My work here is done. I leave you to the care of others. Farewell." The door softly opened and closed, and he saw Sister Frances no more.

12. Two months afterward she received a letter, sent to the care of the Mother Superior, enclosing a check for one thousand dollars. At the same time the general took occasion to remark that he wished he were able to make it twice the amount, since he knew by experience "what they did with the beggings."

III.

91. THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

AT an early period in the history of Holland, a boy, who is the hero¹ of the following narrative, was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace.

2. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of finding itself under water, rather than above it.

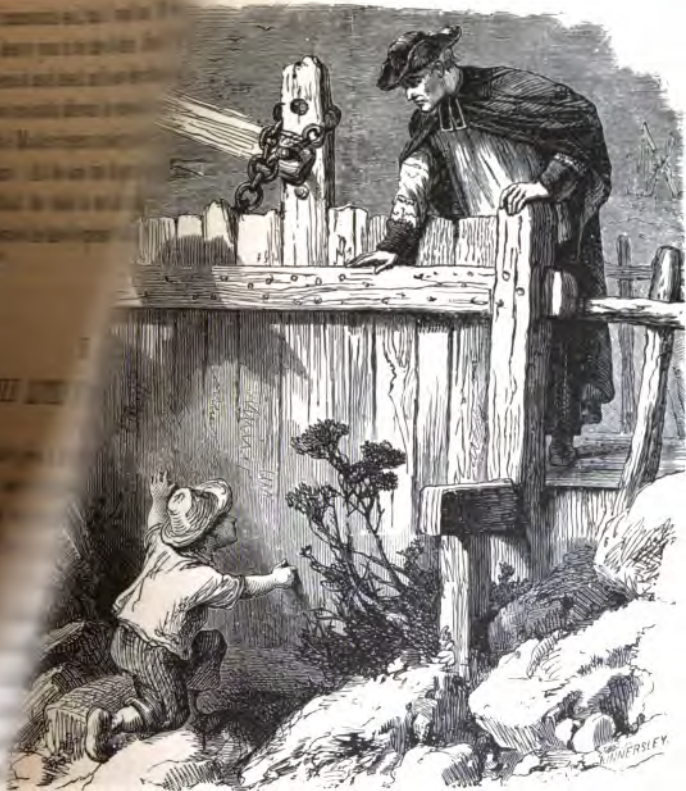
3. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, overflow them, and inundate² the whole country. Even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

4. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dike.³ His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late.

¹ *Hé'ro*, a great warrior; the chief person in a story.

² *In ūn'dāte*, cover with water.

³ *Dike*, a mound of earth thrown up to prevent low lands from being overflowed; a ditch.



ork of a mōment, and, to his delight, he found that he had succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

11. This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered.

12. He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas, the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm.

The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not.

13. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly, but still the little fëllōw stirred not; for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors—nay, the whole village.

14. We know not what faltering¹ of purpose, what momentary failure of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a priest, returning from an attendance on a death-bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard grōans, and bending over the dike, discovered a child kneeling on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

15. "Why, dear child," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"—"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night, had been evincing² such heroic fortitude³ and undaunted⁴ courage.

16. The Mūse⁵ of history, too often blind to true glory, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fëllōw-men—she has left us in ignorance of this real little hero of *Haarlem*.

¹ **Faltering** (fāl'ter ing), falling short; trembling; hesitation.

² **E vīnc'ing**, showing clearly.

³ **For'ti tūde**, that strength of mind which enables one to meet danger with coolness and firmness, or

to bear pain or disappointment without murmuring or discouragement.

⁴ **Undaunted** (un dānt'ed), brave; fearless.

⁵ **Mūse**, one of the nine goddesses of history, poetry, painting, &c.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

92. *FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.*

SHE had been told that Gōd made all the stars
 That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
 Watching the coming of the twilight on,
 As if it were a new and perfect world,
 And this were its first eve.

2. She stood ālōne
 By the lōw wīndōw, with the silken lash
 Of her sōft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
 Hālf parted with the new and strange delight
 Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
 And had not seen before.

3. The pūrple folds
 Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
 That looked so still and delicate above,
 Filled her young heart with glādnēss, and the eve
 Stole on with its deep shadōws, and she still
 Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
 As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.

4. Presently, in the edge of the lāst tint
 Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
 To the faint golden mēllownēss, a star
 Stood suddenly. A lāugh of wild delight
 Būrst from her lips, and pūting up her hands,
 Her simple thought broke fōrth expressively—
 "FATHER! DEAR FATHER! GOD HAS MADE A STAR!"

II.

93. *THE STARS.*

N O cloud obscures the summer sky,
 The moon in brightness walks on high,
 And, set in āzure,¹ every star,
 Shines, a pure gem of hēaven, afar!

¹ *Azure* (āzh'er), light-blue; sky-colored.

2. Child of the earth ! Oh, lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's¹ expanse !
The glories of its realms explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !
3. Dóth it not speak to every sense
The marvels of Omnipotence ?
See'st thou not there the Almighty's name
Inscribed in characters of flame ?
4. Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night ;
Behold them ! Can a mortal boast
To number that celestial² host ?
5. Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendor meet thy gaze ;
Each is a world, by God sustained,
Who from eternity hath reigned.
6. What then art thou ! O, child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect, on the breeze,
E'en as a dewdrop, lost in seas !
7. Yet fear thou not ; the Sovereign³ hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath e'en for thee a Father's care.
8. Be thou at peace !—the all-seeing eye,
Pervading⁴ earth, and air, and sky,
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

III.

94. WHOM SHALL WE THANK.

HE came bounding along from his play, and while he held
his hands under the spout, his companion pumped

¹ Fir'ma ment, the region of the air ; the sky or heavens.

² Celestial (se lěst' yal), belonging, or relating, to the regions of

air ; heavenly.

³ Sovereign (sŭv'er in), above all others ; highest in power.

⁴ Per vād'ing passing through.

vigorously at the handle. The sparkling water streamed through his fingers, but he caught enough to cool his rosy, heated face.

2. He was a polite little fellow; so, after he had satisfied his thirst, he prettily raised his hat from his head and said, "I thank you, Mr. Pump, and I shall be glad to shake hands with you frequently."

3. Now, if the pump had been as polite as the boy, and could have spoken, it would have said, "You are perfectly welcome, my little gentleman, but I am not the one to thank. I could not have done any thing for you if it had not been for the bright water."

4. "O well then," the bright little fellow might reply, "I will try my manners once more. Here it goes, then," (and he raises his cap) "for the water. Thanks to you, cool water, for the good you have done me!"—"O no," says the water, "don't thank me; for what could I have done, had it not been for the spring up on the hill-side, that constantly sends its stream down into my bosom?"

5. "Here's to the spring, then; for thanks do not cost any thing, and they make us feel better. Thanks to the spring that gushes¹ up day and night with sweet waters!"—"Don't thank me, my little man," the spring sings with silvery music from the shaded dell² on the side of the hill—"don't thank me; for what good could I do without the dews and the rains? I should be as dry as the bare rock, in a short time, if it were not for these."

6. "I am not to be discouraged. It is pleasant work to thank such good friends; so I will keep on. Thanks to you, summer rains and dews!"—"O, no, don't thank us," thundered a full, dark cloud that was just gathering over the hill, and ready to empty its treasures into the bubbling spring. What should we do if the sun did not draw up moisture from the sea every beautiful day, and pour it, drop by drop, into our cup?"

7. "Then thanks be given to the ten thousand arms of the sun, pumping daily out of the depths of the sea." The eye of the sun flashed³ like lightning as he said, "Not me! Don't

¹ **Gush**, to break forth with some degree of violence.

² **Dell**, a valley or ravine.

³ **Flashed**, sent forth a ray of light.

thank me. What could I do, with all my steam-engines, were it not for the broad and deep oceans¹ into which I drop my suction-hose?"

8. "Thanks, then, to the mighty seas!" and the cap rises slowly again, as the solemn chant from the neighboring shore reaches the ear of the listening boy. "Not unto me!" with a deep, melodious² tone, comes back the voice from the surrounding sea? "Who hollowed out in the earth the mighty depths in which I lie?"

9. "Who measured out the elements³ that form my drops, and made them to flow so lovingly together? Who sprinkled among them the salt to preserve them from corruption, and who freshens and sweetens them before they reach your lips? If you know, listening lad, who did this, thank Him!"—"It is God!" quietly whispers the subdued⁴ boy. "I thank Thee, Maker of all things and Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the cooling waters I have tasted."

10. Let us ever recollect then, dear young readers, from whom all our blessings come; and as we are so ready to thank, and take so much pleasure in thanking, those that bestow gifts upon us, let us never forget the Hand that opens to supply all our wants. Whatsoever we do, whether we eat or drink, let us do all to the glory of God.

IV.

95. THE STRAY SUNBEAM.

CHILD.

AH! little sunbeam sporting here,
I love to see you smile;
It makes this gloomy room appear
A pleasant spot the while.

2. Oh! how I'd love like you to be,
With not a thought of care,

¹ Ocean (ō'shun), that immense body of salt water amidst which the lands of this world are placed.

² Me lō'di oŭs, musical.

³ El'e ments, the parts into which a compound thing may be separated.

⁴ Sub dŭed', impressed by a manifestation of power.



No books to lēarn, no work
to see,
And life aš free aš air.

SUNBEAM.

3. I am no idler, little one,
Though seeming so to you,
For every day the tās̄k iſ done,
Which I am ġiven to do.
4. I riſe at dawn and tell the lark,
"Tis̄ time hiſ hymn to ſing ;

Or, o'er the sea to wave-tossed bark,
I hopeful message bring.

5. In lonely cell I rest awhile,
An erring one to cheer,
Perchance the only one to smile,
Or light the gloom that's there.
6. And when the winter's chilly hours
Pass weepingly away,
I dance among the falling showers,
To make e'en them seem gay.
7. But when the spring with song and dance
Sweeps down o'er hill and plain,
Then, then, awakened by my glance,
The flowers bloom again.
8. So, little one, you now can see,
My time's not passed in vain;
I do what Gōd dōth bid me do;
Can you, too, say the same?

CHILD.

9. No, no, I never knew before,
That life's not all for play;
I thank you, sunbeam, o'er and o'er,
For what you've taught to-day.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

96. APPLES.

STRAWBERRIES, raspberries, cherries, mulberries, peachès, plums, pears, high and low blackberries, thimbleberries, blueberries, huckleberries—every fruit, indeed, except the grape—might all better be spared than the hōnèst, sound, ruddy apple. They are the delight of an hour—the fleeting



decoration ¹ of à week, or à fôrtnight,² or of à mônth. They play exquisitely³ into each other's hands, and wreathe the summer with continuous⁴ variety and delieate gust.⁵

2. But thē apple iș à lasting plăasure. It iș for all the year. It ȕireleş the mônths. You may eat russets up to the day when the new apples appear. Aș the apple iș the mōst āncient, so it iș the most royal of fruits. It never dies.

3. The stŭrdy⁶ fruit, delicious in flavor and ādāpted to every want, iș euriously eharacteristie of the farmer, who sŭrroundș hiș plăce with its stiff and unshapely trees, and generally leaves them to wresle with the weather aș they chooșe; but, despite

¹ Dăc' o ra'tion, that which is added by way of ornament, or to give beauty.

² Fortnight (fôrt' nīt).

³ Exquisitely (ĕks' kwī zīt lī), very nicely; in à way to plăase and

satisfy; with perfection.

⁴ Con tîn'u oŭs, without break or stop.

⁵ Gŭst, the sense or enjoyment of tasting; relish.

⁶ Sturdy (stĕr'dī), hardy; strong.

his neglect, expects that they will put rosy plenty into his basket, in the soft Indian-summer days. Is his seeming neglect only the confidence of experience, after all? If it be so, how can he look into his orchard without blushing? What a pathetic¹ sermon is each of those uncomfortable trees!

4. No wonder he hangs his head as he passes by, and scolds his teams, and screams to them that he may not hear the still, small voice of the apple tree! "Halloo!" it whispers to him, as the wind rustles through the leaves, "you are a pretty hard-looking customer, as I am. We are both planted on this poor hillside, and we must both grow and bear as we best can.

5. "Why don't you do to others as you would be done to? Why should I be moss-bound? Why should you leave me to choke with caterpillars, and long in vain to have the band of earth loosened around my feet? Why not wash me once in a while, and dry me with a scraper? I should be all the better for it, and so would you. Don't scream so noisily to those oxen, but hear what I say, and do what I ask."

6. It is the most generous and unselfish of the fruits, considering how valuable it is. The huckleberry and the blackberry are honest fruits too. The firm, hard, black huckleberry, very different from the blueberry, which is a pretty, soft, false branch of the family, is as modest and generous in its sphere, perhaps, as the apple. But its time is short; and although the homeliest of berries, it is as capricious² as a beauty.

7. The trailing arbutus, the earliest and one of the loveliest of wild-flowers, has the same mingling of humility and caprice. It runs under the old moist leaves of last year—the most mouldy and old-fashioned society; but it takes dainty little airs, and will not show its face upon rich and high-bred uplands, even when they are in the immediate neighborhood. So the huckleberry bestows itself profusely³ upon the most barren pastures; but when you go to find it a few fields off, and apparently upon the same kind of soil, the whim has seized it and it will not be found.

¹ *Pā thōt'ic*, affecting or moving tender feelings, as pity or grief.

² *Capricious* (*kā prish'us*), apt to

change one's mind often and suddenly; changeable.

³ *Pro fusely*, in great plenty.

9. Let the sluggards¹ go to the ant. But the rest of us will learn of the apple. Of the most ancient and honorable ancestry, how humble it is! Under what a plain homespun coat it hides its perennial² sweetness and exhaustless virtue! Take diamonds and gold if you will, O Mother Nature, but spare us the kindly apple!

II.

97. THE FIRST OF VIRTUES.

MOTHER Marie-Aimee³ de Blonay, an intimate friend of St. Jane Frances de Chantal,⁴ and one of the first sisters in the Order of the Visitation, experienced from her infancy the happy effects of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

2. She was yet in her cradle, when her mother, dying, placed her under the protection of the Mother of God and of St. Anne. Having attained to years of discretion, she endeavored to show herself a true child of Mary by often retiring into a little oratory⁵ to invoke her.

3. Mary, on her part, deigned to become the Mother and Mistress of this devout child, and herself instructed her in the practice of the virtues she afterwards displayed so eminently.

4. On one occasion, being then fifteen, Marie-Aimee went to church for Vespers, and felt rather annoyed at having to give place to a lady owning an estate which had once belonged to her own ancestors. Not choosing to walk behind this lady on issuing from the church, she remained on her knees, and chanced to fall asleep.

¹ Sluggard, a person who is lazy and idle from habit.

² Perennial, through or beyond a year; hence, lasting for all time.

³ Marie-Aimee (Ma rê' A mǎ').

⁴ Jane Frances Fremiot, Baroness de Chantal, was born at Dijon, France, on the 23d of January, 1573,

and died at Moulins, Dec. 13, 1641. Together with St. Francis de Sales, she founded the Order of the Visitation. She was canonized in 1769, and her feast is celebrated on the 21st of August.

⁵ Oratory, a small room or chapel set apart for private devotions.

5. In a dream she then perceived our Blessed Lady, escorted ¹ by a noble company of virgins, going up to the Temple. Immediately she rose to join the heavenly company; but it seemed to her that the Blessed Virgin rebuked her, and said, in a tone of severity: "You are not little enough to serve me, who chose to be as one rejected in the House of God."

6. Having said this, Mary turned and ascended the steps leading to the Temple, leaving on each of her footsteps, in large letters of gold, the name of a virtue, the first of which was Humility, and the last, Charity.

7. Having gained the highest step, she disappeared, leaving Marie-Aimee heartily ashamed of her vanity, and fully determined to apply herself to the attainment of humility, which she now understood to be the foundation of all perfection.

III.

98. TOO LATE.

TOO late!—is the cry, and each light little word
Forms as weighty a sentence as ever was heard!
Too late at the school, or too late at the church—
Too late for your mates—you are left in the lurch;
They are all gone a-fishing, with tackle and bait;
And you're left behind, all through being too late.

2. There is something quite wrong when you're *always* too late.
You must surely arouse from such indolent state;
Too late at your work! like a sluggard you've dozed,
Too late at the shop! for the shutters are closed—
Through your work you may shuffle,³ but do estimate
The loss you sustain through thus being too late.
3. Some people through life everlastingly dally—
There's that lazy boy—Tom, and that sleepy girl—Sally.

¹ *Es côrt'ed*, accompanied as a mark of honor or ceremony.

² *Es' ti mâte*, to form an opinion of the value of anything.

³ *Shûf'le*, struggle; scramble.

Whate'er they engage in, they're sure to get warning,
Because they will not rise betimes in the morning;
If six is her hour, she slumbers till eight,
And he at his work is forever too late.

4. We purchase a ticket a journey to take
For a day's recreation to mountain or lake—
But we just miss the train, for away it has started,
And friends with dear friends have pressed hands and de-
parted;
So we turn from the platform, myself and my mate,
Disappointed and vexed at our being too late.
5. We send out our man with a letter to post—
'Tis an urgent despatch to some far distant coast;
But he meets with a friend; they just go to "The Cup,"
And they laugh, and they chat, and they smoke, and they sup,
And the beer and tobacco so muddle his pate,
He forgets all about it until it's too late.
6. Employ well your time, both each hour and each day,
For the moments, like shadows, are passing away;
Be earnest and punctual, and try, if you can,
To be some time beforehand; it is a good plan;
Whatever your business, profession, or state,
Mark strictly the time, and do not be too late.
7. Many warnings we've all had to turn and repent,
And begin a new life with a goodly intent;
But those shuffling words, "I will do it to-morrow,"
Very often bring trouble, and trouble brings sorrow;
For many a one, it is grievous to state
Has died a sad death through repenting too late.

IV.

99. SOMEBODY.

THERE'S a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,
And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out;
He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight,

2. The rogues I have read of, in song or in tale,
Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail ;
But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well,
He never has seen the inside of a cell.
3. Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times,
Are rehearsing¹ the roll² of "Somebody's" crimes ;
Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run,
Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.
4. "'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will say ;
"'Somebody' has carried my pencil away ;"
"'Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the blocks ;"
"'Somebody' ate up all the cakes in the box."
5. It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,
And hides the boys' sleds, and runs off with their skates,
And turns on the water, and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls' heads.
6. One night a dull sound, like the thump of a head,
Announced that one youngster was out of his bed ;
And he said, half asleep, when asked what it meant,
"'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent !"
7. Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease,
We must summon in the detective³ police ;⁴
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known,
The culprit belongs to no house but our own.
8. Then should it turn out, after all, to be true,
That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too,
How queer it would look, if we saw them all go
Marched off to the station-house, six in a row !

¹ **Rehearsing** (re hērs' ing), re-citing ; repeating ; telling.

² **Roll**, a piece of writing which may be rolled up ; a list.

³ **De tect'ive**, fitted for, or skilled

in, uncovering, bringing to light, or finding out.

⁴ **Police** (po lēs'), a body of officers whose duty it is to keep good order, and discover and prevent wrongs.

V.

100. MONTREAL TWENTY YEARS AGO.

WHATEVER amusement or pleasure we might have found in the all but matchless scenery of the Hudson, dullness and dejection settled down on us lone wanderers when, at Troy, we exchanged the cheerful, airy deck of one of its best steamers for the dreary pen called a *canäl-bōat*.

2. We moderns may smile with pity at the cumbrous stage-coaches of a by-gone day, but what was their tedium¹ to that of the canal-boat? True, it is one of the safest of all conveyances, and many thousands of valuable lives would probably have been saved to society, even within the last few years, had human science never gone beyond them. Still, we must admit that their slowness was intolerable.

3. If ever any human being was sick with weariness it was my poor self during the twenty-four hours, I think it was, that it took us to go from Troy to Whitehall. The country through which we travelled had little to interest a stranger, and the weather was of that kind that depresses both mind and body, dull, gray, and sultry. Oh! that weary journey! what a leaden hue it wears away back among the numerous and varied scenes of my past life!

4. Happily, we were soon to have a change. At Whitehall we got on board a trim and tasteful steamer to make the voyage of Lake Champlain, and it was life to find ourselves once more afloat on a broad, clear sheet of water with a brisk autumn breeze stirring its surface, the Green Mountains of Vermont and the far-off Highlands of New York on either side.

5. The scenery of Lake Champlain is very fine, especially as we approach the Canadian frontier,² where it begins to narrow in, and its picturesque aspect was peculiarly cheering to my dejected mind. The rich, many-colored woods, and towering crags, and silvery waters of that lovely lake went far to give us a favorable impression of Canada.

Tē' di um, tiresomeness.

try which fronts or faces another

² Frōnt' iēr, that part of a coun- country.

6. About two hours ride from St. John's—a town situate at the northern extremity of Lake Champlain—brought us to the village of La Prairie, in the most sedate, ambling, quiet railroad cars we ever set foot in—a perfect match for the Troy and Whitehall packet, if ever there was one to be found following in the wake of an iron horse.

7. From La Prairie we crossed the St. Lawrence River in a ferry-boat, where I took my seat on the side facing the northern bank of the great river, looking eagerly towards the city which was, for the present, at least, to be my home in the New World. As we approached, it presented a strange and foreign aspect, yet the picture was a fine one and very striking to one who saw it, as I did, for the first time.

8. Stretching far and away along the margin of the river lay the fair city of Montreal, the chosen city¹ of Mary, with its tin roofs reflecting the midday sun, a stately mountain, wooded to the summit, rearing its giant bulk behind for great part of the city's length.

9. Grandly conspicuous about the center rose two massive and square Gothic towers, crenelated,² and surmounted by graceful minarets³ at every corner. This, my heart told me, was a Catholic church, most probably dedicated to the Mother of Christians. So uplifted was I at the thought, that it was with an anxious heart I asked a gentleman, whom I judged to be a priest, what noble building that was.

10. He told me it was the church of Notre D  me (Our Lady), commonly called the French Church. Also, that it was built

¹ **Chosen City of Mary.** The original name of Montreal was *Ville Marie*, or "City of Mary." The French Company of Montreal was founded in 1636, "for the conversion of the savages and the maintenance of the Catholic religion in Canada." Five priests, at the head of whom was M. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice, a cardinal, a duchess, two dukes, twelve noblemen, and a Sister of Charity formed the associa-

tion, whose plan was to build upon the Isle of Montreal a town which should be at once a home for the missions, a defence against the savages, and a center of commerce for the neighboring people, which should be consecrated to the most holy Virgin, and be called *Ville Marie*.

² **Cr  n'el** at ed, indented or furnished with battlements.

³ **M  n'a rets**, slender, lofty turrets, or little towers.

by the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, and was considered one of the finest specimens of church architecture in Am rica, being built on the model of some of the grand old cathedrals of Europe.

11. "Thank God!" I fervently exclaimed. The good priest looked at me, and a benevolent smile lit up his dark, sun-browned features. "So, my dear young lady, you have a different feeling in regard to y nder towers from that expressed by a reverend gentleman who, cr ssing here from the States, as we are now, and struck by the noble aspect of the church, asked, like you, what towers those were. On being told, he raised his hands and eyes in pious h rror, and, with a deep groan, ejaculated—'Alas! alas! the horns of Babylon!'"

12. My brother then joined us, and we three conversed together during the short remainder of our stay on the ferry-boat. The cordial welcome of this good gentleman when we landed on the wharf was very cheering to us.

13. It is not without justice that Montreal is called the Rome of America, for, indeed, it is a city of Catholic associations, of Catholic institutions, and, to a great extent, of Catholic m rals. Besides the great church of Notre D me and our own St. Patrick's, which occupies one of the noblest sites in the vicinity, there are churches of every size, many of them v ry fine specimens of art.

14. No city that I know of has so many religious confraternities as Montreal, and, on the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi, when the Catholic people walk in procession through the streets of the city in honor of the Blessed S crament, it is consoling, and, at the same time, surprising, to see the vast number of persons of both sexes who belong to these sodalities.

15. Besides the different confraternities of Our Lady established in the various churches, there are societies in honor of many of the Saints. First and greatest of these is the St. John the Baptist Society, the n tional one of the French Canadians; also the St. Patrick's Society, comprising a large number of the Irishmen of the city,—then there are the St. Michael's, and the St. Joseph's Society, that of the Holy Family, and of the *Bonne Mort*, or Happy Death.

16. I happened to be present one morning in the parish church at an early Mass. It was the last Sunday of March, and the entire Society of St. Joseph—consisting chiefly of young men and boys—sang during the service, with true devotional feeling, several hymns proper to the occasion. Never did I hear music with more real pleasure than those sacred melodies sung with such simple fervor, by so full a choir of male voices, all apparently well trained in church music.

17. What was still more touching was to see all the young men receiving Holy Communion, and that with the most edifying piety and recollection. Happy are they who thus remember their Creator in the days of their youth! Happy, too, the city whose young men enroll themselves under the banners of the Saints, for, faithful as they must be to their religious duties, they can not fail to be good and useful citizens.

18. On another occasion, when I went to Vespers at Notre Dame, I was surprised to see a large number of those present provided with long wax tapers. While thinking what this might mean, the service was drawing to a close, and persons began to move through the aisles, lighting the tapers in the long rows of pews.

19. In a very few minutes the vast church, with its two tiers of galleries, was twinkling all over with star-like lights, which were kept burning during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The spectacle was rare and very beautiful, but it puzzled me no little at the time. I afterwards learned that it was the monthly assembly of the Society of *La Bonne Mort*—Happy Death.

20. Such scenes are only to be witnessed in Catholic countries, and they go far to make us forget that we live in an age of so-called Reason, not of Faith. It is good for us to see them, at times, to remind us that the world is not all absorbed by the cold materialism of what is called Modern Progress; that the truths of Faith are still believed on earth—that the garden of religion still bears the richest flowers of piety and devotion.

SECTION XXV.

I.

101. THE WINDY NIGHT

ALOW¹ and aloof,²
 Over the rōof,
 How the midnight tempests howl !
 With a dreary³ voice, like the dismal⁴ tune
 Of wolves that bāy⁵ at the desert moon ;
 Or whistle and shriek
 Through limbs that creak.
 “Tu-who ! Tu-whit !”
 They cry, and flit,
 “Tu-whit ! Tu-who !” like the solemn owl !

2. Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 Sweep the moaning winds āmāin,
 And wildly dash
 The elm and ash
 Clattering on the windōw sash
 With a clatter and patter,
 Like hail and rain,
 That well might shatter
 The dusky pane !

3. Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 How the tempests swell and rōar !
 Though no foot is astīr,
 Though the cat and the cūr
 Lie dozing ālōng the kitchen floor,
 There are feet of āir
 On ēvērī stāir—
 Through every hall !

¹ **A lōw'**, in a low place, or a lower part.

² **Aloof** (ā lōf'), at a small distance ; apart.

³ **Drēar'ŷ**, causing sad or lonely feelings.

⁴ **Dīs'mal**, dark ; sorrowful ; sad.

⁵ **Bāy**, bark, as a dog at his game.

Through each gusty door
 There's a jostle and bustle,
 With a silken rustle
 Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

4. Alow and aloof,
 Over the roof,
 How the stormy tempests swell!
 And make the vane
 On the spire complain;
 They heave at the steeple with might and main,
 And bûrst and sweep
 Into the belfry, on the bell!
 They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
 That the sexton tösses his arms in sleep,
 And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

II.

102. HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN

HERE it comes sparkling,
 And thêre it lies darkling.
 Here smoking and frôthing,
 Its tumult and wrâth in,
 It hastens âlong, conflicting, ströng;
 Now striking and raging,
 As if a war waging,
 Its caverns and rocks âmong.

2. Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Tûrning and twisting
 Around and around;
 Collecting, disjacting,¹
 With endless rebound;

¹ Dis ject'ing, throwing apart; scattering.

Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

3. Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And brightening and whitening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,

4. And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,

5. And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering.

6. And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And cûrling and whirling, and pûrling and twirling.
7. Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advâncing and prâncing and glâncing and dâncing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
8. And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending—
All at once and all ô'er, with a mighty uprôar,
And in *this* wây the water comes down at Lodore.

III.

103. LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shădôw,
Flowing through the pâsture meădôw,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the fôrest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet¹ still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruin'd abbey² still—
Tûrning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute³ to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

2. Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;

¹ Hăm'let, a small village.

² Ab'bey, a monastic establishment, or house and church devoted to the uses of a religious order

³ Trib'ute, something furnished as a mark of aid received, or as that which is due or deserved, that which enlarges or forms a part of.



Little birds come down to drink,
 Fearless of their leafy brink;
 Noble trees beside them grow,
 Gloomng them with branches low;
 And between, the sunshine, glancing,
 In their little waves, is dancing.

3. Little streams have flowers à many,
 Beautiful and fair as any;
 Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
 Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
 Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
 And the water-violet.

There the flowering-rush you meet,
 And the plummy meadow-sweet;
 And, in places deep and stilly,
 Marble-like, the water-lily.

4. Little streams, their voices cheery,
 Sound forth welcomes to the weary;
 Flowing on from day to day,
 Without stint and without stay:
 Here, upon their flowery bank,
 In the old time pilgrims drank—
 Here have seen, as now, pass by,
 King-fisher, and dragon-fly
 Those bright things that have their dwelling,
 Where the little streams are welling.

5. Down in valleys green and lowly,
 Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
 Up in mountain-hollows wild,
 Fretting like a peevish child;
 Through the hamlet, where all day
 In their waves the children play;
 Running west, or running east,
 Doing good to man and beast—
 Always giving, weary never,
 Little streams, I love you ever.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

104. SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

PART FIRST

THE story of St. Christopher, the man so strong and so simple-hearted, has never lost its charm. He was a giant of Canaan, and was called Offero, or Bearer; that is, one who carries great burdens. So proud was he of his wonderful strength that he determined to set forth from the land of

Canaan in search of the most powerful monarch in the world, whom alone he would condescend to serve.

2. Offero traveled far and wide and served various masters, but left each as soon as he found there was one more powerful. He served a mighty king, but the king was afraid of the devil. Then he served the devil, but found he was afraid of Jesus Christ. "I can never rest," said he, "nor can I taste bread in peace, until I have entered the service of Jesus Christ, who is more powerful than any king on earth, or than Satan himself."

3. No sooner did he say these words than he saw at the opening of a cave a hermit¹ weaving his baskets, with his prayer-beads of small stones and his cross at his side. "Canst thou tell me how I can serve that Jesus Christ who is more powerful than any king, and even than Satan, the Prince of Evil?"

4. The hermit replied gently, "This King, whose service thou art seeking to enter, will require thee to obey His will instead of thy own, to fast often and to pray much."—"Fast I will not, for then I should lose my strength; and to pray I have never learned—yet I wish with my whole heart to serve thy Christ."

5. The hermit was touched by these earnest words, and pointing to the turbulent² river, whose hoarse murmurs filled the air, he said: "Though thou canst neither fast nor pray, our Lord Jesus Christ will not refuse thy service. Take thy stand on the bank of that deep and rapid stream, and carry over the travelers who call on thee for help; for there be many that seek my solitude,³ and many that pass through this desert to the regions beyond."

6. Offero heard the words of the hermit with joy, and with a glad countenance took up his abode⁴ on the banks of the stormy river. Many a one did he carry on his broad shoulders across its seething⁵ waters, ever rejoicing in this his service of Jesus Christ. Meanwhile the hermit taught him many things concerning his great Master.

7. One night the giant heard a childish voice calling aloud

¹ **Her'mit**, a solitary, whose life is divided between prayer and labor.

² **Turbulent** (tēr' bu lent), disturbed; unquiet; restless.

³ **Söl'i tude**, a lonely place; a

state of being alone.

⁴ **A bōde'**, the place where one dwells or lives.

⁵ **Sēeth'ing**, boiling; bubbling.

to him: "Good Offero, come and carry me over the swift river." Prompt to his trust he came at the call, and on the river-bank stood a small, beautiful child, who held out his hands to the faithful sêrvitor.¹ Offero took up the tiny figure as if he were a feather. But no sooner had he stepped into the stream than the child on his shoulder grew heavier than any bûrden his mighty strength had ever before endured.

8. For a moment his limbs seemed to fail him, but he be-thought himself to say, "My Jesus, all for Thee!" and instantly his feet touched the further² shôre. Setting the child down on the green bank while he wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow, he said, "Child, I think the whole world would not have set so weightily on my shoulders as thou."

9. But the child answered: "Wonder not, good Offero; for know that this night thou hast carried, not the world, but Him who made the world. Henceforth thou shalt no longer be called Offero, but Christofero. Plant now thy dry stâff in the ground, and to-môrrôw thou shalt find it covered with leaves and flowers in token³ that I am He."

10. And when Christofero saw in the morning that it was indeed so, he bowed himself to the dust and said, "Truly He whom I serve is the Greatest and the Best of Mâsters.

II.

105. SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

PART SECOND.

SOON after this the word of our Lord came unto Christopher, that he should arise and go into another country, for thêre also service wâs required of him.

2. After many days and nights Christopher reached a large city, and entering in, he found the streets filled with people, and everywhere were idols and their temples. Then he knew that here he was to tarry;⁴ but he understood not the language of the people, thêrefôre, kneeling down, he prayed to Jesus

¹ Ser'vi tor, one who professes remote or distant.
duty or obedience.

³ In tō'ken, as a sign.

² Fur'ther, here means the most

⁴ Tār'ry, to remain; to wait.

Christ that this strange tóngue¹ might become as familiar to him as his native language.

3. Rising from his knees, Christopher found that his Måster had hêard his prâyer. Immediately he was able to comprehend² whither the crowds about him were going, and for what pûrpose. The Christians of Samos, hunted like wolves by their pagan rûlers, according to the edict of the Emperor Decius,³ wêre on that day to be given to the beasts in the çîreus.

4. Christopher moved on with the throng,⁴ and sought a place as near as possible to these confessors of the faith. As they entered the arena⁵ he called aloud, "Be of good cheer, my brothers, and persevere unto the end for Christ Jesus!" This fearless exhortation creating a tumult among the spectators, the president of the games ordered the offender to be expelled.⁶

5. As the officers approached and saw his gigantic figure they hesitated, and Christopher said, "Such puny⁷ creatures as ye are I could crush with my fingers, but fear not! Ye serve your master, and I serve One far mightier, as I will show." Going out, he planted his huge staff firmly in the ground, praying to Gôd that it might again put fôrth leaves and fruit in order to convert these people.

6. And again God hearkened to the prayer of His servant, for immediately the dry staff stood before all the city a pålmtree in full leaf, and bearing most delicious dates. At this sight many were instantly converted to Christ. But the king, Dagnus, hearing of these wonders and filled with hatred, ordered that Christopher should be brought before him.

7. He, meanwhile, remained without the city receiving and instructing those who resorted to him. The soldiers found him alone and absorbed in prayer, his face and figure so sublime in attitude and expression that they paused in fear before him. When Christopher had finished his devotions, he said to them, "Whom do you seek?"

¹ Tongue (túng), language; speech.

² Côm pre hênd', to understand.

³ Dê'cí us, a Roman general who became emperor in 249. He originated the seventh general persecution.

⁴ Thrõng, a multitude of pêrsons.

⁵ A rê'na, the central area of a circus or amphitheatre.

⁶ Ex pëlled', driven out.

⁷ Pû'ny, small and feeble.

8. They answered, "The king has sent us for thee." Christopher replied, "Unless I go willingly, ye can do naught because of my great strength. But because I desire above all things to behold my Master, lead me to the king."—"What dost thou command us to do?" they exclaimed. "Seeing thy great fidelity, we too will serve thy Christ!" And they entreated¹ him that he should save himself.

9. But Christopher insisted² on being brought before the king, who interrogated him as to his name and profession. "Before I was baptized, they called me Offero, but now I am called Christofero."—"Thou hast given thyself a silly name in taking that of Christ who was crucified, and who can do nothing for Himself or for thee."

10. "With good reason," retorted Christopher, "hast thou been called Dagnus; thou who art the death of the world and the companion of the devil." Then the king, filled with rage, pronounced his sentence: "Bind this Christopher to a pillar, and let four hundred archers pierce him with their arrows."

11. The archers indeed were skillful, but not a weapon reached its mark. One arrow turned in its flight, as if driven by an invisible hand, and entered the king's eye. Roaring with pain, he cried out to the axemen, "Behold that evil one!"

12. Then Christopher called out in a loud voice, "Behold, O Dagnus! my end is at hand, but take the earth that is wet with my blood, and lay it on thy wounded eye, and thou shalt recover thy sight." At the same moment the head of Christopher rolled on the earth.

13. The king commanded them to lay the earth soaked in the martyr's blood, on his eye, and lo! the pain ceased, the sight was restored, and Dagnus, like another Paul, with the recovery of his bodily sight, received the gift of perfect faith.

III.

106. THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

IT is the token, the memorial of the pains and humiliations which our dear Lord bore for us; and each time we make it we ought to mean thereby that we take up His Cross, accept it

¹ Entreated, begged; persuaded.

² Insisted, to be determined.

willingly, clasp it to our heart, and unite all we do to His saving Passion. With this intention, let the Sign of the Cross be your first waking act; dedicating your day to Him as a soldier of the Cross, let your last conscious act before sleep be that precious sign, which will banish evil spirits from your bedside and rest upon you as a safeguard till the day returns.

2. Begin your prayers, your work, with the Sign of the Cross, in token that they are dedicated to Him. Let it sanctify your going out and your coming in. Let it hallow your conversation and intercourse with others, whether social or in the order of business. Who could be grasping, over-reaching, false; who could give way to unkind words, judgments, uncharitable gossip, unholy talk, who had but just stamped the Cross of Christ upon their lips in token that they are pledged to use the gift of speech, like all else, in the service of their God?

3. Let it consecrate your food, so that eating and drinking, instead of the mere indulgence of earthly cravings, may be "to the glory of God." Let the Sign of the Cross soothe and stay you in sorrow, when, above all, you are brought near Him who lays it on you, but who also bore it for you. Let it sober and steady your hour of joy or pleasure. Let it calm your impulse of impatience, of petulance, of intolerance of others, of eager self-assertion or self-defence. Let it check the angry expression ready to break forth, the unkind word, the unloving sarcasm.

4. Let it purify the light, or careless, or irreverent utterance, the conventional falsehood, the boastful word of self-seeking. And be sure that if the Sign of the Cross is thus your companion and safeguard through the day, if in all places and seasons you accustom yourself to "softly make the sign to angels known," it will be as a tower of strength to you, and the power of evil over you will become feebler and feebler.

IV.

107. THE HUN'S DEFEAT.

[ATTILA, *King of the Huns, approaching the city of Troyes*, SAINT LUPUS, *who was then bishop of the place, went forth to meet him, saying: "Who are you, who waste and ruin the earth?" And ATTILA answered, "I am the Scourge of God." Whereon the holy bishop replied: "The Scourge of God is welcome;" and opened the gates of the city to him. But, as his*

soldiers entered, GOD, doubtless in reward of such humble submission to Divine Providence, blinded them, so that they passed through without doing the least injury to the place or the inhabitants.]

1.

IT was in the glad midsummer time, the sun shōne bright and clear,
The birds were singing in the boughs, the âir was full of cheer,
And overhead the blue sky spread, without a fleck or flaw,
When messengers of evil brought the fearful news to Troyes.
“With fire and swōrd, a savage horde¹ is wasting all the land;
No force may stem² their wild onslaught,³ no pity stay their hand;
And hither now their course is bent: before the set of sun,
Will close him round your walls of strength, the fierce and fiery
Hun!”

2.

Ah, me! the woful sights and sounds that filled the city then,
The terror wild of wife and child, the still despâir of men;
In the council and the arsenal⁴ were tumult and affright—
One palsy of white terror bound the burgher and the knight.
“Yet,” said their princely bishop, “is not Gōd as strōng to save,
As when He led His chosen race across the parted wave?
Oh! seek Him still, against whose will no danger can befall,
Although the leaguered⁵ hosts of hell were thundering at your
wall.”

3.

Then a cālm fell on the people, and a chānt of piteous prāyer,
Rose in solemn diapāson⁶ on the hushed and trembling âir;
And, amid their doleful litanies, the bishop pāssed in state
To where the foe, with heavy blow, struck at the outer gate.
From the arched and olden doorway, āsked he of their cāptāin
strong:
“Now, who are you would menace thus our peaceful hōmes
with wrong?”

¹ Hōrde, a company of wandering people migrating from place to place.

² Stēm, to oppose.

³ On’slaught, attack; assault.

⁴ Ar’senal, a magazine of arms and military stores.

⁵ Leaguered (lē’gerd), united.

⁶ Dī’a pā’son, harmony.



But Attila answered scornfully, he spake in bitter mîrth :
 “’Tis the Seoûrge of Gôd, to whom ’tis gîven to slay and waste
 thê earth !”

4

The pâstor bowed obedience low, laid eope and staff âside,
 Then once again addressed him to that man of blood and pride ;
 But now such æçents elothed hiş words, such tender toneş and
 moving,
 That all who hêard were inly stirred at â faith so leal¹ and
 loving :

¹ Lēal, loyal ; faithful ; true.

“And God forbid our gates should close against the Måster dear;

In whatsoever guise He comes, He’s surely welcome here.

We gladly bid Him to our halls—we pray Him there abide,”—

And with his own old hands he flung the clanging pōrtals wide.

5.

Have you seen the stream that swept, like chāff, its curbing banks āwāy,

Silver-footed tread the meadows, nor displace a brānch or sprāy?

So, through the gates of Troyes unbarred, slow welled the fiery Hun;

But he reft no burgher’s trēasures, and his hand was raised ‘gainst nōne.

Oh! the wonders of Gōd’s mērcy! he wās blind to all things nigh—

Only saw he clouds of angels, threat’ning from the upper sky;

And a terror wilder than it brought urged on the affrighted hōrde—

Her prēlate’s faith saved Troyes from scāthe,¹ and the fierce barbarian swōrd.

¹ Scāthe, damage ; waste ; destruction.

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